FROM PERICLES
TO PHILIP

T. R. GLOVER

Wesley College

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FROM PERICLES TO PHILIP

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THE CONFLICT OF RELIGIONS IN THE EARLY ROMAN EMPIRE

LIFE AND LETTERS IN THE FOURTH CENTURY

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POETS AND PURITANS

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FROM PERICLES TO PHILIP

BY

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AND UNIVERSITY LECTURER IN ANCIENT HISTORY

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1917

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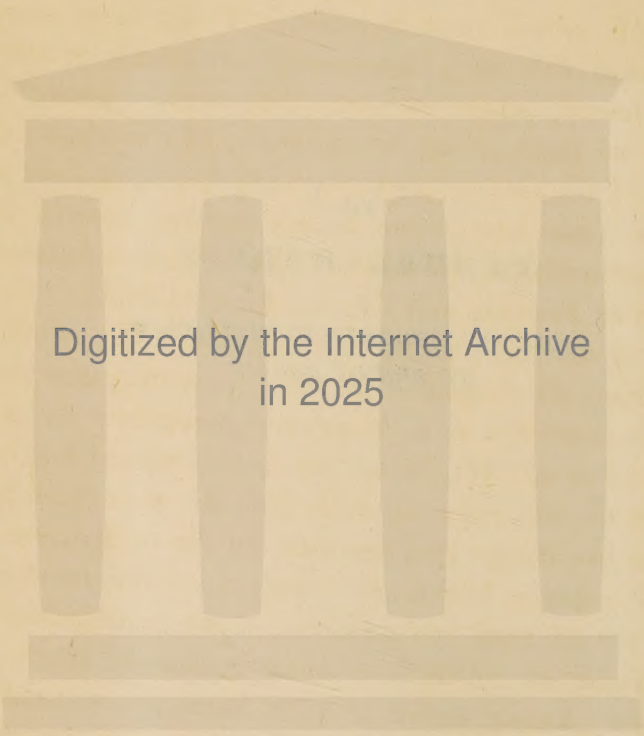
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PREFACE

THE period from Pericles to Philip is in many ways the most interesting of Greek history. Indeed, when we use the word "Greek"—whether we think of art or literature, of philosophy or politics, of the Greek spirit or of the Greek attitude to life—nine times out of ten we are turning, consciously or unconsciously, to the century and a quarter between the birth of Pericles and the accession of Philip. It is because in all the regions of thought and life, which I have named, the formative impulses come from this time, or reach maturity in it, recognize themselves or are recognized in it. But, if we are to understand history, we have to ask, more carefully than we sometimes do, what are the things that matter. In the perspective of time, for instance, how many events of the decade 1850–60 are yet of such consequence as the publication of *The Origin of Species*, or have meant so much to mankind? Lecky spoke of John Wesley's conversion as an epoch in English history. Can we imagine the comment of Horace Walpole, or of Dr. Johnson himself, on such a criticism, if it had been made by a contemporary? Yet it is hard to say that Lecky was not right. But do the histories as a rule give us such events in a perspective, that will bring out their significance?

The significant events are not deposited in History naked and solitary, like the boulders shed by the ice-floes on the Southern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They come into being in a society with an atmosphere of its own; and that also is of signal importance, if we are to understand the events. As a rule, they are apt also to be associated somehow with the personality of some man, who in some creative way has helped to make the atmosphere of his day, or who has perhaps reacted against it and becomes himself the impulse for the age following or even for many generations and many races.

The object proposed in this volume is, by attention to Greek life, not in the abstract, but as we find it in traveller and poet, in critic and statesman, as it shows itself in education and the axioms of conduct, in the market and the household, as well as to the political ideas and the decisive events, national and international, to come nearer to an understanding of the period. The relations of Greece with Persia, in particular, are at this time so vital, and, as a rule, have received so little attention beyond side-references in English histories of Greece, that a chapter has been given to Persia, in which, for once, Greece itself plays the second part—second, because, if Persia is the decisive factor in the political history of Greece, Greece is no less for Persia. I have to thank Professor E. G. Browne for his kindness in reading and mending this chapter. I have also to thank my cousin, Mr. F. B. Glover, for expert criticism on my attempt to deal with Athenian shipping and banking.

Three chapters of the book were given, in whole or in part, as Library Lectures in Haverford College,

Pennsylvania, in the spring of 1912. The rest has been written since then, partly before and partly after the beginning of the war. Since I sent the manuscript to the publisher, many months have passed ; the delay was inevitable ; and as I have read the proofs I have found new links of sympathy with the men of whom I wrote. Their experience is strangely like what ours has been and will be—the strain of a long war, the readjustment of all life to conditions that raise question and doubt, the endeavour to re-found society and to find anew a base from which the soul can make all its own again. Much that I wrote has been given for me a new meaning ; some allusions, so quick in these last months has been the march of events, seem out of date already. But a true record of human experience is never irrelevant, and the period from Pericles to Philip had above all others great natures and master intellects to interpret it. I hope that my attempt to survey once more what they left may be found honest and sympathetic, and that it may lead some to read them again, and perhaps induce in others a quieter reconsideration of what Greek studies have always meant to us.

CAMBRIDGE, *April*, 1917

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FROM PERICLES TO PHILIP

CHAPTER I

THE TRAVELLER IN THE GREEK WORLD

GOETHE and Eckermann were once talking about Schlegel, and his criticisms of Euripides came up, and Goethe, as frequently happened, said something that Eckermann carried home with him and wrote down. "If a modern man like Schlegel," said Goethe, "must pick out faults in so great an ancient, he ought only to do it upon his knees." Goethe is profoundly right; the great vice in criticism of ancient literature is that the critic seems more often anxious to find out what is wrong than what is right. Something must be very right indeed in a man's work if it can hold and delight mankind centuries after he is dead and gone, and not only his fellow-countrymen, but every foreigner also, who can even with a lexicon's aid pick out his meaning and who has, consciously or unconsciously, any idea of what a book is. For it is only to the sympathetic, to those who somehow have the right instinct, that a book will reveal itself. Books are strange things and have strange ways—like certain insects, when they feel themselves in wrong hands, they will sham dead. With the great writers of ancient Greece this often happens, and men say they are dull, and find faults in them; but when they reach the right hands, they change and live and move, and even the barest minimum of Greek will let the right man see that they too are right, and life begins anew with all its gladness and variety.

Herodotus is an author who has suffered terrible things from clever critics in ancient days and in our own. But if ever a writer gave delight to his readers, held their attention,

and won their affection, it is Herodotus; so that it seems clear that he must be more than Plutarch and Professor Sayce would suggest. This chapter will be devoted to the discovery, so far as is possible, of some of those features of his work and character that have stood the test of time, and have endeared him to his readers.

We might begin by speaking of the width of his interests and of his sympathies. He is so intensely human that nothing that touches human life, nothing that quickens men's thoughts, or makes their hearts beat, fails to appeal to him. All the business of all the world is his, and he enjoys it. If, like Greeks of his day, he thinks of human life in the abstract, he may share their doubts of it. "Short as life is," says Artabanus, "there is no man so happy, no man among all these, nor anywhere else, to whom it will not come often, and not once only, to wish to die rather than to live" (vii. 46). "Not to be born is, past all prizing, best," said Herodotus' friend, Sophocles (*O.C.* 1227)—or rather, so says the chorus in the play of Sophocles, for Sophocles was a poet, and a poet draws many conclusions from life, and in a certain sense the more inconsistent they are the better. But if Herodotus sighs with Artabanus, when he thinks of life in the abstract, when he comes to actual life, whether it is only the bandages the Persians use with the wounded (vii. 181) or the horns of the cattle which the Libyans keep (iv. 183), whether it is the strange practice of making butter that prevails among the Scythians (iv. 2) or the sugar-making—honey, he calls it—of the Libyans, who smear themselves red and eat monkeys ("and they have plenty of monkeys in their mountains," iv. 194)—life is too interesting to be sighed over. There then is one element of his great charm—"the world's no blot for him, nor blank," but various and bright with life, always something to catch the eye and to wake the mind.

Herodotus is thoroughly Greek here. "Oh! Solon! Solon!" says the old Egyptian in the *Timaeus* (22 B), "you Greeks are always children . . . you are all young in your souls." It is a true judgment. Young they all were in soul, busy, curious, and open-eyed, till they found out how great they were, and grew didactic and dull.

The open eye and heart of Herodotus call down on him

the anger of Plutarch—" he is such a lover of barbarians ! " [1] (*οὕτω δὲ φιλοβάρβαρός ἐστιν*)—he says the Greeks learnt their cults from the Egyptians, that Thales was Phoenician by descent, and Isagoras Carian ; he makes Artemisia queen of Halicarnassus, " his own countrywoman," more gifted with foresight than Themistocles ; and he persistently diminishes the glory of the Greeks—Thermopylae, Salamis, Plataea, it is all the same story ; and finally he says that the Persians at the battle of Plataea were not inferior in spirit or courage to the Spartans. He loves barbarians ; beware of him, says Plutarch—" the man can write and draw you pictures ; his tale is charming ; there is grace and cunning and beauty in his narratives . . . he beguiles and leads astray," and by reviling and insinuation he lessens the glory of Hellas. So Plutarch stands up to him " for our ancestors and for truth." [2] That Herodotus should be accused of making his readers think ill of the Greeks comes strangely to us, till we remember that Plutarch and his contemporaries were exceedingly sensitive to the criticism of the Romans and uncomfortable about any gap in their armour. But his blame for Herodotus as a friend of the foreigner points surely to another element in Herodotus' greatness.

Herodotus was perhaps helped to this power of understanding men of alien speech and alien thought by the very circumstances of his birth and upbringing. Halicarnassus, his birthplace, was a Dorian colony from Troezen, planted long ago in Caria (vii. 99).[3] As in many of the Greek cities of Asia Minor there was a strong infusion of Carian blood in the people, and Halicarnassus was in a sense a town apart, excluded from the common worship of the Dorian cities, its neighbours (i. 144). It is noteworthy that critical as Herodotus frankly is of " Ionians," for Carians he has perhaps no unkind word. That he should write an Ionic dialect seemed to later Greeks to need explanation, and in Suidas' lexicon, which

[1] Note also the quite friendly tone of Herodotus in referring to Greek exiles among the Persians—*e.g.* Demaratus. Cf. Thucydides on Alcibiades and Tissaphernes.

[2] Plut. *de malignitate Herodoti*, §§ 12, 13, 15, 23, 38, 43, and 1.

[3] The tradition at least was that Troezen was the mother-city. See How and Wells, *ad loc.* ; also on i. 144, 145.

belongs to the tenth century A.D., we are told that he learnt the dialect in exile at Samos. But from the evidence of inscriptions modern scholars draw another conclusion—that Herodotus learnt his dialect in his own home from his mother and his nurse, and spoke it from childhood.[1] It is a curious coincidence that the other great contemporary historian of Greece had foreign blood in his veins.

It is interesting to see how Herodotus looks back to his native land. The Ionians "had the fortune to build their cities in the most favourable position for climate and seasons of any men we know";[2] and the Dorians were not far away. Herodotus is constantly interested in climates—the Egyptians, he says, are the most healthy of men after the Libyans, partly, he thinks, because of their seasons which do not change, for diseases are most apt to be produced by changes of seasons (ii. 77); but after all, while the ends of the earth have allotted to them by nature the fairest things—gold, cotton, frankincense, and so forth—it is the lot of Hellas to have its seasons far more fairly tempered than other lands (iii. 106, 107).[3] As for the Carians, they gave the Hellenes three warlike inventions—crests on helmets, devices on shields, and handles instead of straps to hold shields with (i. 171); and when the Ionians first secured the opening of Egypt for the Hellenes, there were Carians with them, bronzen men (ii. 152). Men of war they remained, not easily to be conquered even by the Persians.[4] The Persian king might be suzerain, but the queen or king at Halicarnassus was half independent. And if we turn to ways of peace, we learn that the old Ionian dress of the women was really Carian, "for the old Hellenic fashion of dress for women was everywhere the same as that we now call Dorian" (v. 88).

In this Dorian-Carian town, looking from its headland across the sea, Herodotus was born (*c.* 484 B.C.), and there he grew up, with open ears, we can well believe, from earliest

[1] Cf. Meyer, *Forsch.* i. 197; Ridgeway, *Early Age of Greece*, 649 ff.

[2] i. 142. Cf. Strabo, c. 656, on climate of Halicarnassus and its influence; also Pausanias, vii. 5. 4; Radet, *La Lydie*, p. 48.

[3] Cf. dictum of Cyrus on relation of land and men, ix. 122; and vii. 5, the fair land of Europe and its fruit trees.

[4] v. 119–121. Carians, λευκάσπιδες (Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 2, 15). The Persians, because of their crested helmets, called them ἀλεκτρυόνες (Plut. *Artax.* 10).

boyhood, for the tales of the men of Halicarnassus—how Agasicles won the tripod at the games of Triopian Apollo and brought it home against the Dorian rules (i. 144) ; how Phanes, a man capable in judgment and valiant in war, served with King Amasis in Egypt, till he quarrelled with the king and fled on shipboard and was caught, but not brought back, for he made his guards drunk, and escaped to Persia, and how he helped King Cambyses across the desert on his march to Egypt, and of the horrible vengeance the other Greek mercenaries in Egypt took upon him and were then beaten in battle (iii. 4, 11) ; and how Xeinagoras, son of Prexilaos, saved the life of the brother of King Xerxes and laid up thanks for himself with Xerxes, and became ruler of all Cilicia by the gift of the King (ix. 107). But the most famous of all was Queen Artemisia, daughter of Lygdamis, wisest of the counsellors of Xerxes.

" Of the rest of the officers," Herodotus wrote long after, " I make no mention (since I am not bound to do so), but only of Artemisia, at whom most of all I marvel that she took part in the expedition against Hellas, though a woman ; for after her husband died, she held the power herself, and, although she had a son who was a young man, she went on the expedition, impelled by high spirit and manly courage, no necessity being laid upon her. Now her name, as I said, was Artemisia, and she was the daughter of Lygdamis, and by descent she was of Halicarnassus on her father's side, and on her mother's a Cretan. She commanded the men of Halicarnassus and Kos and Nisyros and Calydna, furnishing five ships ; and of all the fleet, after those of the Sidonians, her ships were counted the best ; and of all his allies she set forth the best counsels to the King " (vii. 99).

There was another Lygdamis of whom Herodotus must have heard a good deal in his youth, though he does not mention him. For Artemisia left a son called Pisindêlis, and this man's son Lygdamis was tyrant or king of Halicarnassus in his turn. And here we depend on the lexicon of Suidas, and whence that work derived its information we do not know, but much of it can only have come in the long run from Halicarnassus itself.

There was then in Halicarnassus a man named Panyasis, son of Polyarchus, a " seer of signs " and a poet, who revived epic poetry which had now well-nigh died down to ashes. He

had a brother called Lyxes, or a sister Rhoiô—more probably the former perhaps ; and Lyxes married a woman with a Doric name, Dryô, and had two sons, Herodotus and Theodorus—theophoric names, both with a hint of piety. The family was one of the better sort (*τῶν ἐπιφανῶν*).[1] Panyasis wrote an epic on Herakles, which some put next Homer, and others after Hesiod and Antimachos, a good deal lower down. For whatever reason Lygdamis saw fit to kill the poet ; and we read that the poet's nephew, and no doubt such others of the family as could get away, removed to Samos. Later on Herodotus came back to Halicarnassus and drove out the tyrant, but afterwards he found himself the object of some ill-will among the citizens, and voluntarily went to Thurii, which the Athenians were then planting. And Suidas concludes with the statement that some say he died there and is buried in the market-place, and others that he died in Pella in Macedonia, for there was a story, which Suidas quotes elsewhere, that Herodotus and Hellanicus lived for a while together at the court of Amyntas, successor of that Alexander of Macedon for whom Herodotus betrays so kindly a feeling in his story.

All this is open to question, but several things are definitely known. Herodotus clearly lived in Samos at some time or other, as his close acquaintance with the stories of Polycrates and other Samians[2] shows—he even gives the name of the artist who made the famous ring, Theodorus, the son of Telecles (iii. 41), one of the two men who introduced brassfounding into Greece (i. 51) ; and he pauses (iii. 60) to speak with admiration of three works at Samos, greater than any made by Hellenes—viz. the temple of Hera, the largest temple known, first designed by Rhoecus, son of Philes, a Samian, and spared by the Persians on the suppression of the Ionic Revolt ; the mole round the harbour, twenty fathoms deep and more than two furlongs in length ; and the famous tunnel which carried the water seven furlongs through the mountain ridge. The tunnel is mentioned

[1] This view is held by E. Meyer, *Forsch.* i. 193, and Busolt, who find in Herodotus' remark (ii. 143), *καὶ ἐμοὶ οὐ γενεηλογήσαντι ἐμεωυτόν*, a suggestion that he could have unfolded a pedigree—*i.e.* was of the old nobility.

[2] For example, the Samians who distinguished themselves in the Persian side in the battle of Salamis (viii. 85) and were rewarded by Xerxes.

nowhere else in ancient literature, and all trace of it was lost till 1878, when it was found by accident, and some part of it cleared and restored.[1]

That Lygdamis had trouble with his subjects or fellow-citizens was in any case likely, and it is proved by an inscription now in the British Museum, which Sir Charles Newton found at Halicarnassus.[2] Scholars date the stele between 460 and 455 B.C. It contains an agreement between Lygdamis and the citizens of Halicarnassus and Salmakis, relative to the return of exiles and their reinstatement in their lands and houses. A tribute-list setting forth payments made by her allies to Athens in the year 454 B.C. mentions the Halicarnassians among other tributaries—evidence that Lygdamis was gone.[3] What part Herodotus had or had not in all these transactions can only be guessed.

But there is no doubt about his sentiments as to tyrants. In a famous passage in his Third Book there stands the discussion of the Persian nobles, who overthrew the false Smerdis, as to the type of government it would be well to establish. Otanes pleads for Democracy.[4] "Monarchical power," he urges, "would set even a good man outside the ordinary thoughts"—that sense of limitation and restriction which works for sanity in ordinary intercourse. Plato's myth of the ring that made Gyges invisible shows how Gyges got outside ordinary thoughts. "A tyrant disturbs the customs handed down from of old, he does violence to women, and he puts men to death without trial. On the other hand," continues Otanes, "the rule of the many has a name which is the most beautiful of names, Equality" (*πρῶτον μὲν οὔνομα πάντων κάλλιστον ἔχει ἰσονομίην*). A German scholar, Maass, has suggested that the whole discussion was quietly taken from Protagoras. Eduard Meyer emphatically rejects this: "Maass makes him outright a *Dummkopf*." Herodotus himself found the story challenged, for in another passage he refers to people who

[1] Cf. Michaelis, *Archæological Discoveries*, p. 187; H. F. Tozer, *Islands of the Aegaean*, ch. viii.; J. Irving Manatt, *Aegaean Days*, p. 206.

[2] Hicks and Hill, *Greek Inscr.*, No. 27.

[3] Hicks and Hill, *Greek Inscr.*, No. 33.

[4] Herodotus, iii. 80.

would not believe such a debate had taken place, and he produces another fact which he says will astonish them (vi. 43). He evidently believed the story himself.[1] It probably came from some of those Persian friends to whom, as we shall see, he owes a great deal of important information, for there were Philhellenes among the Persians as well as among the Egyptians.

But the strong, wholesome democratic flavour of the advice of Otanes is clearly to the historian's mind. When he tells of the liberation of Athens from her tyrants, and then of her great victory on one and the same day over Boeotians and Chalcidians (506 B.C.), and cites the inscription recalling it,[2] he goes on to add: "It is evident not by one instance only, but in every way, that Equality (*ἰσηγορίη*) is a good thing (*σπουδαῖον*); for the Athenians, while they were under tyrants, were not better in war than any of their neighbours, but, once rid of the tyrants, they became far the first. . . . When once they had been set free, each was eager to achieve something for himself" (v. 78).[3] Yet the other two speeches in the Persians' discussion show that Herodotus was not blind to the drawbacks of Democracy—few thoughtful lovers of it are—nor blind to the advantages of aristocracy and monarchy. The many tyrants mentioned in his pages fare well at his hands; he is far too much interested in them to be angry with them. Herodotus believed that on the whole more could be made of life under a democracy; so he was a democrat and a friend of Athens.[4]

That he took part in the colonization of Thurii is established on the evidence of Aristotle and Plutarch and the general belief of antiquity; and it is confirmed by his full knowledge of persons and places in Italy and Sicily. To illustrate the

[1] Grundy (*Persian War*, p. 266) remarks that Herodotus had "a certain amount of critical acumen which the extreme simplicity of his language has a tendency to conceal."

[2] Two fragments of it survive, which prove that he saw it in a restored form.

[3] Meyer, *Forsch.* ii. 226.

[4] A strong love of liberty and democracy is not incompatible with indifference as to the particular constitutional arrangements a democratic community uses at one time or another. Herodotus seems not very clear as to Athenian *strategoi* and archons, and wrong as to the *naukraroi* (v. 71; vi. 109).

general shape and lie of the Tauric Chersonese he compares it to the promontory of Sunium—" for him, however, who has not sailed along this part of the coast of Attica, I will make it clear by another comparison :—it is as if in Iapygia another race and not the Iapygians had cut off for themselves and were holding that extremity of the land which is bounded by a line beginning at the harbour of Brentesion and running to Taras " (iv. 99). He has tales which he could only have learnt, one might say, among the Italiot Greeks—of Democedes, the Crotoniate physician, who was held in such high honour at the court of Darius, and what difficulty he had in getting away, and of the message he sent to the king that he was married to the daughter of Milon, " for the wrestler Milon had a great name at the king's court " (iii. 125–138) ; of Dionysius, who, after the collapse of the Ionians at the battle of Lade, escaped to Sicily and commenced pirate, plundering " none of the Greeks at all, but Carthaginians and Etruscans " (vi. 17) ; of Carthaginian invaders of Sicily and the house of Gelon at Syracuse ; and of the terrible battle in which the Tarentines and their allies from Rhegium lost so many men, the latter three thousand, while of the Tarentines there was no numbering made—in fact, " the greatest slaughter of Hellenes that we know " (vii. 170).

Thus far authority takes us—the youth at Halicarnassus, the troublous times under the tyrant, and the disastrous settlement at Thurii, for the colony was one of Pericles' failures.[1] And what happened next ? That is a problem as soon as we touch detail. Thurii was planted in 443 B.C., and Herodotus mentions one or two occurrences in the first two or three years of the Peloponnesian War. If we allow him fifteen years of life after his becoming a Thurian, it is probably all he had. Where we suppose he went depends on a good many things, and there is a good deal of choice. There is his great history and there are his travels—each must have taken a long time. Did he make his travels before he went to Thurii, or after—always disallowing the mean suggestion that a good

[1] Thurii : Meyer, *Gr. Gesch.* iv. 24 ; Diod. Sic. xi. 90, xii. 9 ff., after Timaeus (a Sicilian) ; Strabo, c. 263 ; Plut. *Pericles*, 11 ; *Nicias*, 5 ; Aristophanes, *Nub.* 332 ; Aristotle, *Pol.* v. 3, 12, p. 1303 *a* ; 7, 9, 12, p. 1307, *a*, *b*.

many of his journeys were in other men's books? When and where did he write his own nine books, and which did he write first? Did he begin with Book vii., the expedition of Xerxes, and write the others after an interval, in which he travelled? A good many other questions are bound up with these.

A certain tone, for instance, is to be felt in Books vii. to ix., when Herodotus writes of the gods and other divine beings and their part in the war, which is missed in the earlier books. Does it imply that Herodotus was an orthodox believer when he wrote the war of Xerxes, that he afterwards travelled, and in Egypt became involved in speculations which warred against a conventional orthodoxy? Or is it possible that a man of open mind and many thoughts, when he came to the great deliverance, felt with so many of his countrymen that the cause lay not in man's valour alone, nor in the wisdom of Themistocles (whom Herodotus did not highly esteem), but beyond—*flavit Deus et dissipati sunt*? [1]

Then, again, practical questions arise. How far was it possible for a Greek to travel in the Persian Empire before the pacification of Callias in 448 B.C.? [2] Egypt in rebellion from 460 to 454—war in Cyprus again in 449, if it had ever left off for ten years—was it open to a Halicarnassian to go where an Athenian and an Ionian might not—for it seems trade between the interior and the coast cities was interrupted —when Halicarnassus was a part of the Athenian Empire, and the particular Halicarnassian an exile and an especially warm admirer of Athens and of Pericles? [3] What welcome would have waited him in Tyre, the very centre of Persian naval activity against Greece and the fleets of Cimon? To Tyre, he says, he went from Egypt (ii. 44), and in Egypt it is

[1] Cf. Herodotus, viii. 13, *ἐποιέετό τε πᾶν ὑπὸ τοῦ θεοῦ ὅκως ἂν ἐξισωθείη τῷ Ἑλληνικῷ τὸ Περσικὸν μηδὲ πολλῷ πλέον εἴη.* Also viii. 109, speech attributed to Themistocles, *τάδε γὰρ οὐκ ἡμεῖς κατεργασάμεθα ἀλλὰ θεοί τε καὶ ἥρωες.* Cf. Meyer, iii. § 210. Aeschylus and Herodotus show a feeling that the result of the war was a wonder. Compare what Herodotus says of the terror beforehand, vii. 138, *ἐν δείματι μεγαλῷ.*

[2] On this question as to Herodotus being able to travel, see How and Wells on vii. 151.

[3] We know something of how Athens might treat enemies and enemy property, but next to nothing (if so much) about Persian practice.

clear he was travelling a number of years after the battle of Papremis, which was fought in 460. He visited the battle-field and examined the skulls of the fallen—and " the skulls of the Persians are so weak that, if you hit them only with a pebble, you will make a hole in them, while those of the Egyptians are so exceedingly strong that you would hardly break them if you struck them with a large stone " (iii. 12). Herodotus believed that the difference between the skulls was explained by the Egyptian habit of shaving the head—the bone was hardened by exposure to the sun—and the Persian practice of wearing " *tiaras*, that is, felt caps." Whatever the answer to the physiological problem—and it reveals something of the historian's many-sidedness—it looks as if the visit to the field of Papremis must have been quite a number of years after 460. It might have been possible after the destruction of the Athenian forces in Egypt in 454, but it would have been safer after 448.

Other travels have to be fitted in—Tyre after Egypt, with the suggestion that it may have been immediately—Babylonia too—for his language about the millet-fields implies a visit (i. 193 ; cf. i. 183).[1] A phrase (ii. 150) suggests that he visited Babylonia before Egypt. In addition there are travels in the North : in Thasos he saw the wonderful old Phoenician mines (vi. 47), Samothrace he visited perhaps (ii. 51), Thrace (vii. 115), the Black Sea (iv. 85), Colchis (ii. 104), and perhaps Macedon, where his hero, Alexander, died in 454.[2] Sardis (i. 80–84) was nearer home, though here again war might hinder a visit, while Cyrene and North Africa, if he visited them, were in another direction. He says he was at Dodona (ii. 52) and at Zacynthos (iv. 195) ; and it is fairly clear that he must have lived for some time in Athens, and visited Sparta.

The questions have been asked with what object Herodotus travelled,[3] and how an exile paid his way upon so many journeys ;

[1] This is accepted by Busolt [2], ii. 606.

[2] Grundy, *Persian War*, p. 220 : Herodotus' description of the coast route implies a journey through Macedonia to N. Greece ; p. 223, also in Thessaly the evidence of " autopsy " is overwhelming.

[3] For the objects of his travel, see How and Wells, *Intr.* p. 17, where suggestions pointing to trade are set out. He probably did most of his journeys like a Greek, by sea.

for Greek exiles generally were cut off from all their possessions —all that could be confiscated. It is suggested that his interest in trade points to the answer. He may, others suggest, have been a *Logopoios*[1]—a professional teller of tales. Certainly nobody tells them better. Witness the tale of how Croesus tried the oracles, how he sent messengers to every oracle in Greece and Libya to "find out what knowledge they had," and how he charged each man of them that on the hundredth day after his departure he should ask the oracle, to which he was sent, what Croesus, the son of Alyattes, King of the Lydians, chanced to be doing on that day, and should write down the answer. This was done, and the messenger from Delphi brought back five strange hexameters, in which Croesus recognized—and there alone—that one god at least had seen him on that hundredth day, boiling pieces of a tortoise and of a lamb in a cauldron of bronze, with a cover of bronze over them (i. 47, 48). The story moves on its way till the strange message of Apollo comes, and Croesus examines all the rest, and then at last we are told what Croesus had in fact been doing. It looks as if Herodotus had tried his stories often by word of mouth before he wrote them down. Their management and the language imply the story told to listeners who watch the narrator—conversation sublimated. And it is clear that wherever he went, he drew stories from the men he met, and it is not to every one that men will tell stories. Whether money was given him or not, we cannot say, but we can believe that few men could have had so many friends about the Mediterranean, Greek, Persian, Egyptian, and Macedonian.

Whatever the avowed objects of his journeys may have been, his purpose was travel, at his own easy pace, always at leisure for life. The Greeks of his day were interested in Geography; Aeschylus cannot keep it out of his plays; the map was one of the curiosities of the school of Socrates, Aristophanes would have us believe; and Plutarch drew the Athenians in 416 before the Sicilian Expedition busy with the Geography of the West—"young men in wrestling-grounds, and old men in shops and semicircles, sitting and sketching the lie of Sicily and the nature of the sea around it, and the

[1] As to the λογοποιός, see Meyer, *Forsch.* ii. p. 238, and ref. to i. 193; iii. 80; vi. 43; Thuc. i. 20.

havens and the regions where the island is turned toward Libya."[1] Climates and products interested Herodotus, as we have seen, and animals, as we shall see. But, most of all, as with the other great traveller of Greece, "Many men's cities he saw and learned their mind."

He did not learn their languages, as his great discovery about Persian names proves—a fact "which the Persians have themselves failed to notice, but I have not failed to do so; their names are like their bodily shape and their magnificence, and they all end with the same letter, that letter which the Dorians call *san* and the Ionians *sigma*" (i. 139). Xerxes seems to have spelled his name without a final "s"—in spite of Herodotus and the Book of Esther—Khśajârśâ—simpler as the Greek form sounds to Western ears. Herodotus, of course, picked up words here and there—he tells us that the Persian name for petroleum was *rhadinake* (vi. 119), that they called a particular measure *artabe* (i. 192), and thirty furlongs a *parasang* (vi. 42)—just as when he deals with Egypt he tells us the Egyptian name for a crocodile *champsai* (ii. 69, representing *mshu*).[2] But he evidently found Persian friends who could speak Greek, and as ever he listened with open ears and open heart. Some of these have been conjecturally identified by modern scholars as the satraps of Daskyleion, of the house of Artabazos,[3] and Zopyrus, who was an exile in Athens at one time, the son of the Megabyzos who reconquered Egypt in 454 (iii. 160).

It will not be expected that everything these friends told him would of necessity be indisputably accurate—they had their lapses of memory and temper, and no doubt were ignorant of much that modern archæologists have since learnt. When they told him of the ancient history of Persia, they were as liable to error as any of his Spartan or Samian informants—liable to mass things into one place and one time, in accordance with that instinctive dramatic tendency which all men share—liable to drop insignificant names and to get significant ones

[1] Plut. *Nicias*, 12. Cf. *Alcib.* 17.

[2] *Timseach* to-day, according to Eliot Warburton, *The Crescent and the Cross*, ch. ix. p. 85, whose rights to freedom of spelling should be as free as those which Herodotus assumed.

[3] See Chapter VII. p. 210.

from the wrong angle. And their guest recognized some of their limitations—they told him among them three several stories about the rise of Cyrus ; and he chooses that which the Persians " who do not wish to glorify Cyrus " tell (i. 95). Later on he was certainly informed about Darius by Persians who did not wish to glorify him either. He listened and noted and asked questions and wrote his history, and if he had made no slips of his own, he would have been less human than he is.[1] One thing is remarked by Spiegel that, while the tale of Cyrus is not historical, it has yet historical traits and is of high value, for, among the fabulous stories told of Persia, there is none " so thoroughly Iranian " in its general character.[2] When in 1837 the rock-inscription of Behistun was deciphered by Henry Rawlinson, it came to light that Herodotus' account of the rise of Darius was very much that of the king himself.[3] Of the seven conspirators, who slew the false Smerdis, or Bardiya, Herodotus names six aright. He had never seen the rock, and he could not have read the inscription if he had seen it. As Spiegel suggests, it speaks well for the accuracy of his authorities [4]—and it says something, too, for the guest who listened.

What matters beside actual history he discussed with his Persian friends, it is not hard to trace. Politics for one thing occupied both him and them—politics and political

[1] Grundy, *Persian War*, p. 340: " Nature had not made him an arithmetician " ; p. 354, a mistake in addition in viii. 48 ; and an error of two days in journals of Thermopylae and Artemisium. Cf. How and Wells on vii. 187, a mistake in long division ; and on i. 31, a mistake in intercalary months. Also note that two systems of chronology appear to be loosely combined, or used as they occur. See How and Wells, *App.* xiv. The main point is that Herodotus " was not interested in chronological questions."

[2] Spiegel, *Eranische Alterthümer*, ii. 269 ; and F. Justi in Geiger und Kuhn, *Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie*, ii. p. 426.

[3] How and Wells, *App.* v., point out some misconceptions. It was really a national movement led by the rightful heir of the Achaemenian house, not the work of a group of conspirators merely. The story about the horse is absurd ; it may be due to family of Otanes. How and Wells conclude that Herodotus was a faithful reporter of what he was told [so he says himself, vii. 152], but that his historical insight was lacking or irregular.

[4] Spiegel, *Eranische Alterthümer*, ii. 310.

theory—which form of government is best, as we have seen (iii. 80–82). Zopyrus and his house owed their troubles to their Liberalism and Philhellenism. The government of the Persian Empire and its organization by Darius clearly interested Herodotus, for he gives a careful account of it (iii. 90–96),[1] and also of the Persian army (vii. 61–80), and the Royal Road from Sardis to Susa (v. 52–54), and the posts system, which " they call *angareion* " (viii. 98). Of the great war their conversation must have been endless, but this is not to deny that Herodotus may have had information in writing from his friends.

Of Persian character it is clear that he thought highly. We have seen how he praised Persian valour at the battle of Plataea ; and elsewhere he says, " Of all men whom I know the Persians are most wont to honour such as are valiant in war " (vii. 238). Next after excellence in fight they honour the possession of many sons, and they educate their boys from five years old to twenty in three things only, to ride the horse, to shoot with the bow, and to tell the truth (i. 136). What they may not do, they may not speak of ; but the greatest disgrace of all with them is to lie, and, next after that, to be in debt, for they hold that a man in debt is bound to lie a little (i. 138). It is remarkable in this connexion to find the stress laid by Darius in the Behistun inscription on truth and falsehood—" the people became wicked and the lie was great in the land," and so forth.[2]

The fifth century B.C. was one in which speculation as to the gods occupied a large place in men's minds. Wherever he went, Herodotus had a curious and friendly eye for the beliefs of the foreigner, and Persian religion interested him. What he tells us belongs more properly to a later chapter. Meanwhile, it is recognized that there is a certain latent sympathy to be felt in his account of the Persian attitude to the gods—it is in a sense a criticism or a suggestion offered to Greece.[3] But the way in which it is offered should be noted—

[1] On these matters, see Chapter VII. pp. 208 ff.

[2] Some of this will be found again in Chapter VII., with other matter on Persia that we owe to Herodotus.

[3] Grundy (*Persian War*, p. 35) remarks that it is strange at first that Persian monotheism never captured the Greek imagination. The

the Persian usage is mentioned incidentally in a general description of Persian life. Something has impressed the writer, and he records his impression and offers it to his readers for their reflection, but neither by way of propaganda nor innuendo. The method is simpler—the simplest possible—and not less effective. Elsewhere the tone is rather different—" the Scythians make the rites of Bacchus a reproach against the Greeks, for they say it is not fitting to invent a god like this who drives men to frenzy " (iv. 79). But to Bacchic religion we may have to recur ; it was not of the first rank in the Greek world. For the moment, it may be observed that foreign travel has done for Herodotus something of what it did for Xenophanes—it has induced self-criticism and the doubt as to whether the last word is after all with the Greeks—perhaps even the first word was not.

In many ways the Second Book is the most interesting part of Herodotus' history, for there he treats of Egypt. Egypt from the very beginning was a surprise and a paradox to the Greeks. It was to them what Japan in one way and Australia in another have been to Europeans—everything was the wrong way round. The fauna of Australia, with its kangaroo and ornithorhynchus types, is utterly unlike that of any other continent ; and in the same way Egypt surprised the Greeks. Greece proper has no navigable river ; Egypt is nothing else—a country eight hundred miles long, and twenty or thirty broad, with a delta. The delta, as Herodotus says, is " added land and the gift of the river " (ii. 5), and a very " busy " river it is (ii. 11).[1] Greek rivers often dry up altogether in summer, but " the Nile comes down increasing in volume from the summer solstice onwards for a hundred days, and then, when it has come near the number of these days, it turns and goes back, failing in its stream, so that it continues low all the winter

Greeks came to admire Persian virtues, but never grasped their spiritual and intellectual basis.

[1] It is not the only one, for the Achelous " has already made half the Echinades from islands into mainland " (ii. 10). Cf. Mark Twain's account of Mississippi shifting and silting. *Life on Mississippi*, p. 4 : " Nearly the whole of that one thousand three hundred miles of old Mississippi river which La Salle floated down in his canoes, two hundred years ago, is good, solid, dry ground now ; " and ch. xvii. for further illustrations.

long until the summer solstice again" (ii. 19). No Egyptian could explain this to Herodotus, and he was not satisfied with the explanations of "certain Greeks who wished to be notable for their wisdom" (ii. 20). The Egyptian towns standing out of the water in flood-time recalled the Cyclades (ii. 97).[1] The lizards of Greece are little creatures; the same sort of thing in Egypt, "of all mortal things that we know, grows to the greatest bulk from the smallest beginnings; for its eggs are not much larger than those of geese, and the young one is in proportion to the egg, but he keeps on growing till he is seventeen cubits long and even larger yet" (ii. 68). The hippopotamus again was almost as strange as the crocodile (ii. 71); and men told still stranger things about a holy bird called the phoenix, but Herodotus never saw it himself (ii. 73). Finally, like their climate and their river, which are quite unlike any others, the Egyptians have manners and customs in a way opposite to other men in almost all matters (ii. 35). Women go to market and men stay at home and weave, and they weave down where others weave up. Men carry loads on their heads; women on their shoulders. They eat out of doors. No god or goddess has a priestess, nothing but men priests, who, unlike priests elsewhere, shave their heads instead of wearing long hair; but they let it grow as a sign of mourning instead of cutting it. Men and beasts live together; and men and women refuse to eat food made of wheat or barley. They knead dough with their feet and clay with their hands. They make fast the rings and ropes of boats inside the gunwale and not outside. Greeks write from left to right, but Egyptians write from right to left and have two scripts. Their religious rites are their own, though these have influenced the beliefs and rituals of Greece. They are divided into castes, and the priests have a very special position; and (which is very strange) "no Egyptian man or woman will kiss a Greek on

[1] Cf. Eliot Warburton, *The Crescent and the Cross*, p. 21, on the Nile in flood. "The stream . . . spreads abroad its beneficent deluge over the vast valley. Then it is that Egypt presents the most striking of its Protean aspects, becoming an archipelago studded with green islands, and bounded only by the chain of the Lybian Hills and the purple range of the Mokattam Mountains. Every island is crowned with a village or an antique temple, and shadowy with palm-trees or acacia groves. Every city becomes a Venice."

the mouth, nor use a Greek's knife, nor his spits, nor kettle, nor taste the flesh of a clean cow if cut with a Greek's knife " (ii. 41).

Till the nineteenth century Herodotus was our oldest, fullest, and brightest source of knowledge about ancient Egypt ; but, with the decipherment of the actual monuments of the Pharaohs and the growing accessibility of Egyptian documents, it is not surprising that Egyptologists to-day know vastly more about Egypt's history than Herodotus was able to learn from what, rather ungratefully, one of them calls " the current gossip of the traders, guides, and priests whom he met there." Herodotus tangles the dynasties, he is ignorant " even of the most important phases of the history," and he weaves into his narrative fairy tales of Rhampsinitus and impossible legends of Sesostris ; he attributes Hittite monuments in Western Asia Minor to the Egyptian conqueror who never was there ; and, in addition to believing the tales of his informants, he is guilty of increasing the confusion by blunders of his own. On the other hand, Mr. Llewelyn Griffith, the author of these criticisms,[1] admits that he gives fairly accurately the names and the succession of the builders of the three Great Pyramids, and shows " a decided improvement " when he comes to the history of the last two centuries —the Saite and Persian kings. This praise is qualified by the complaint as to " the frequent absence of even superficial knowledge " of the country ; " his few geographical remarks upon it seem only to show his complete ignorance of Egypt above Memphis," and his " picturesque touches are exceedingly few."

One feels that the critic wishes the author to share his interests instead of illuminating his own. The fact is that the ancient writer and traveller neither notice nor record quite the things that moderns would wish or expect. Where we are careful, they are careless—about dates and distances and so forth. They look for other things and see them, and miss what we see at the first glance. Arguments have been framed about the dates of Herodotus' life from his failure to allude to the great Periclean buildings on the Acropolis. But he had no occasion to mention them.[2] The temples which do

[1] In *Authority and Archæology*, pp. 164 ff.
[2] Meyer, *Forsch.* i. 155 *n.*

interest him are the big ones, at Samos and the Egyptian Thebes (iii. 60; ii. 143); and the Acropolis buildings were not very large. After all, the great writers are great, not in virtue of the accuracy of their archæology—even when they are historians—but in the measure in which they absorb the life of the world they live in—its moving ideas, interests, prejudices, hopes, fears, darkness, and light—and quicken these anew in the heart and mind of every sympathetic reader. A man will not do this, who is as foolish and incompetent as the Herodotus of some critics. It is worth noting that there are Egyptologists of competence who have another opinion of Herodotus. "He observed," says Adolf Erman, "exactly those things which are of special interest to us." It may be that Erman refers in particular to his theme of Egyptian religion, but he calls Herodotus "an indefatigable and careful observer."[1] Finally, if what Herodotus tells us is not borne out by the ancient monuments, it is conceivable that what he tells us was of more moment in his day than what is actually to be learnt from those monuments; just as the fact that England in the seventeenth century believed Charles I wrote *Eikon Basilike* is of more historical significance than the other fact that he actually did not. Let us pass to what Herodotus saw and thought worth while to record.

We have seen his comment on the "busy" river ever at work giving land to the people, and on this strange people who do everything the wrong way round as the Japanese once did. Most of all their religious usages were peculiar. The worship of animals always struck the Greeks as in some way odd. "An Egyptian temple, outside all splendour, and inside a priest singing a hymn to a cat or a crocodile," is a phrase that occurs several times.[2] Why should the Egyptians be so fussy about cats and dogs? "In whatever houses a cat has died by a natural death," says Herodotus (ii. 66, 67), "all those who dwell in this house shave their eyebrows only,

[1] Erman, *Egyptian Religion* (English translation), p. 175. Mr. Grundy—it is in another connexion, of course—emphasizes Herodotus' demonstrable care and the pains which he devoted to topography; he is the best and most conscientious topographer in ancient history (*Persian War*, pp. 223, 559).

[2] Lucian, *Imagines*, 11; Celsus, *ap.* Orig. *c. Cels.* iii. 17; Clem. Alex. *Paed.* iii. 4. 2.

but those in whose houses a dog has died shave the whole body and also the head. The cats, when they are dead, are carried away to sacred buildings in the city of Bubastis, where they are embalmed and buried; but the dogs they bury each people in their own city in sacred tombs"; and the mouse and the sparrowhawk, the ibis, and especially the bull, are similarly honoured, while the sacred cows are thrown into the Nile (ii. 41). Modern discoverers have found cemeteries where cats were laid by hundreds of thousands, vaults where crocodiles, their eggs and young were buried, and the graves of ibis, hawk, serpent, and fish. Indeed, the export of mummied cats to be used for manure has been a modern industry of Egypt.[1] Apis is a more familiar figure in story—his miraculous birth as the child of a flash of light, his special markings, the joy and festival that attend his discovery, his life and death in sanctity—and the madness of Cambyses who slew him wantonly and perished "wounded in the same part, where he had formerly struck Apis, the god of the Egyptians."[2]

The festivals of the Egyptians are described by Herodotus vividly enough—the draping of Amun in the skin of the slain ram (ii. 42), the fight at the temple of "Ares" at Papremis (ii. 63), the illumination at Sais on one night of the year (ii. 62). He tells how seventy myriads of men and women gather at Bubastis every year, coming in boats from all parts, playing on flutes and castanets, singing and clapping their hands, and dancing, and how the women pilgrims taunt the women of every place the boats pass, and how "more wine is consumed at this feast than in all the rest of the year." In some of these festivals foreigners join—the Carians dwelling in Egypt take more part in the mourning at Busiris than the Egyptians themselves "inasmuch as they cut their foreheads also with knives; and by this it is manifested that they are strangers" (ii. 61); but, adds Herodotus, "for whom they mourn, it is not permitted to me by religion to say."

In fact, Herodotus has been initiated into some of the mysteries here[3] as elsewhere—"whosoever has been initiated in the mysteries of the Kabeiroi, which the Samothracians perform, having received them from the Pelasgians, that

[1] Erman, *Egyptian Religion*, 177. [2] Herodotus, iii. 27–29, 64.
[3] So, too, ii. 171.

man knows the meaning of my speech" (ii. 51). *Οὐχ ὅσιον*—that is the check that seals his lips, *εὔστομα κείσθω* (ii. 171). More emphasis has to be laid on this aspect of his character than is sometimes done. "If I should say for what reasons the sacred animals have been thus dedicated, I should fall into discourse of matters pertaining to the gods, of which I desire not to speak; and what I have actually said, touching slightly upon them, I said because I was constrained by necessity" (ii. 65). So says Herodotus, but in spite of it some critics are very apt to find in other passages a hint of irony which seems alien to his real interest in the divine. Thus, when he begins his story of Egypt (ii. 3), he says that he is not eager to tell in full the narratives he heard about the gods, but he will mention their names only, "because I think that all men are equally informed about them"; only where his story compels him will he mention them. *Ἴσον ἐπίστασθαι* is a remarkable phrase—does it mean "know as much" or "know as little" as one another? Before we quite make up our minds, let us compare another passage: "As to the form of the camel, I do not here describe it, since the Hellenes for whom I write know about it; but what they do *not* know about it, I will tell" (iii. 103). There is no obvious call for irony about the camel; is there about the Egyptian gods?

In this connexion it may be worth remembering that in 1903, when Naukratis was excavated, the base of a vase was found in the remains of the Hellenion with the lettering H . . ΔΟΤΟΤ—an inscription not hard to restore; and the question suggests itself, did the historian dedicate it? Many men called Herodotus are mentioned in inscriptions.[1] Even if it was our Herodotus who dedicated the vase, conformity, as we all know very well, is not inconsistent with irony. So, when Herodotus, after some speculation about Herakles, ends with the words: "And now that we have said so much about all this, may the gods and the heroes be propitious" (ii. 45), it may be, as Prof. Bury has suggested, "a graceful genu-

[1] See index to Dittenberger's *Sylloge*, and compare the various people called Thucydides, Euripides, Xenophon, and the like, known to us in various ways—and the other William Shakespeares of Stratford and John Bunyans at and near Bedford, contemporaries of the great ones.

flexion" merely and nothing more. It may be that his blending of "naïveté and scepticism" is "very piquant"—that he strikes "the characteristic note of Ionian scepticism" from the first, as Prof. Bury says—that "something closely akin to cynicism and flippancy is common enough in Herodotus," as Mr. Cornford says [1]—but surely such a spirit is that of a man who has made up his mind, who is done with religion and theology; and that is assuredly not the position of Herodotus. His general outlook on life (*Weltanschauung*), as Eduard Meyer says,[2] did not grow up on Ionian ground. A man may despise the Ionians and be influenced by them, but in any case it may be remarked that more is said to-day about Miletus and the Milesian spirit than it is easy to find evidence for; and Meyer is surely right in looking elsewhere for the spiritual analogues of Herodotus. Of irony he, like all large and various human spirits, is capable, but like such spirits he will not deal in it alone. When Prof. Bury says he is an "expert in not committing himself," that is surely nearer the mark, though the phrase is not quite happy.[3] There may be two reasons for a man not committing himself: he may not know and not care—or he may care a good deal and yet not know.

When the great storm played havoc with the fleet of Xerxes, it lasted three days; "but at last the Magians, making sacrifices and chanting aloud to the Wind, and sacrificing to Thetis also and the Nereids, stopped it on the fourth day—or else, perhaps, of its own will it slackened (ἐκόπασε)" [4] (vii. 191). It is the perennial problem of prayer that Herodotus raises. Again, is the gully of the Peneios the work of Poseidon, as the Thessalians say? It was evident to Herodotus that it was the effect of an earthquake; but then Poseidon is the

[1] Since this was first written, I note that others refuse to recognize Herodotus' "flippant, Parisian, man-of-the-worldly tone." Cf. How and Wells on Herodotus, iv. 113.

[2] *Forsch.* ii. 264.

[3] Grundy comes much nearer the real thing in saying more quietly that "caution is a prominent characteristic of the man" (*Persian War*, p. 292).

[4] Longinus, 43, 1, notes the word as popular and undignified, ἄσεμνον γὰρ τὸ κοπιάσαι ἰδιωτικόν. It is used of the wind in St. Mark, iv. 39; vi. 51.

author of earthquakes, some say, and therefore of the effects of earthquakes (vii. 129). Is it divine interposition or natural cause ?

Before we answer these questions, let us look at two others. John Evelyn wrote in his Diary, 12 December, 1680 : " We have had of late several comets, which though I believe appear from natural causes, and of themselves operate not, yet I cannot despise them. They may be warnings from God, as they commonly are forerunners of his animadversions." Evelyn was secretary of the Royal Society, and the contemporary of Halley and Newton. Again in our own day, when the conversation turns on psychical phenomena, on phantasms of the dying, for instance, which way does the evidence turn the scale of belief—or does it still swing ? Thirty years ago it might not have been swinging.[1] Is a man ironical, flippant, or Milesian when it is clear that, though intensely interested in a matter, he cannot make up his mind and that he cannot keep off the subject—even if at times to another man, who is *not* interested in the question, for whom it is settled and done with, his language seems susceptible of an ironical interpretation ? " It was all being done by the god, that the Persian navy might be equalized with the Greek one and not be many times larger," [2] says Herodotus, when a second storm does still further damage to the Persians. Some people are a great deal too clever to understand simple and straightforward minds. It is part of Herodotus' greatness that he can be inconsistent, that he can see both sides of a matter and see them too well to decide quickly. Herodotus is ready to reconcile the two possibilities as to the cause of the Peneios gully—to discuss the origins of Herakles, god or hero, or perhaps both, one of each ; he is open to criticize myth or Orphic theology, to listen to everything philosophers and others of more flippant habit may have to say, as he is to be initiated into mysteries ; but when all is said and done, there *are* gods, and they *do* influence men's lives, and they *do* reveal their will and sometimes the future. Theory here or theory

[1] Mr. William de Morgan's phrase hits off exactly " the stage of provisional receptivity we now live in " (*Alice-for-Short*, ch. xlvi.).

[2] No criticism of this passage could be less intelligent than that of Dr. Macan, *ad loc.*

there, there are the facts of history and of life, perplexing enough to justify or even to explain—but facts they are, as far as he can see, or his friend Sophocles either, and to facts it is wiser to stick. "Against oracles I cannot make objections that they are not true, for I do not desire to try to overthrow them when they speak clearly," and he gives an instance, and continues: "looking to such things as this, and when Bakis speaks so clearly, I do not venture myself to make any objections about oracles, nor can I admit them from others" (viii. 77).[1]

Whatever the order in which Herodotus wrote his books, whether he began with Xerxes and afterwards added Egypt, or wrote straight ahead, it is clear that he kept his work by him till it was done, and it is humanly probable that he read over what he had written—and he published it. The speculations which Egypt wakes in his mind are speculations—and facts are facts. The three books about Xerxes are full of the divine. A later age might read the story otherwise. The Corinthian in Thucydides may see facts, thanks to Herodotus, but judge them differently—"the Mede came from the ends of the earth to the Peloponnese before the Spartans were quite ready to meet him . . . and chiefly tripped over his own feet."[2] But the last three books of Herodotus are pervaded by the sense of Providence being at work in the deliverance of Greece, open-eyed as he is for Greek bravery and cunning—Providence, that governs the brute world too, for its preservation, giving the hare many children and the lioness one only (iii. 108). Neither gods nor Providence are shaken by a fair study of facts, even if the facts raise questions; and facts and questions in plenty Egypt had for Herodotus.

To begin, then, Egypt opened up for the Greeks a vista of the immense antiquity of the earth and of man, not unlike that which Geology revealed in the nineteenth century. The suggestion came in two ways. The Nile makes Egypt, as Hero-

[1] Grundy (*Persian War*, p. 232) suggests that Herodotus probably had *revised* versions of oracles given him at Delphi. The revision would, of course, greatly help belief in one not aware that the oracles had been revised. See also the remark of Grundy on the oracle in the tale of Thermopylae, p. 307—which seems just, and, if just, it really disposes of Professor Bury's "graceful genuflexion."

[2] Thuc. i. 69.

dotus saw ; and he conjectured that what is now Egypt might once have been a long narrow gulf, not unlike the Red Sea, but reaching northward to the Mediterranean, and might in ten or twenty thousand years have been filled by a river " so great and so busy " as the Nile. Geological indications lead him to hold that it was so—shells on the hills, salt on the surface of the land here and there, and above all the black and crumbling soil which " is in truth the mud and silt brought down from Ethiopia by the river " (ii. 11, 12).[1] The observation is sound, and the speculation implies some freedom of mind in dealing with great tracts of time. But Geology is one thing and History another.

" Formerly," says Herodotus, " when Hecataios the *logopoios* was at Thebes and told his own pedigree, and connected his own family with a god in the sixteenth generation, the priests of Zeus did for him much the same as they did for me, though I told them no pedigree of mine." (The addition is delightful.) Each historian in his day was taken into the temple, " which is of great size," and there he was shown a number of colossal wooden statues, each the likeness of a priest set up by himself, when in his turn he succeeded his father—each therefore representing a generation. " And when Hecataios had told his pedigree and connected his family with a god in the sixteenth generation, they counted up the statues and anti-pedigreed against him, not receiving his story that a man was born of a god ; and they anti-pedigreed thus, saying that each colossus was a *piromis*, son of a *piromis*, until they showed him five and forty and three hundred colossi ; and neither with god nor with hero did they connect them. *Piromis* is in the Greek tongue a *kalos kâgathos* " (ii. 143).[2] There is irony in this passage, but it is directed against Hecataios and not his sixteenth ancestor.

Herodotus gives it as his opinion that Hesiod and Homer lived four hundred years before him and not more ; " and these are they who made a theogony for the Greeks, and gave the gods their titles, and distributed to them honours and arts, and set forth their forms " (ii. 53). Four hundred years is a much

[1] See notes of How and Wells, *ad loc.*

[2] This phrase is so hard to translate that I leave it, and refer the reader to the treatment of it at the beginning of Chapter VI.

shorter time than three hundred and forty-five generations. Elsewhere he tells us that "the names of nearly all the gods have come from Egypt to Greece," and adds: "that they come from the barbarians, I find on inquiry to be the fact, and I think they mostly came from Egypt"; and we can see how he reached his view. Certain Egyptian gods were identified with certain Greek gods in accordance with the habit of men all over the ancient world who found their own gods in those of most peoples they met, renamed but identifiable. But in Egypt Herodotus was told that the natives had had the actual names of the Greek gods in their country for all time (though not of all the gods); since they were the first to use the names of the twelve gods (ii. 4). Since Egyptian religion, then, is so much older than Greek, Greece must be the borrower. Poseidon has another origin, for "no people, except the Libyans, has had the name of Poseidon from the first"; and certain other gods' names were learnt from the Pelasgians. This line of speculation was confirmed by the priestesses of Dodona. Herodotus tells us how he learnt that originally the Pelasgians worshipped gods without names, "calling them gods (θεούς) as having set all things in order (θέντας)," and that then they learnt the names from Egypt, and in some uncertainty asked the oracle at Dodona whether they should use them, and the oracle bade do so. Thus late in time did Greece learn to call her gods by name. How the names came at last, he sets forth in the tale of the black doves that spoke with human voices—a poetic way, he suggests, of saying that the dark-skinned Egyptian priestesses spoke a barbarian tongue.[1]

Not only the names of the gods he attributes to Egypt, but the images and the solemn assemblies, the processions and approaches to temples, for these have been in Egypt from a very ancient time, while the Greeks only introduced them lately (ii. 4, 58). One sacred custom he traces to another source —"I think that in these regions [Libya] first arose the practice of crying aloud during the performance of sacred rites, for the Libyan women do this well" (iv. 187). One can imagine him listening to the noise—tolerable because it was associated with religious emotion and archæological discovery.

Two or three generations had passed since Xenophanes of

[1] See Herodotus, ii. 50–57.

Colophon had told the Greeks that Hesiod and Homer attributed to the gods all that was shame and blame among mankind, and had added the ironical suggestion that, if cows and horses could carve gods, those gods would not be anthropomorphic. Aeschylus, whom Herodotus read[1] and used and quoted by name, taught that the popular idea of divine envy is not true enough—divine judgments are just and inexorable; not God's envy, but man's overweening is their cause. But Herodotus, to whom they would attribute Milesian irreverence, keeps to the old paths. "The deity (*τὸ θεῖον*)," says Solon in his story, "is altogether envious and apt to disturb our lot" (i. 32). "To me," says King Amasis to Polycrates, "thy great good fortune is not pleasing, since I know that the deity (*τὸ θεῖον*) is envious" (iii. 40). "God," says Artabanus, "is wont to cut down all that exceeds . . . for he allows none to think great things save himself" (vii. 10). Xerxes is for Aeschylus a warning to men against the blindness of overweening; in Herodotus' story he is driven into the folly of his great expedition by divine compulsion that he may be brought low. So near does he keep to popular thinking, or popular fear; slowly do the great ideas penetrate a people.

A curious hint almost of antipathy comes out when he is ending the splendid but improbable tale of Rhampsinitus. The king, they told him in Egypt, went down alive to that place which the Greeks call Hades, and there he diced with Demeter and came back with a gift from her. Certain usages of his own day were supposed to commemorate this—"but whether it is from this cause that they keep the feast or for some other, I cannot say." And then, in the next chapter, he makes an apologia, and adds a most striking fact (which modern scholars hold to be in part wrong), and concludes with a dark touch at certain people.

"Now as to the tales told by the Egyptians let him accept them to whom they are credible. As for me, it is to be understood throughout the whole of the history that I write what I hear said by the people in each place. The Egyptians say that Demeter and Dionysos are rulers of the world below. And the Egyptians are also the first who spake this word that the soul

[1] Herodotus did a good deal of reading—especially poets. See vi. 52. Cf. iv. 36, his study of geography and maps.

of man is immortal, and that, when the body dies, the soul ever enters into another creature that chances then to be coming to birth ; and when it has gone the round of all the creatures of land and sea and air, it enters again into a man's body then coming to birth ; and its circuit takes three thousand years. This word certain Greeks made use of, some earlier, some later, as if it were their own ; the names of these men I know, but I do not write them " (ii. 123).

Now the god Dionysos and his name came to Greece long after the other gods (ii. 52) ; and the coincidence between his rites in Egypt and in Greece is not accidental ; the rites are not like other Greek rites, " nor certainly shall I say that the Egyptians took from the Greeks either this or any other custom," says Herodotus. He adds his belief that Melampus who introduced Dionysiac rites to Greece must have learnt them from Cadmus of Tyre, and so they came from Egypt (ii. 49). For in Egypt " the customs of their fathers they use, and they add no other thereto " (ii. 79). Accordingly when rite and god and linen garb coincide, and the Egyptians are in agreement with the observances " called Orphic and Bacchic, but really Egyptian, and with the Pythagoreans " (ii. 81), it is clear which borrowed from the other.

The Egyptians indeed taught the immortality of the soul ; but as to its transmigration scholars are not agreed. Professor Burnet says categorically they did not ; [1] Professor Erman says we cannot judge whether Herodotus was rightly informed.[2] Herodotus, Professor Burnet says, does not refuse to give names except in the case of contemporaries ; so, as Pythagoras was dead, he accepts Stein's suggestion that Empedocles is meant, whom Herodotus might have met at Thurii. Southern Italy, as the Orphic gold tablets may remind us, was full of Orphic teaching. Whoever is meant, the phrase used implies disfavour ; there is detachment in this reference to the Orphics—the first allusion to them in literature.

First and last Herodotus attributes so much of Greek religion to Egyptian influence as to rouse still more the indignation of Plutarch, who remarks that, while he witnesses to the

[1] Burnet, *Early Greek Philosophy*, 95 *n.* Cf. Gomperz, *Greek Thinkers*, i. 126.

[2] Erman, *Egyptian Religion*, 191.

great piety and justice of the Egyptians, he acquits Busiris of human sacrifice and the slaying of guests, and attaches these sins to Menelaus—a Greek, of course ; " such a lover of barbarians is he." [1] It is possible to sympathize with Plutarch's wrath, for scholarship has other canons than those used by Herodotus to explain similarity of custom and belief, and the indebtedness of Greece to Egypt in this field is given up nowadays. But for our present purposes it does not so much matter that Herodotus was perhaps wrong in his conclusions as that he thought deeply over certain questions, and that he gave his mind at once to the quest for evidence upon them, and to the study of such evidence as he found—and this in so frank and whole-hearted a way. It is also particularly interesting that, after initiation in several varieties of Mysteries, he cares so little for Orphism. Euripides disliked the Orphics ; Plato borrowed from them, and detested them—the one counting their rites quackery, the other indignant at the strong emphasis they laid on the wrong features of religion. The reasons of Herodotus are not so clearly given—unless it is that a strong, simple, truth-loving nature revolts at a divine revelation which turns out to be a mere plagiarism from Egypt. The soul may indeed be immortal ; but a religious confraternity that trades in this immortality, as if the teaching were their own—" the names of these men I know, but I do not write them."

Herodotus is not in the least ashamed of the fact that Greece has borrowed her arts from the barbarians. It was Cadmus and his Phoenicians who brought letters to the Greeks among " many arts," as old inscriptions testify which Herodotus saw at Thebes in Boeotia. Only, as so often happened, the Greeks " having received letters by instruction of the Phoenicians, changed their form slightly and so made use of them " (v. 58–60). Whether we owe more to Cadmus and his friends for the consonants or to their Greek neighbours and successors for the vowels, only those perhaps who have tried to learn Semitic languages are quite qualified to say. The art of geometry, Herodotus says, was derived from Egyptian experiments in land measurement for purposes of taxation, " and afterwards came into Hellas also." (Plutarch attributed the

[1] *De Herodoti malignitate*, 12, 13, p. 857A–D.

stimulus to geometry to an ingenious command given by Apollo.[1]) "As touching the sun-dial and the gnomon," Herodotus continues, "and the twelve divisions of the day, they were learnt by the Hellenes from the Babylonians" (ii. 109). Professor Sayce will not allow this about geometry—"only a Greek guide could have invented this story"—but he concedes the twelve hours to the Babylonians—"this is perfectly correct." It would be hard to deny it as long as every hour has sixty minutes. But the Greeks might even now go further and borrow still more, Herodotus holds—"As to human matters, the priests agreed with one another in saying that the Egyptians were the first of all men on earth to find out the course of the year, and to divide the seasons into twelve parts to make up the whole; and this they said they found out from the stars. And they reckon this so much more wisely than the Greeks in my thinking, in that the Greeks every other year throw in an intercalated month to bring the seasons right, but the Egyptians reckon the twelve months at thirty days each, and bring in, every year, five days outside the number, and thus the circle of their seasons comes round to the same point in its course" (ii. 4).[2] What Greece owes to the Carians, we have seen.

In short Herodotus sees that every race has, as we put it to-day, its contribution. His language is simpler, and till we grasp the strong, clear wisdom that underlies it we shall undervalue him. "Every way then," he says, "it is plain to me that Cambyses was mad exceedingly; for he would not have taken in hand to deride sacred usages and customs. For if one were to set before all men a choice and bid them pick out the best customs (*νόμους*) from among all customs, each race after examination would choose their own; so much the best do all count their own customs. So that it is not likely that any but a madman would make laughter of such things" (iii. 38). He fortifies his conclusion with the tale of how King Darius contrasted the usage of Greek and Indian in the disposal

[1] To double the size of the temple.

[2] Cf. Solon's reckoning of the days of a man's life, complicated by thirty-five intercalary months in seventy years, i. 32. See the interesting note of How and Wells on ii. 4—on calendars. See also Chapter VII. p. 223.

of the dead, and ends, "I think Pindar was right when he said in his poetry that Custom is king of all" (*νόμον πάντων βασιλέα*).[1]

The world is so wide and so various, so full of wonder, that there is room for all men to learn something of it for themselves and to tell it to others. There are the strange regions that lie outside the map, and some people finish their maps off too quickly and too ingeniously. It is curious, for instance, that about the Hyperboreans, the people at the back of the North Wind, more is known on the island of Delos than anywhere else—the Scythians, who ought to know of them, do not. "If, however, there are any Hyperboreans, it follows that there are others who are Hypernotians.[2] But I laugh when I see that many have drawn maps (*περιόδους*) of the world already, and not one of them has set it forth in a sensible way[3]—seeing they draw Oceanus flowing round the earth, which they make as round as if they had used compasses [or a lathe, *ὡς ἀπὸ τόρνου*], and make Asia and Europe equal in size" (iv. 36). Things are not as neat as that, and rumour reaches far into the unknown. There is the tale (iv. 42) of the circumnavigation of Africa by Phoenicians, from the Red Sea southward, and the thing "which I cannot believe, but another may, that in sailing round Libya they had the sun on their right hand." He cannot believe that; but he does believe that the sun is hottest for the Indians at dawn, and not, as for other men, at midday (iii. 104). He fetches the Danube from the Celts and the Pyrenees—"the city of Pyrene"—to the Black Sea, "cutting Europe across the middle," to the exclusion of the Rhone, of which we should have expected him to have heard more—from some Massilian or almost any trader with Marseilles (ii. 33). Polar nights he has heard of, but not in a convincing way—"that beyond these are other men who sleep for six months—that I do not accept at all" (iv. 36)—"nor do I know of islands, called Cassiterides, really existing, from which the tin comes to us," nor of a river

[1] Pindar, *Frag.* 149; quoted also by Plato, *Gorg.* 484B, with more context. Herodotus gives the phrase another sense than that intended by the poet—"nearly the reverse," says W. H. Thompson.

[2] An argument oddly linked to a protest against a too symmetrical map; Eratosthenes called it absurd, there might quite well chance to be Hypernotians (Strabo, 61, 62).

[3] We may note how this implies a study of books and maps.

Eridanos, though tin and amber do come from the end of Europe (iii. 115). "As for him who talked about Oceanus, he carried his tale into the unknown, and needs not refutation; for I for my part know of no river Oceanus existing, but I think Homer or one of the poets before him invented the word and brought it into poetry" (ii. 23). After all this, we are reminded of gold-digging ants (iii. 102) and one-eyed Arimaspians (iii. 116) and many things improbable to us, but accepted by our historian.[1]

So he goes, wavering as every explorer must who has once crossed the line of the familiar and lived among the marvels of the unknown world. He loses the common canons of knowledge and probability that every common man in the streets of Halicarnassus can use, who is clever enough not to believe what surprises him. But there is a folly which does not believe what it is told. Even the floundering of Herodotus in and out of probability and impossibility, hearsay and sight of the eyes, speaks to his being no common man. He has grasped the wonder of the world—and his discovery is one of his great gifts to Greece and to mankind.

Much is there passing strange,
  Nothing surpassing mankind.
He it is loves to range
Over the Ocean hoar
Thorough the surges' roar,
  South winds raging behind.

So sang his friend Sophocles, and none believed more heartily than Herodotus that there is naught more wonderful than man, with his victories over sea and earth and sky, the marvels of all the ends of the earth made his, the sea his bond of union with all men, and the very stars linked to the plough of the farmer and the helm of the steersman. "And speech and windswift thought and all the moods that mould a state hath

[1] At the same time, it is remarked that he is less credulous than Ctesias, and I am told that gold-digging ants are mentioned in Sanskrit literature—not that this proves them to exist, but it points to a widespread myth at all events, and some contact of Herodotus with people directly or indirectly in touch with Indian story. See H. G. Rawlinson, *Intercourse between India and the Western World from the Earliest Times to the Fall of Rome*, who notes the soundness of some of the historian's information.

he taught himself." And no phase of it all is alien to the interest of the great traveller.

So far hardly a word has been given to the great history, so much we have found to absorb us in its writer. All we have dealt with so far, and much more, comes incidentally in the narrative of the Persian wars with the Greeks—"for my tale sought digressions from the beginning of it," he says (iv. 30). Such a principle might make any book diffuse, but the art of Herodotus is seen in the way in which his tale carries all its digressions, all its weight of learning and wonder, the lore and legend of all mankind, and never loses sight of its goal. Each digression brings us nearer to that. And as we work deeper and deeper into the story, and hear less of Egyptians and Libyans in the plural, and more of this man and that man, we wonder more at the simple skill of the story-teller—"most Homeric of them all," as Longinus said long ago.[1] No one overshadows or warps the tale of the Great Persian War, but as Aristotle said of Homer, "with the minimum of prelude," Herodotus "at once brings in a man or woman or other being, none characterless, each with a character of its own."[2]

One instance may suffice, and we will not take any of the great outstanding figures of the story—the wise Solon, or the cunning Themistocles, or any of the gallant Persians—but rather a figure from the background, whose history is suggested rather than told. Of the reign of Pisistratus we read in the First Book; and in the Fifth we read how his sons were expelled —Thucydides found something to correct here—and how Athens grew great in freedom we have seen.[3] And the Spartans saw it, too, and with regret; and they were confirmed in their regret by a strange discovery, made since they expelled the Pisistratids. For "Cleomenes had obtained from the Acropolis those oracles which the sons of Pisistratus possessed before, and had left in the temple when they were driven out" (v. 90); we remember they had to go quickly. In these oracles the Spartans learnt that they were destined to suffer many injuries from the Athenians; so to reduce the strength of Athens they resolved to restore Hippias, and sent for him from Sigeum, where his family lived in exile, though in a town of their own. But when their allies gathered, the Corinthians

[1] Longinus, 13, 3. [2] *Poetics*, 24, 7. [3] v. 78.

told the story of Cypselos, to dissuade the restoration. "And Hippias made answer, calling to witness the same gods, that assuredly the Corinthians most of all men would long for the Pisistratids, when the days come when, it is fated, they shall be troubled by the Athenians. Thus Hippias made answer, as he that most exactly of all men knew the oracles" (v. 93). He spoke in vain. But after twenty years of exile he came again to Attica, an old man, when the Persian expedition reached Marathon,[1] and once more he had to go away. And then he—or his—went to Xerxes, and with them an old enemy, now reconciled, Onomacritos, whom Hipparchos had driven from Athens, when Lasos, the poet, of Hermione, "caught him interpolating an oracle in the works of Musaeus" (vii. 6). What do these references to oracles mean?

Herodotus, as we have seen, believed in oracles, though some might be forged or false;[2] but here was the man who knew the oracles best and most surely of all men. Why? Look at his story. An old man in the year of Marathon, 490, he must have been a child in those brilliant days when his great genial father was tyrant and exile by turns, when the men of Athens were glad to get him out and then content to have him back. Pisistratus was a man—a large-hearted, big-natured man; if he was a tyrant, he was a tyrant with good-humour and friendly ways, who certainly would face the ups and downs of life with gaiety and spirit. But life was another thing for the tyrant's child—the sudden alarm in the night, the hushed flight through the darkness, the terror of sudden death by Athenian hands before dawn, the side-track down to the beach, the ship and its muffled oars, pursued still by the dread of capture—and then the restless years of exile—enlivened for the father by Thracian adventures among semi-savages and gold mines, and filled with haunting memories for the child, the women's tales of the night of fear told again and again, till every night was liable to be one of fear. Then the return—and Megacles' daughter—and the second exile; again a return, with mercenary troops this time.[3] And then

[1] Herodotus, vi. 107, telling of his dream; Thuc. vi. 59.

[2] Cf. i. 66, 75; v. 91.

[3] This time, Herodotus tells us (i. 61), Hippias urged his father to recover his tyranny.

the bright old man died, and the nervous Hippias with his brothers succeeded, and still the dread of exile never died.[1] What had the gods in store? He turned to the oracles, gathered them, and studied them; none knew them better, none took more care that no other should know them. For in modern China, as in Chrysostom's days, it is the experience of despots that it is better that they alone should have early knowledge of heaven's will—it leads eager men to rebellion, and cautious men to expect rebellion to succeed—difficulty and danger both ways for the monarch.[2] Then the rebellion comes, and Hippias loses his nerve; he tries to smuggle his children out, but they are caught by the Athenians—and if he will not go, his children will be killed. He, too, is a man; he agrees and goes; and in the hurry he leaves his hoard of oracles behind. That is Herodotus' story, and he hardly pauses to tell it; he only indicates it, and the reader may find it or let it go as he may. For, as Dryden said of Chaucer, "Here is God's plenty."

If the history of a war be one of strategies, tactics, and battles, then certain defects will be felt in Herodotus. He sketches his battles lightly—even such great ones as Salamis; he is not very clear about such things as the movements of the Persian fleet and army about Artemisium. Often his accounts of political motives and actions seem defective to a modern student of politics who compares him with surprise with such experts as his contemporaries Aristophanes and Thucydides. He troubled very little about exact chronology, about which Thucydides troubled a very great deal. These may seem heavy deductions, and they would be in the case

[1] Thucydides, however, says that he too was εὐπρόσοδος.

[2] Years before the Manchu dynasty fell, I was told by a missionary of prophecy-books that foretold the fall, and pointed to the symbol of the button on the official cap—like the seed vessel of the opium poppy, and like it to be crushed. To be found with such a book in one's possession was death; but, said my friend, many Chinese, when you get to be on intimate terms with them, will own that they have *seen* them. See W. R. W. Stephens' *Life of St. Chrysostom*, pp. 57, 58, on the magic book that Chrysostom, as a student, fished out of the river Orontes, and the real danger it involved, when it was found that a soldier had seen what was done. The book was put back into the river. Cf. Ammianus Marcellinus, xxix. 1, on the disastrous discovery in 371 A.D. that the next Emperor's name began with the letters ΘΕΟΔ.

of many historians. But war and politics are more than manœuvres—men and people are involved with all the varieties of mind and temperament that individuals and communities can show. If these matter, then few can equal Herodotus for the unsuspected and easy mastery with which in one way and another he brings before us the world in which the great conflict was fought out, what manner of men took part on either side, what were their ways of life, their preconceptions, and outlooks—everything, in short, that most matters in story or history. He rambles, he digresses, he looks as if he might be wasting time—but he never does. Men, who have missed his method or lacked the heart to catch his bright interest in life, may complain of him, but let them try to name any writer who tells anything like so much in such a compass—even if we are looking for mere historical material in the most matter-of-fact way. But history is more than historical material—it is life, and living men make it as they think and act, as they argue astray and go right by instinct, as they love and hate—sentient creatures not to be interpreted save by the loving imagination that cares too much for them to wish to tamper with the facts, and feels too keenly for them to be able to leave facts dead. All stirs in Herodotus—his web is woven of life, all of it is living; and one might also say it is all the life there was in his day. A man's work may touch life in snatches; this book touches it all the time; and as the life of any period is one in itself, wide and deep as its roots strike and spread in the generations before it, so the work of Herodotus is one—its roots deep in the past, and still part of the glorious whole—one with the integrity of the world it represents. "Many are the wondrous things, and none more wondrous than man," and in man himself there are few things so wonderful as the genius that from stray impressions, broken knowledge, and thoughts that are many and wander and come again, can create a world for the lasting happiness of mankind. And this Herodotus has done.

CHAPTER II

THE AGE OF PERICLES

IN the history of the world and in the history of nations there are days that stand out as marking beyond all chance of error the passing away of one age and the beginning of another. What is it that makes the difference? The men of the day before are still there; the forces that shaped thought and action were working before and are working still; but the men are new men, and thought works in a new way. A line has been crossed in experience and a new consciousness has been reached; and as it happens with men, so it falls with nations—there is no return to the past. The new knowledge, the new realization of what the world can be and of what indeed it is, has changed everything. The man and the nation wake up to a new universe, a new creation; the old landmarks are gone; everything has to be thought out anew, to be rediscovered. The past is outworn and is discarded; the future—no, the very present is all to learn; and in joy and in perplexity they go forward—

> Moving about in worlds not realized.

Such a new dawn broke for Greece, when the day of Salamis was over. There were battles yet to be fought with the Persian, but they would be fought in a new spirit on land and sea—in the spirit of victory. It was not contempt for the foe, for the Persian was a fighting man, whose courage and spirit the historian says were a match for the Spartans themselves.[1] But the knowledge, the conviction, that they were to outfight such an enemy was part of the new outlook of Greece. And when the Persian was finally driven back, there was a new world to organize and to rule. The islands and the cities of Asia were free, but far away in Asia lay the strength of the great antagonist

[1] Herodotus, ix. 62.

yet unbroken, and he might return. The bright variety of the old Greek days of the sixth century before Christ was gone ;[1] it was clear that, if the Persian was not to come again, some barrier must be set up to keep him back. The old happy-go-lucky sovereignties and independencies of city tyrants and island republics had meant the steady progress of Persian power ; the new age must strike out some new method of giving effect to what in the hour of danger all men had felt—the unity of Greece ; " there is the bond of Hellenic race, one blood, one tongue, the common temples of the gods, the common sacrifices, the manners of life which are the same for all."[2] The new era must give some new expression to this new and intenser realization of old knowledge. There are new seas to sail, new lands to reconnoitre, for it is one thing to travel a country or to see a house as a stranger on sufferance, and to enter upon them an heir and a master. What changes will not sheer mastery of the sea bring with it ? Every thought of man and nation is crossed and quickened by a new sense of power.

It is informing to look for a moment at a parallel, when a parallel is to be found. Let it be Elizabethan England, for there at least a great literature comes into being when a nation gains a new sense of power, and it is curious to see how close the parallel is. The Elizabethan, like the Greek, looked out on a world larger and more full of wonder than any of the generations before him could have guessed. What the discovery of America meant to sentient and reflective natures can be read in the *Faerie Queene*, in Montaigne's *Essays*—a new door thrown open, through which the human mind will move to new thoughts. It is a new sense of power over the world itself, and with it comes a new grasp of the very heavens. Copernicus and Galileo made a new heaven for the new earth of Columbus and Cabot ; and what that meant we can read in Milton. The victory over the Armada gave the Englishman the exhilaration of this sense of power in the sphere of the nation. And in the sphere of thought we meet it again in Renaissance

[1] It is remarkable how many poets and thinkers and personalities come from the islands in the old days, and how the islands are all overshadowed afterwards.

[2] Herodotus, viii. 144.

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and Reformation. What is impossible, when God, making a new universe, reveals His plans " first as His manner is to His Englishmen " ? So Milton speaks of it. Power and the sense of power pervade the whole life of the country, and that life has for the time a unity—an " integrity," it has been called—that makes men men indeed—not specialists who can do one thing and do it in a crippled because a one-sided way—but men who can enter into the whole life of man—who can sail a ship, can write a poem, can refute a Papist, can plant a new land and conquer an old enemy, live or die with that intense happiness, which belief in this glorious universe and the God who made it alone can give.

Let us turn back to Greece now and follow out the parallel, beginning with the sense of power that came to the Greek when he looked out on the physical universe. It has been remarked that the Greek nautical terminology is native born, and it implies that the Greek found his way to the sea himself, and taught himself to build his ship and to sail it. What an immense feat this was, it is not easy to realize in an age of *Mauretanias*. No compass, no chart, no anchor even—yet the Greek mariner crept from land to land and got the sea by heart. He knew every country " in profile " as it has been called, and he learnt every colour and every ripple the sea can have and the meaning of them—the shallow, the rock, the current. " Wise shipmasters," says Pindar, " can tell of a wind that shall come on the third day, and are not wrecked for love of gain." [1] Such knowledge is one of the real triumphs of the human mind.

The Greeks found their way to Egypt early, as we know from the *Odyssey*, and at the beginning of the classical period when history begins to have documents, one of the most interesting of these is the inscription at the great rock-hewn temple of Abu-simbel in Nubia, made by Greek mercenaries in the service of King Psammetichos. The temple had been built by Rameses II in 1330 B.C., and now between 594 and 589 the Greek soldiers cut their names in the legs of the colossi—one of them adding the name of his city, Colophon.[2] About the same time another Ionian found his way from Mitylene to Babylon and served in the army, apparently, of King

[1] *Nemeans*, 7, 17. [2] Hicks and Hill, *Greek Hist. Inscr.*, No. 3.

Nebuchadnezzar (605–562 B.C.). His name was Antimenidas; and when he came home in glory, his brother, the poet Alcaeus, wrote him an ode of which a few lines survive:

Thou hast come from the ends of the earth;
And the hilt of the sword thou dost hold
Is of ivory wrought, a thing of worth,
Bound and studded with gold—
Of thy prowess the splendid mead—
For in Babylon's ranks afar,
Thou didst mightily aid in war,
And didst work a valiant deed,
Slaying a monstrous man,
And dread was the terror he cast—
Five royal cubits he towered vast
Lacking only a span.[1]

Yet another contemporary lives in story for a strange adventure westward. "The Carthaginians," we read, "if any sailed past them for Sardinia or the Pillars, used to drown him in the sea"—perhaps ship and all—"and for this cause most of the tales of the West were not believed."[2] But about 600 B.C. a Samian sea-captain, sailing for Egypt, was blown out of his reckoning, "and, as the wind did not cease to blow, passed through the Pillars of Herakles and came to Tartessos (Tarshish), aided by divine providence." So Herodotus tells the tale of Kôlaios, and leaves us to imagine the sudden gust of realization with which the Samian saw and knew the great rocks of Gibraltar and Jebel Musa, and how he found by sheer cunning and intrepidity his way home, coasting along unknown shores, Africa or Spain, either passing by Carthage to Southern Sicily, or risking all at Scylla and Charybdis. But home he reached, and he brought, the historian tells us, more profit from his cargo than any Greek of whom we have certain knowledge, save one, of whom, alas! moderns know nothing.[3]

Not one of the stories is an empty tale of mere adventure. Each symbolizes the conquest of the world by the Greek mind. It was profit in money that men sought, and they found it; but, like Saul seeking his father's asses, they found far more than they sought, for in a sense they found the Greece we know,

[1] Cf. Strabo, c. 617; the lines restored by Bergk.
[2] Strabo, 802, citing Eratosthenes the geographer.
[3] Herodotus, iv. 152.

or made it. Everywhere they watched and wondered and learnt, and the tales they brought home worked like leaven, and the Greek mind grew and expanded to absorb the whole world[1]—yes, and the stars above it, that brought the mariner back to his island haven.

In the sphere of the nation, the sense of power that came from this conquest of all the world and its thoughts, received a new heightening and a new value, when the Persian was driven back. The Greeks, when they gave their mind to it, were now the first race on earth.

In the sphere of the mind it was the same. Philosophy, Plato says, is the child of Wonder.[2] As Greece more and more enters into her inheritance of the world, she realizes more and more the mystery of it all; and the great questions rise of Whence, and Whither, of the One and the Many, of God and man, of being and becoming. The history of Greek philosophy is not our present concern, but let a few great names recall the great progression. There is Thales of Miletus, the first man of science and the first philosopher of the Western world[3]—the first Greek who foretold an eclipse (28 May, 585 B.C.),[4] and the first Greek, men said, who made a "corner"[5]—"the greatness of Thales consisted in this, that he was the first to ask, not what *was* the original thing, but what *is* the primary thing now; or more simply still, 'What is the world made of?' The answer he gave to this question was: *Water.*"[6] There is Anaximander, who is credited with making the first map, and who taught that behind the elements is one eternal indestructible substance, out of which everything arises, and to which everything returns. There is Heraclitus, greater than any before him or most after him—"unquestionably the most remarkable figure among the Greek philosophical thinkers until we come to Socrates"[7]—"the parts I understood of his book," said Socrates, "were splendid; and I suppose what I failed to understand was splendid too; only it would need a Delian diver to get to the

[1] Compare the interesting phrase of Lucan describing Caesar discussing the Nile at Cleopatra's table—*quis dignior autem hoc fuit auditor mundique capacior hospes?* (x. 182, 183).

[2] *Theaetetus*, 155D.

[3] Bury, *Greek History*, p. 222.

[4] Herodotus, i. 74.

[5] Aristotle, *Pol.* i. 11, p. 1259 *a*, *b*.

[6] Burnet, *Early Greek Philosophy*[2], p. 48.

[7] Adam, *The Religious Teachers of Greece*, 212.

bottom of it."[1] And there is Xenophanes, traveller and thinker, who studied the fossil shells in the Sicilian hills and the gods of Libya, and traced his country's decline to wrong thinking. "If horses and cows could carve gods," in what shape would they make them?

When we come to European Greece we find the leaders of thought are more clearly poets than philosophers, yet they too are touched by the new thoughts of the day. Pindar speaks of God at times in a strain that suggests monotheism—in language that fires the imagination: "God accomplisheth every end whereon he thinketh—God who overtakes the eagle on the wing and passes the dolphin in the sea, who bendeth the high-minded in his pride, and to others he giveth deathless glory."[2] Of course he is no monotheist, but certain old stories of the gods, he sees, cannot be true: "Meet is it for a man that concerning gods he speak what is noble; so the blame is less. . . . For me it is impossible to call one of the blessed gods cannibal; I stand aloof; in telling ill tales is oft-times little gain."[3] But there were stories in which he saw little shame, thinking far otherwise than Euripides. Plutarch keeps four lines of his, where he speaks of the soul:[4] "The body of all men is subject to all-powerful death, but alive there yet remains an image of the living man, for that alone is from the gods. It sleeps when the limbs are active, but to them that sleep in many a dream it revealeth an award of joy or sorrow drawing near." But there is a side to Pindar that is alien to the higher mind of Greece. "We do not praise the Thebans in the Persian War," writes Polybius,[5] "nor yet Pindar who in his poems told them to keep neutrality—

> The general weal of the townsfolk set in peace,
> Let them seek the gladsome light
> Of valour that gleameth bright
> When the troubles of the nation find surcease.

"Large dreamy lines"[6]—what do they mean? what *can* they mean? And at the end of the last poem which we can

[1] Diogenes Laertius, ii. 22.
[2] Pindar, *Pythian*, 2, 50.
[3] Pindar, *Olympian*, 1, 35.
[4] *Consol. ad Apoll.* 35. See Adam, *Vitality of Platonism*, Essay II., on the doctrine of the divine origin of the soul from Pindar to Plato.
[5] Polybius, iv. 31.
[6] Professor Murray's description of them.

date—" Things of a day! what are we, and what not? A dream of a shadow is man; yet when some God-given splendour falls, a glory of light comes over him and his life is sweet." Good luck, high birth, valour, beauty, and compromise—it is not quite the sense of power.

It is otherwise with his contemporary Aeschylus. A quatrain survives, said to have been written by himself for his own grave in Sicily:

> Here Aeschylus lies in Gela's land of corn,
> Euphorion's son, in far-off Athens born;
> That he was valiant Marathon could show,
> And long-haired Medes could tell it, for they know.

Would any but himself have thought of leaving out all mention of his poetry?—and he did not think of it—did it without thinking, instinctively; for what was his poetry? " Looking steadfastly into the silent continents of Death and Eternity," wrote Carlyle of Sterling, " a brave man's judgments about his own sorry work in the field of Time are not apt to be too lenient." Critics have felt that even the poetry of Aeschylus seems inadequate for the huge conceptions and deep speculations that surge in his mind—that he himself, when it reaches its most splendid heights, sees it fall short of the wonder and awe of the world which Zeus governs by laws that man's experience slowly opens up to him.

> For something cloaked within the night my mind
> Stands listening:—the divine eyes are not blind
> To men of blood: the man of mere success,
> Luck's thriver in defect of Righteousness,
> Doomed by the dark Avengers, wanes at last,
> Dwindling, until he fades out where the dim
> Lost shadows are; and there, no help for him.[1]

Never before had man so realized the power of mind—here was the world reduced to order, to cosmic order and moral law, the judgments of Zeus himself tracked to great principles which the mind could seize and use—and the world, and perhaps Zeus himself, explained. Was not all mind? asked Anaxagoras; and the wits of Athens, as he walked the streets, called him *Nous* [2]—a sign of how widely the knowledge

[1] Aesch. *Agam.* 465 f. (trans. W. G. Headlam).
[2] Plut. *Pericles*, 4.

was spread of what the leaders of thought were doing. The sense of power marks the age.

Now let us come a little nearer to Athens, and see what is happening in our three spheres of world, and state, and thought.

The great Persian Wars left nothing undisturbed. The commercial centre of the world shifted westward. Miletus was destroyed, and war checked the inland trade with Asia which had made the Ionian seaports great.[1] Meanwhile, as the graves show, culture was spreading in Italy, and the trade with Italians, Sicilians, Etruscans, and Carthaginians, and with the Greeks of the West, was growing. Populations were increasing, and the supply of home-grown wheat was proving too small. Wealth waited for the state that could find and control new wheat areas. Athens lay now right in the centre of the Greek world, and before long city and harbour were linked by strong walls and made into a twin fortress impregnable by land. And if she did not own the wheat-growing regions, she controlled the trade in grain. The cornfields of Southern Russia had only one outlet—by the Hellespont, and Athens held it—held it in virtue of her fleet of warships. Meanwhile, from the days of Solon and Pisistratus foreigners with trades had been settling in the city.[2] Solon was one of the greatest economists of antiquity, and Pisistratus one of the shrewdest of rulers; and they meant to have an Athens economically strong and prosperous. Industries grew, and free labour moved in from the country, and slave labour was imported from abroad. And then the slave began to encroach on the freeman's labour market, and the freeman took to another and a greater trade—the greatest of all, Empire-ruling; and that too brought wealth to Athens. Mines were opened up, and Laureion still continued to yield silver, while on Thasos and in Thrace Athenian valour and enterprise made Athenians masters of gold production. The horrible condition of the slaves in the silver mines of Attica is sometimes noticed by ancient writers,[3] but there is no indication that it troubled

[1] On this see Chapter VII. [2] Meyer, *Gr. Gesch.* iii. 538.

[3] On the silver mines, cf. Plut. *Nicias*, 4; Xen. *Mem.* ii. 5. 2, and *de vectig.* 4, 14, on Nicias' management of his mines; also Plut. *Comp. Nic. et Crassi*, 1. Also compare accounts of washing alluvial gold in

the capitalists or the public conscience. Mining and manufacture, grain and the carrying trade of the world, brought wealth and brought with it new standards—a new scale for the measurement of riches and of poverty—new tastes in food, and perhaps a new sense of hunger.

A comic poet, Hermippos, writing about 429, in a mock-heroic passage in Homeric hexameters calls on the Muses in their Olympic dwellings to tell him how many blessings, since ever Dionysos launched on the wine-dark sea, come to Athens in black ships.

With or without their aid he gives a list, which at the risk of being tedious I will quote, but in prose. I do not think it should be tedious to anyone who wishes to study the life of a great people, for more turns on food and standard comforts than we sometimes realize, and a list such as this has a story to tell of the whole Mediterranean. Some of the imports were perhaps not very strictly entered at the Custom House; a comic poet may smuggle a few little items here and there.

From Cyrene, he says, come the drug silphium and hides of cattle; from the Hellespont, mackerel and all sorts of dried fish; from Italy, spelt (or wheat) and sides of beef; from Sitalkes (king of the Odrysians in Thrace), the itch for the Spartans—perhaps what is to be re-exported at once should not be reckoned; from King Perdiccas of the Macedonians, lies by the shipload—it is strange to think of these being imported;[1] Syracuse sends pigs and cheese. "And the Corcyraeans—may Poseidon destroy them upon their hollow ships, for they have their mind this way and that way!" Then from Egypt come sails and cord; from Syria frankincense; "fair Crete sends cypress for the gods"—probably for temple-building; Libya, abundance of ivory; Rhodes sends raisins, and figs that give you good dreams; Euboea, pears and "noble sheep"; Phrygia,

Lydia, given by Strabo, 626; Plut. *de virt. mulier.* 27; Herodotus, vii. 27; Thasos (gold), Plut. *Cimon*, 14; Thrace (gold), Thuc. iv. 105.

[1] A journalist during the winter of 1914–15 came very near this notion, when he suggested that Salonika had a special industry—the manufacture and export of rumour—a trade that kept Greek, Turk, and Jew busy, when all the other trades were bad. "It requires no ships to carry it, which is a pity, because the export of rumour would make Salonika the busiest shipping place in the world" (*Daily News*, 2 March, 1915).

slaves, and Arcadia, soldiers for hire ; Pagasae (the Thessalian port), slaves again, and branded slaves at that ; the Paphlagonians send walnuts and rich almonds, " for these are the dainties of the banquet " ; Phoenicia, the fruit of the date-palm and fine wheat flour ; Carthage, carpets and embroidered cushions.[1]

This list we can supplement from a curious inscription, which records the sale of the property of the men condemned in 414–3 for the mutilation of the Hermae and the profanation of the mysteries.[2] Here is a string of slaves, with the prices they fetched. None of them is Greek, and some of them come from far-away regions. They had all belonged to Cephisodoros, a metic—a foreigner, that is, domiciled in the Peiraieus. The list runs thus :—a Thracian woman, 165 drachmas ; another Thracian woman, 155 dr. ; a Thracian man, 170 dr. ; a Syrian, 240 dr. ; a Carian, 105 dr. ; an Illyrian, 161 dr. ; another Thracian woman, 220 dr. ; a Thracian, 115 dr. ; a Scythian, 144 dr. ; an Illyrian, 121 dr. ; a Colchian, 153 dr. ; a Carian boy, 124 dr. ; a little Carian boy, 72 dr. ; a Syrian, 301 dr. ; a man [or woman, for the last syllable is lost] from Melittene, 151 dr. ; a Lydian woman, 170 dr. Another fragment gives the bedroom furniture of Alcibiades, which we may leave to the purchasers.

Meantime Athens was becoming an Imperial city. The Persian War had left a situation that demanded leadership, and Sparta declined the task. Pausanias, her king, behaved badly when abroad—" it was more like an imitation of a tyranny than a commandership," says Thucydides.[3] So Sparta sent out no more commanders, afraid lest they too should degenerate, and wishful in any case to be rid of the Persian War.[4] A later generation moralized this—she preferred to have law-abiding citizens than to rule all Greece.[5]

[1] Hermippos, *ap.* Athen. 27. Cf. Pericles, in Thuc. ii. 38. 2. Also Polybius, iv. 38, quoted in Chapter X. p. 305.

[2] Hicks and Hill, *Greek Hist. Inscr.*, No. 72. As a drachma (6 obols) was rather a high wage for a rower in the fleet, and 4 obols a fair wage, we may roughly reckon a drachma as equal in purchasing power to a dollar to-day, and calculate how much our fellow-creatures were worth. We are told the price of slaves tended to go down, which implies an increased supply.

[3] Thuc. i. 95, 3. [4] Thuc. i. 95, 7. [5] Plut. *Aristides*, 23.

But the fact is, as Thucydides says, Sparta wished to be rid of the war; and the reason was that, as he adds elsewhere, most of her arrangements looked toward the Helots, for protection against them.[1] With a population of agricultural serfs—the Messenians among them conscious of ancient independence and a glorious struggle for freedom in the past, and still able, as the year 370 proved, to assert it and maintain it—the Spartans numbered about one-sixteenth of the community, and they could not risk foreign war. Defeat, as 370 showed, and accident, as the earthquake year 464 revealed—might be fatal to Sparta at home; and victory might be as bad. The Helot peril was always there. So Sparta gave up foreign empire to save her national existence.

To Athens the leadership of Greece was abandoned; the allies from hatred of Pausanias pressed it on her, and she was not reluctant to undertake it. So the Confederacy of Delos was formed, and it grew into an Empire—inevitably, for it was not long before the constituent states became weary of contribution, and no confederacy can exist as an effective force whose members can retire without notice on the spur of the moment—on any chance vote of an assembled people. "Empire," says an Athenian, in the pages of Thucydides,[2] "we did not take for ourselves by force; you (the Spartans) would not wait to finish the war with the barbarian, and the allies came to us, and themselves asked us to be leaders. From the nature of the case itself we were at first compelled to advance our Empire to its present state—fear was our chief motive, and then honour, and then interest. It seemed no longer safe when many hated us, when some had already revolted and been subdued, when we found you no longer as friendly as you had been, but suspicious and at variance, to run the risk of letting our Empire go, especially as all who left us would fall to you. And no one can quarrel with a people if, in matters involving the greatest dangers, it make the best arrangement it can for itself."

Let us turn now to the sphere of thought. Here a surprise awaits us. For we are apt to think of the fifth century in Greece, and especially in Athens, as the age of illumination—*Aufklärung*—the time when, we are told, Anaxagoras and

[1] Thuc. iv. 80. [2] Thuc. i. 74.

Socrates and Euripides moulded the thoughts of men. But this does not represent the whole situation. It is indeed a period of change, when the conservative and the questioning spirit met, and when religion shows the influence of both. Pericles discussed high philosophy with Anaxagoras, and was " filled with speculation " ; [1] but Plutarch's story of the ram's head is very illuminative.[2] The head of a ram with one horn, he says, was brought to Pericles from his farm ; and Lampon, the prophet, seeing the horn grew stiff and strong from the middle of the brow, announced the future extinction of the party of Thucydides, the son of Melesias, and the sole power of Pericles. Anaxagoras, however, split the skull and showed some strange malformation within, which afforded a physical explanation of the marvel, and he captured the admiration of those present. But, when Thucydides was ostracized, and Pericles attained his sole guardianship of the state, Lampon in his turn was admired. Plutarch urges that both may have been justified, and that the discovery of the cause does not mean the invalidation of the sign ; but he owns that this perhaps belongs to another discussion. The story at any rate illustrates the workings of the Athenian mind. And, again, Cimon, the earlier rival of Pericles, is the hero of a story as significant. When he took the island of Scyros, he was led by the sign of an eagle scratching the earth on a little hill, to make a great discovery. An oracle from Delphi had bidden Athens recover the bones of Theseus, but none knew where they were, save that Theseus had died in Scyros ; and here in the little hill a great skeleton was found with a sword and a brazen spear. With all possible pomp Cimon brought Theseus back to his city after his four hundred years of absence, and won great goodwill thereby. So that, as posterity recorded, the people at the next Dionysia gave to him and his fellow-generals the decision as to the prize for Tragedy. They awarded it, not to Aeschylus, but to the younger poet Sophocles ; and the older man took it hardly, and left Athens soon after, never to return.[3] This belongs to the year 468.

Perhaps the story is true in fact ; it is certainly true in symbol. Sophocles, not Aeschylus, is the great Athenian poet. The questions that troubled Aeschylus, and the answers he

[1] Plato, *Phaedrus*, 269 E, 270. [2] Plut. *Pericles*, 6. [3] Plut. *Cimon*, 8.

found to them, went beyond the common thinking—too far beyond it.[1] Sophocles they could understand—at least they could think they understood him, as men a generation or two ago found Browning obscure and Tennyson lucid. "Inimitable, impeccable, unpopular," Sophocles has been called,[2] but he was not unpopular with his contemporaries. Such a play as the *Trachiniae*, beautiful as Deianira is, would not have satisfied either Aeschylus or Euripides. Athens made Sophocles a general, to be the colleague of Pericles in 440, in the war against Samos, and Ion in his *Travels* tells of the lighter side of the life of the generals at the siege as he witnessed it. "But as for political affairs, he was neither very wise nor very effective, but just an average good Athenian." [3] The Samian expedition was a wicked one—as bad as the Melian—and Sophocles made no protest, wrote no *Troades*. He stands nearer the common people than Euripides, and in his last play, the *Oedipus Coloneus*, he gives them, at a time when Athenian prospects grew dimmer, the comfort once more of an old tradition—that the grave of Oedipus in Attic ground is to form a perpetual safeguard for Attica against foreign invaders. Perhaps this must not be pressed, as Euripides alludes to a similar legend of another hero; but it fits in curiously with the deed of Cimon and his poet's first victory.

Delphi had been forgiven by the Greeks for its rallying to the Persian, but the defection was not forgotten, and the oracle's power for mischief was in some degree weakened. But other oracles, and other scenes of holy games, occupied men. The festival, said Strabo of the Delos of a later day, is "rather a merchants' affair" [4]—they all were this, though they had in earlier days a higher significance. The clearer minds of Greece had not Pindar's enthusiasm for athletics and athletes—Xenophanes and Euripides denounced them, but they had some flavour of religious association about them still.

Perhaps the most real religions of Greece—in our modern sense—were Orphism and the Eleusinian Mysteries, both cults of initiation and purification, secret and awful, in which a

[1] Cf. Meyer, *Forsch.* ii. 258 ff.
[2] Mackail, *Lectures on Greek Poetry*, 145.
[3] Ion, *ap.* Athen. 603. [4] Strabo, 486.

hidden knowledge of another life, a life of woe or of happiness, was imparted, and the clue given by which the better path might be found. What happened was that men and women were put into frames of mind and had emotions, Aristotle said.[1] "Quacks and prophets," says Plato,[2] "go to rich men's doors and persuade them that they have power from the gods, by means of sacrifices and chants, to cure any wrong deed of their own or their ancestors in a course of pleasures and feasts," as if they could "rid us of trouble over there; but if we have not sacrificed, terrible things await us." Pericles himself died with an amulet hung round his neck by his womenfolk.[3] Foreign gods began to follow their worshippers to Athens and to gather adherents among Athenians —the Phrygian Mother of the gods, Sabazios, Bendis, Ammon, and the like.

It has been remarked that in the famous Funeral Speech of Pericles there is no reference to the piety of the Athenians, whether Pericles made such a reference or did not. But evidence is forthcoming in the historians. Anaxagoras was threatened with impeachment for impiety; but, said posterity, Pericles smuggled him out of the city somehow. The same charge was brought against Aspasia by Hermippos the comic poet.[4] The terror and cruelty of the Athenians, waked by the mutilation of the Hermae, is another evidence of their religious attitude, and the career and failure of Nicias illustrates it vividly. But the crowning stroke of the century was the hemlock-cup given to Socrates.

Yet for all this it was the age of enlightenment, when the human mind seems to have moved with the greatest power and clearness and the highest consciousness of its power. If we sum up all that Greece has meant to the world, and then analyse it, we shall find that, with the sole exception of Homer, every Greek writer of the highest rank was living sooner or later at some stage of his career in Athens in the fifth century—and found it in the main congenial. In every sphere of Greek life the zenith seems to be attained by these

[1] Cf. Aristotle, *Frag.*, ed. Heitz, p. 40, quoted by Synesius, *Dio*, p. 48.

[2] Plato, *Rep.* ii. 364A–365A.

[3] Plut. *Pericles*, 38.

[4] Plut. *Pericles*, 32.

men. In short, this is the time when, above all, new impulses quickened poetry, art, architecture, history, philosophy, and music. It was of the very essence of the Periclean conception of Democracy that it should be so—what a German scholar [1] calls *die Ausbildung und Geltendmachung der Individualität*—when each individual should achieve his maximum of development and to the utmost of that maximum be available and operative for the community. But this has brought us to the consideration of Athenian Democracy.

It is no copy, says Pericles, made from the constitutions of neighbours; rather it is a model—" in a word, I would say that our whole state is an education of Greece." [2] Three points stand out in his claim, which, without sticking too closely to his actual words, we may consider.

First of all, then, in Athens πόλις and πολίτης stand nearest in meaning. " The state is in the hands not of the few, but of the many." Lydia, Egypt, Persia, and the barbarian tribes of the North might have kings or chieftains—

> The enormous rule of many made for one;

Sparta belonged to a small handful of families, who were maintained by fifteen times their number of serfs, against whom every Spartan institution was a part of one huge system of safeguard. Thessaly was a country of noble families, Boeotia had oligarchies. In every case, as in so many countries to-day, the land and the people belonged to the ruler. The civil servant and the policeman and the tax-collector—who in modern democracies play so large a part—were not the state in Athens. The tacit theory, that a good citizen's function is to pay his taxes punctually and move on when a policeman tells him, is never quite eliminated from the British mind; nor the other equally malign feeling that to be a real citizen in a sense worth reckoning one must own land if possible—at any rate " have a stake in the country "—and hold the great traditional opinions, especially in Church matters. Indeed it may be said that " citizen " is in England a lowly word—that wakes in the mind the picture of a futile paterfamilias writing a dull letter to the local newspaper and signing it *Pro Bono Publico*; it stands on a level with Ratepayer.

[1] Nestle, *Euripides*, p. 194.

[2] Thuc. ii. 41, 1.

But to the Athenian the word had another and a more glorious connotation. It stood with its analogue—*polis* and *polites* are an equation. The citizen *is* the state, in a most amazing way. The policeman is a slave, a Scythian, whom anybody might have bought at the auction, if the man deputed by the state's authority had not gone a drachma or two higher. Civil servants hardly existed, and the nearest approach to them that Athenians knew they signally despised. No boy was born of free parents but might be as much a citizen as any other—might lead the Ecclesia, be *stratêgos*, ambassador, anything that anyone else was. In spite of families whose names recur, Athenian history is full of new names. And there was equality in the law courts—Equal Law and Equal Speech are two names for Greek Democracy; and, as the Persian in Herodotus says, "the very name is so beautiful."[1] The earth is not the lord's, nor justice the bought right of the rich. Judges are not made of party hacks. Judge and jury were the state—the citizen again, grouped in hundreds or thousands as might be; and any man had access to them. Wherever English democracy is most conspicuously a sham, Athenian democracy was real. No registration laws were made, drafted and designed, to jockey the citizen out of his rights. And the natural result followed. The Athenian was pleased with his state. Solon, in Mr. Zimmern's admirable phrase, associated the idea of kindness with the state; and then, as Pericles put it, the citizens fell in love with Athens.

In the second place, Athenian Democracy, as we saw, asked the utmost of every citizen—not merely in blood and money, as the modern state does of us all, nor voluntary service on some bench of county gentry or board of guardians, but in service of every kind—in blood, in money, in brain, in skill of hand, in clearness of intellect, in beauty of word and tone, in dedication to every public interest. In everything he must take part. "Alone among men we consider him who takes no share in these matters not quiet or unambitious, but useless."[2] So Pericles says. One of his successors in high place in Athens saw fit to pronounce a eulogy on Stupidity, something in the modern style—on the advantages of dullness and not thinking

[1] Herodotus, iii. 80.

[2] Thuc. ii. 40, 2.

oneself cleverer than the laws.[1] Pericles praises his people for their open eyes and quick minds—"We can judge the issue, at any rate, if we cannot ourselves strike out the plan; and we do not hold that discussion spoils action—on the contrary, we hold that the want of that sense of things which comes by discussion before actual action is the greater danger. It is, in fact, our distinguishing mark that the same men will calculate the risk and take it; while elsewhere ignorance gives courage, and calculation brings fear. Surely those must be the bravest in spirit, who, with the clearest realization of what is terrible and what is pleasant, will yet not turn away from danger." [2]

And, lastly, there is the steady humanization of life in Athens. "They toil on," says the Corinthian speaker,[3] "with troubles and dangers all the days of their lives, and least of all men have any enjoyment of what they have, because they will always be getting, because they have no idea of a festival but to do what occasion requires, but count easy tranquillity as much a misfortune as toilsome occupation. So that if one said in a word that they were born never to have rest themselves, nor to let others have it, he would speak aright." Not at all, says Pericles; no city has so many recreations for the human spirit, so many annual contests and sacrifices, nor so many pleasures in private life. It cannot be better put than in the famous sentence: "We love beauty without being extravagant, and we love wisdom without being soft."

Five or six years after Pericles delivered this speech, an opponent wrote a small pamphlet on Athenian Democracy in the year 424. It is a very remarkable piece of writing, though neither the writer's name nor his exact object is known. It looks as if, an oligarch in sympathies himself, he were writing for others of the same convictions, for men who hated Democracy as much as he did, but who did not so fully realize the Athenian situation. Did he mean to dissuade them from action?

"About the constitution of the Athenians," he begins—"that they have chosen this kind of constitution, I do not praise them, because in so doing they chose that the blackguards

[1] Thuc. iii. 37; Cleon's speech. See further in Chapter III. pp. 79, 80.
[2] Thuc. ii. 40, 2, 3.
[3] Thuc. i. 70.

should be better off than the decent people. For that I do not praise them ; but, since once it seemed good to them, I will show that they really manage things well for the preservation of their constitution, and are adroit in their other arrangements, where to other Greeks they seem to be making mistakes."

To this thought he recurs after some pages—" I forgive Democracy to the *Demos* ; anybody may be forgiven for doing well by himself " (2, 20). He does not praise this Democracy, but he thinks they act wisely and well from their own point of view, which is to keep the form of government they prefer. " In every country," he says (1, 5), " the best element is hostile to Democracy "—it has education and insight ; the *demos* is full of ignorance, disorder, and general blackguardliness—the common effect of poverty and the pursuits which it involves. If then the decent people spoke in the Ecclesia, it would be in their own interests and not advantageous to the democrats ; so now any blackguardly fellow can get up and say what he thinks will suit him and his like (1, 6)—they know well enough that his ignorance and goodwill taken together will help them more than " the worth and wisdom and dislike of the decent man." It means bad government, but it means also the continuance of Democracy, and they prefer that. Similarly when they deal with allied cities, they deliberately favour the worse part of the population ; and where they have not done so, it has been a mistake (3, 10, 11). They make the rich pay heavily in tragic choruses, gymnasiarchies, trierarchies—and they have plenty of festivals—too many, in fact, and the business of the law courts is congested. But then the *demos* does well on it—wrestling-grounds, public baths, and so forth in plenty—and the rabble has all the good of them, for the rich have their own and do not care to use the public ones.

In Athens, he says, a slave will not make way for you in the street, and you cannot punch him for it, for you never can be sure that he is not a free Athenian. For the free citizens go as shabbily dressed, and " they are not a bit better in feature " (1, 10). In Sparta things are different—they were indeed. But in Athens there is free speech for slave and metic. Why ? Because the city needs the metics on account of the multitude of trades and of the navy (1, 12). The sea-power of Athens he discusses with insight—the advantage of ruling islands,

of controlling commerce, of managing the law business of all the subjects ; and it is after all the masses who row and steer the warships, and these make the Empire and secure the commercial supremacy of Athens, and with it the wealth of the city and the imports. Of course if Athens were an island—perhaps he is referring to a doctrine Pericles used to enforce—the Athenians would be immune from every attack ; but they are not an island, and the country folk and the rich get the brunt of every invader, while " the *demos*, very well knowing that they will burn and cut down nothing that belongs to it, lives at ease " (2, 14).

There, then, stands Athenian Democracy. Many things might be thought of to improve it, but they would not be of much use, as long as it remained a Democracy ; and there is no chance of altering that. There are not enough malcontents. And there he ends.

It does not take very close reading of these two accounts of Athenian Democracy to see hints of the uglier aspects which the sense of power in a nation may take. The power of the human spirit over the material world may prove the emancipation of the mind, or, on the opposite side, it may lead to its final enslavement to the material. What will this new power over land and sea mean ? Hermippos and the Athenian oligarch suggest it may mean luxury—things to eat and carpets, beside raw materials for ship-building and house-building. Athenian luxury would seem a poor thing indeed in modern England or America ; the limited range in diet and drink, the sheer discomfort in household arrangements, even among the rich, would be intolerable to our middle and upper classes. We forget the lower classes in such reckonings, as the Athenians overlooked the slave in the mines. Nicias leased his mining-slaves to a contractor, stipulating to receive an obol a day per slave, and the same number to be returned to him when the contract expired—they could not possibly be the same men.[1] The growing appeal of Comfort is conspicuous in Athenian history—better feeding, less drudgery, less risk, are what men want. One way to obtain it is to limit the number of children, and this in ancient Athens was effected after the children were born. This is evident in many ways. Aristophanes, for

[1] Xen. *de vectig.* 4, 14.

instance, in the *parabasis* of the *Clouds*, where the chorus-leader speaks on the poet's behalf, uses a metaphor drawn from the practice. He was very young when he brought out his first comedy—" I was still a virgin, and it was not permitted me to bear a child, so I exposed it, and another girl found it and took it up, and you (the audience) nurtured it nobly and educated it." [1] A great many of the comedies in a later Athenian day depend for their plot on the exposure of girl-babies by well-to-do parents. In Plato's ideal state " the issue of inferior parents, and all imperfect children that are born to others, will be concealed, as is fitting, in some mysterious and unknown hiding-place " [2]—a euphemism, says Dr. Adam, for infanticide. " As for the exposure and rearing of children," says Aristotle, " let there be a law that no deformed child shall live ; but where there are too many (for in our state population has a limit), when couples have children in excess, and the state of feeling is averse to the exposure of offspring, let abortion be procured before sense and life have begun." [3] When philosophers and framers of ideal constitutions accept such practices on eugenic grounds, ordinary people will use them for reasons with less scientific nonsense about them.

The state itself may be intoxicated with its own sense of power. The utter absence of moral considerations in the speeches of public men, as given by Thucydides, is one sign of this. The Melian affair is the standard instance—the aggression by Athens was unprovoked, and when the place surrendered the Athenians killed all the men they took and sold the women and children as slaves. This was not out of the way in Greek warfare, but in the discussion between the Athenian envoys and the Melian magistrates some things are said with terrible explicitness. " Of the gods we believe, and of men we know, that by a necessary law of their nature they rule wherever they can. And it is not as if we were the first to make this law, or to act upon it when made ; . . . so, as far as the gods are concerned, we have no fear and no reason to fear the worse." [4] We learn from Plutarch that Alcibiades, though not here named by Thucydides, was largely responsible

[1] Aristophanes, *Nub.* 530. [2] Plato, *Rep.* 460c.
[3] Aristotle, *Pol.* vii. 16, 15, p. 1335*b* (trans. Jowett).
[4] Thuc. v. 105. See also Chapter III. p. 75, for further discussion.

for the affair of Melos, but when we go back to Pericles himself this is what we find. "You cannot renounce your empire, even if in the panic of the moment some inert spirit is for playing the honest man."[1] The triple innuendo is not accident—fear—slackness—and the exquisite sense of right and wrong they together produce. In Thucydides it is curiously interesting to mark how the great Periclean watchwords are caught up by Cleon.[2] When Diodotus opposes Cleon's policy of killing the Mitylenaeans, he does so, not on moral grounds, but for expediency—to spare would be the wiser policy. To such a point does the sense of power bring a nation.

Lastly in the sphere of thought, this same sense of power shows the same decline—here into a hard, quick, shallow rationalism. If *sophist* was an honourable term in the fifth century, it did not acquire its later connotation by accident. One example will do. "This very night," says Socrates, "before ever it was dawn, Hippocrates, son of Apollodorus and brother of Phason, fell to beating my door with his stick very loudly; and when some one opened, in he charged at a rush, and called out aloud, 'Socrates! are you awake or asleep?' I knew his voice and, 'Hullo! Hippocrates!' I cried, 'is there any bad news?' 'No news at all but good news,' said he. 'Good,' said I. 'What is it, and why have you come at this time of day?' 'Protagoras has come,' said he, and he came and stood by me. 'Just now?' said I, 'and you have just heard?' 'No, by the gods,' he said, 'in the evening.' Then he felt for the bed and sat down by my feet, and, 'Yes, in the evening,' he said, 'getting here very late from Oinoë.'" The young man wants Socrates to speak for him to the great teacher. In the morning they go to the house where he is staying and with some difficulty get in. Protagoras was walking in the long vestibule with some friends and behind was a "chorus"—mostly foreigners "whom Protagoras gathers from every city, through which he passes, charming them with his voice like Orpheus." "And I was particularly

[1] Thuc. ii. 63 (Jowett). Professor Gilbert Murray translates it—"is hankering after righteousness"—in his fine introductory essay to his translations of *Hippolytus* and *The Bacchae*.

[2] See Chapter III. p. 74, on the assonances between Pericles and Cleon, in Thucydides.

amused," says Socrates, "to watch this chorus—how careful they were never to get in his way—how, whenever he turned, they divided decently and in order this side and that, and fell in behind."

And what had he to tell these eager disciples? *Πάντων μέτρον ἄνθρωπος*[1]—the relativity of knowledge, a certain swift and impulsive Pragmatism perhaps—grammar—and, "in respect to the gods, I am unable to know either that they are or are not."

What these successive sophists did may be best seen in the Callicles whom Plato draws with such skill in the *Gorgias*—an eager, quick, splendid figure, full of ideas with which after some centuries Nietzsche has come forward again. "It is only by custom and convention that doing wrong is more disgraceful; by nature what is worse is more disgraceful—suffering wrong, to wit. This suffering, this submission to wrong, is not a man's part—it's a slave's, who had better die than live—whoever he is who cannot help himself against wrong and insult, himself and those he cares about. The law makers, to be sure, are the weak and the many. It is with a view to themselves and their own interest that they frame their laws and bestow praise and blame, to frighten those who are more powerful, and who might take advantage of them, into *not* taking advantage of them; so they tell them that self-seeking is disgraceful and unjust," and so forth.[2] In fact, Melos in daily life.

Callicles is not alone. There is Critias, the friend of Socrates, whose account of the origin of the gods Sextus Empiricus preserved for us. Life, he says, was full of disorder, so at last men made laws to punish it; but the laws could not see in the dark; and then some shrewd and witty man invented gods who could see in the dark—could with the mind see and hear, think, and mark all said and done among men. It was a pleasant and a helpful device—"with a false reason covering truth." The gods would dwell, where thunder and lightning might lead men to expect them; and so "he quenched lawlessness with laws."

The sense of power is a great thing for a nation or for a man. But it seems that something else is needed as well—some other principle on which life can rest. That men of Athens realized

[1] See Chapter IX. p. 279.

[2] Plato, *Gorg.* 483B.

this also and set themselves to find some new foundation for society, to study human life till they should find in it what does in fact keep it from the utter dissolution threatened by the unchartered freedom of the new schools; and that they did find a truth in human life and human society deeper and stronger than the weapons of sophistry and man's baser instincts could uproot or destroy—is part of the glory of this wonderful century.

CHAPTER III

THUCYDIDES

IT is difficult to think of any great book that has permanently held the interest of mankind without some element of autobiography. To reach the heart, as Goethe said, a book must come from the heart; and that is autobiography at once. It may be that the writer frankly takes us into his confidence like Herodotus and Horace among the ancients, or Montaigne and Charles Lamb in modern times; though even the frankest of authors has something he keeps to himself. On the other hand, there is the other type—the man who sinks himself and his affairs deliberately and of purpose; and yet, in his case too, his own experience of life will be written in every sentence, whether we can read it or not. An outlook is implied in every judgment upon life—in every judgment upon an individual man or his chance act; and an outlook, if we can see or feel what it is, reveals a personality. The great writer may hide himself, he may do his utmost to make his writing (in our modern phrase) objective, but his very reticence only adds to his impression. It is only makers of lexicons and manuals who achieve the objective, and such works die or never live.

"The War, of which Thucydides, son of Olorus, wrote the history," has never failed to interest mankind, so momentous the issues, so vivid and so various the force of the writer. But perhaps he never guessed how profound would be the interest, quite apart from the story, which his readers would feel in the great character that moves through the great events and makes them live, that looks into life so profoundly, that feels so intensely, and, using a style so restrained, so artificed and so cold, can yet inflame the reader with a throbbing love of Athens, despite all the faults and the crimes which he so relentlessly lays bare.

All that we really know of the man, he tells us himself—tells us to authenticate his work and to explain how it came to be what it is—baffling the curiosity he provokes. That his name would live he must have known ; he cannot but have felt what he was doing when he wrote his own name and his father's and the name of his city into a work that was to be "a possession for ever" ; and he was content to leave the matter there. The ancients tell us one thing and another about him, long afterwards—some of their information being trivial and wrong, some of it significant if we could be sure of it. But, when all is added up and weighed, the biography is a short one.

His father's name was Olorus, he tells us, and in the next chapter (iv. 105, 1) he adds in his curious way, that "Brasidas learnt that Thucydides had rights of working the mines in that region of Thrace, and from that had influence among the chief men of the mainland." Plutarch says that Olorus had his own name from an ancestor,[1] and modern scholars have made the easy guess that he called his son after the statesman, Pericles' rival, the son of Melesias. The ancestor Olorus, if we can rely on him, was a Thracian prince, it appears, or a chief, if prince is too large or too modern a term. Plutarch adds that father and son were connected with the family of Cimon, son of Miltiades, that the mines were gold-mines at Scapte Hyle, that the historian was murdered there, and his body brought to Athens and buried with the house of Cimon, alongside Elpinice, Cimon's famous sister ; but he remarks that they belonged to different demes. The family of Miltiades, since the days of Pisistratus, had had Thracian and princely connexions, but scholars are divided as to whether or not to accept the kinship of the historian with the great house.[2] With the acceptance of it comes a further question as to his

[1] *Cimon*, 4. Herodotus, vi. 93, says the Thracian father-in-law of Miltiades was called Olorus. The historian's grandfather may have given his son a fancy name, as Periander of Corinth called his son Psammetichos. Cimon himself, as his political opponents noted, gave his sons foreign names and fancy ones, after the states for which he was *proxenos*—viz. Lacedaimonios, Thessalos, and Eleios.

[2] Busolt doubts it ; Grote, v. 275 *n.*, and Hermann Peter, *Wahrheit und Kunst*, p. 105, accept it. It seems probable enough, if not quite proven.

attitude to Pericles, which we shall have to discuss. The rider that "Thucydides' Greek is at best good Thracian" [1] need not perhaps occupy us very long.

That his youth and education were essentially Athenian is plain to read on every page of his work. All the main impulses and interests of Athens are there—rhetoric, tragedy, philosophy, empire, autonomy, and political theory. He owes his education to sophists, poets, philosophers, soldiers, and statesmen—to Athens. *Πόλις ἄνδρα διδάσκει.*[2] He embodies in himself what has been called the unity or integrity of the age of Pericles. His early manhood must have fallen in the days when Pericles was at the very height of his power, for when the Peloponnesian War began, he was "of an age to take it in and understand it," [3] and he expected it to be a great war and of unique importance.[4] What is more, after a very few years he was actually elected general. When the plague came to Athens in 430, Thucydides was there and took it and recovered. He had already his lifelong passion for accurate detail—it was probably born in him; and, sick as he was, he carefully noted his symptoms, and left in writing the most famous description of a disease that antiquity has given us. More interesting still, for our present purpose, is the consideration of his election as general for the year 424.

Human nature, he suggests—and Goethe says it too—is apt to be much the same in all ages, and a political election campaign must have had many features in his day which are not unfamiliar in our own. There were ten generals to be elected annually to serve for a year, and the records, incomplete as they are, suffice to show that more often than not both parties carried seats on the board. Both parties, it is clear, must have selected their candidates with care; and that party management was very much the same then as now is evident from the occurrence of "deals" or "saw-offs" of the most modern kind.[5] We may therefore ask how Thucy-

[1] Quoted by Mr. Grundy.

[2] Further discussion of this phrase of Simonides in Chapter VI. p. 167.

[3] Thuc. v. 26, 1, *ἐπεβίων δὲ διὰ παντὸς αὐτοῦ, αἰσθανόμενός τε τῇ ἡλικίᾳ . . .*

[4] Thuc. i. 1, 1, first sentence. In i. 21. 2, he notes that we always think the present war the greatest—till it is over.

[5] *e.g.* the ostracism of Hyperbolus, Plut. *Nicias*, 11; *Alcib.* 13.

dides came to be on a "ticket," and on which "ticket" he was.[1] Then as now many factors would contribute to a man's selection—distinction in war, gifts of speech, availability. In 441 the poet Sophocles was elected general neither for renown in battle nor political eloquence, but because in that year he had produced the *Antigone*.[2] It was not till the days of the decline of Athens that the Greeks drew or felt the English distinction between men of genius and practical people, and a Eubulus was preferred to Demosthenes. But in 425 Cleon would hardly have tolerated a picturesque candidate, and his opponents could not have afforded to risk one. In any case, Thucydides was not a poet of Panhellenic fame.

It seems generally accepted that Thucydides was a candidate of the Moderates, the party that preferred peace, and, if possible, some kind of friendly understanding with Sparta. A very serious juncture in the fortunes of Athens had come, and the election for 424 was bound to be of the utmost moment —peace or war.[3] Cleon was at the height of his power, the successful leader of the war-party. In the elections for 425 he and his had suffered, but the brilliant affair of Sphacteria and the arrival of the Spartan prisoners in Athens within the twenty days—following the failure of Nicias' clever move about the generalship—had altered everything. There would be no more talk of peace—Spartan embassies might come, but they could go home with nothing done—the Athenians "desired more," as the historian says,[4] and more they got. Cleon took in hand the matter of the tribute of the allies, and doubled it. The opposition co-operated with the allies in the matter, Antiphon (Thucydides' friend) wrote speeches for the Lindians

[1] In these paragraphs I have followed the common view. If the question is asked, How do we know that Thucydides was not of Cleon's party to start with, and that his dislike of Cleon is not the outcome of the exile that followed the command at Amphipolis?—the answer is that for such a view there is no evidence at all; it would be pure guesswork. The reconstruction given above has admittedly conjectural elements, but it seems to fit in with what we know.

[2] On Sophocles as general, see fragment of Ion (in Athenaeus, xiii. 603E), who speaks of the poet himself, saying that Pericles had said he knew how to write poetry, but was no strategist.

[3] See Beloch, *Attische Politik*, 37–42.

[4] Thuc. iv. 21, 2; an echo of the phrase in Isocrates, *de Pace*, 7, when in 355 B.C. he is arguing for Peace and against Empire.

and the Samothracians, and the well-to-do grumbled as ever yet at the cost of war and of democratic government. But Cleon had his way, and to clinch his power he raised the pay for service in the Ecclesia from two obols to three. Aristophanes might attack this in his *Knights* (424 B.C.), but the extra obol had attractions for poor voters in a time of war prices.

The peace party would need to look well to it if they were to make any impression on the power of Cleon. Why they should have selected Thucydides, we do not know—whether his wealth, or his interests in Thrace, or kinship with the family of Cimon, decided it, or some proof given of political or military gifts, distinction won or foreshadowed in some campaign, or speech of appeal in the Ecclesia—he does not explain. He only incidentally records that he was general for the year 424. We know also that the party carried its leader, Nicias, and two others, Autocles and Nicostratos—four at any rate out of the ten.

It would hardly have been human if Thucydides had not felt some satisfaction at the election. But it was to be the ruin of his career at once, if in the long run the foundation of a greater and more lasting fame than fell to many a successful *stratêgos*. "It befell me to be in exile from my country," he wrote, "for twenty years after the generalship at Amphipolis" (v. 26, 5). The story needs no re-telling. Brasidas was too quick for the Athenian general in charge of the fleet, and the city was lost. It stood on the river Strymon, commanding the river-way into the interior and the road along the coast; it was a centre, too, from which Athens had a part of the timber supply on which her fleet depended [1] and some part also of her revenues. It was for Athens' enemies at once a brilliant triumph, and a military, political, and commercial gain of the utmost significance. It promised the subject allies of Athens that freedom which Sparta had held out to them in 432 B.C.; and though she was soon to abandon her promise quite ruthlessly, still, as long as Brasidas lived, there was no predicting the outcome.

So it befell Thucydides to be in exile. It is interesting to note how modern historians have debated his case—was he guilty or not guilty? Grote definitely holds "the positive

[1] Thuc. iv. 108.

verdict of guilty fully merited." [1] Thirlwall brings Thucydides in not guilty—" human prudence and activity could not have accomplished more than Thucydides did under the same circumstances." [2] The Germans, it appears, are similarly divided. Eduard Meyer clears the air with a verdict of his own—" the way in which moderns, quite in Cleon's manner, tell the ancient generals what they should have done is most desperately naïve." [3] The fact surely is that we are not in possession of evidence enough to warrant any decision. It may suffice to see what Thucydides says about it.

At first sight, it appears that he says nothing—neither confesses to guilt, nor offers defence. He does not even say who proposed the decree of his exile. Antiquity guessed that it was Cleon, which is likely enough, unless the great man put up a follower to do it, as sometimes happened in old days and happens still. Hence, by a conclusion, as easy as the guess on which it rests, came the feeling which is always present when Thucydides writes of Cleon.[4] But before we embark on the share of Cleon in the affair, for which we have no evidence at all, we had better be done with the case of Thucydides. All that we actually have to rest on is a number of judgments upon military matters, which taken together suggest an explanation.

First of all, then, there is the famous judgment upon Cleon's engagement to bring the Spartans on Sphacteria prisoners to Athens within twenty days. It was " mad "—the talk of a madman—*μανιώδης*. So Thucydides describes it in spite of the fact that Cleon made good his word.[5] " No sentence," says Grote, " throughout the whole of Thucydides astonishes me so much." [6] And yet, within fifteen years or so, Anytos sailed with a fleet to relieve Pylos, the very place, and was held up off Cape Malea by winds, and the Spartans re-took it (410 B.C.).[7] Similarly, when Constantinople fell to the Turks in 1453, a relieving fleet was at no great distance—at Tenedos, just outside the Dardanelles—and there it stayed, wind-bound for weeks. Landsmen are at a loss in criticizing the conduct

[1] Grote, vi. 191 ff.
[2] Thirlwall, ch. xxiii.
[3] Meyer, *Gesch. des Alt.* iv. § 599.
[4] *Life*, by Marcellinus, 46.
[5] Thuc. iv. 39.
[6] Grote, vi. 127.
[7] Diod. Sic. xiii. 64 ; that at least was the received explanation.

of fleets and admirals ; they neither know what a ship can do nor what it cannot—and both are surprising. Who but a maniac would undertake to control the winds round Cape Malea for twenty days ?

Again and again, in the Speeches, Thucydides reiterates how incalculable a thing war is. " Consider," say the Athenians in the First Book, " the vast influence of accident in war. . . . As it continues, it generally becomes an affair of chances " (i. 78, 1, 2). " War of all things," say the Corinthians, " proceeds least upon set rules " (i. 122). " Remember," says Nicias toward the end at Syracuse, " the accidents in wars, and hope that chance may be with us " (vii. 61, 3). So apparently thought the Duke of Wellington, who told Creevey on the day after Waterloo that it was " a damned near-run thing—the nearest thing he had ever seen." So thought not the Athenians.[1] In 424 they banished and fined the generals who had left Sicily as a result of the congress of Gela—sent home by the allies who had called them in, and wanted them now no more. " So thoroughly had the present prosperity persuaded the citizens that nothing could withstand them, and that they could achieve what was possible and what was impracticable alike, whether with ample equipment or inadequate, indifferently." With these strong words Thucydides leaves the fortunes of Eurymedon and his colleagues—words that students have been quick to apply to his own case.[2]

For twenty years Thucydides was in exile. It has been conjectured that it was not an ordinary form of exile, but one which compelled him to avoid all contact with Athenians for fear of arrest—a condemnation for treachery—so completely is he excluded from Athenian information.[3] Even if this suggestion goes too far, exile had not for an ancient Greek the alleviations of to-day. He was everywhere uncomfortable, everywhere more or less liable to injustice and ill-usage—Athens perhaps excepted. And there was moreover within

[1] " A sharp-witted but thoughtless democracy " is the happy phrase of Mr. Lamb, *Clio Enthroned*, p. 164.

[2] Thuc. iv. 65. Cf. also iii. 115, the case of Laches, parodied by Aristophanes in the *Wasps* ; and Plut. *Nicias*, 6, that of Paches, who committed suicide in the court.

[3] Grundy, *Thuc.* p. 35.

him a passion for his native place that would drive him to strange lengths. Pericles had bidden his fellow-citizens be lovers of Athens—ἐρασταὶ, his term, is not our quiet and natural word, but a word of passion, blind, unreasoning, and wild, the passion of a young man for a woman; and ἔρως again is the word Thucydides uses, and Plutarch after him, to describe the mad infatuation that fell on the Athenians to go to Syracuse. Such a passion for the native land it was that induced Greeks, not in a single case, but in many, to inflict on their country any wound, any disaster, any shame, if only they might live at home, and be exiles no more. What matter if instead of being great the city was small now, free no longer, but a vassal to Sparta, or Athens, or Persia—the exile was home again.[1] It is not to be thought that Thucydides would have paid such a price to live in Athens, but we have to realize how men hated exile and longed for home, and the familiar scene, with all the associations of friendship and childhood, of family grave and local cult—and safety. One chance of return Thucydides had, when in 411 the Four Hundred became masters of the city. There was hope then for an exile, but "they did not recall the exiles because of Alcibiades" (viii. 70).

He seems to have spent his years, at any rate partly, in travel among the scenes of action of the war. Pylos, modern travellers tell us, he did not see[2]—not even Thomas Arnold's geological changes will reconcile them to his account of the place; it is not the work of a man who saw it. How should he see it, while his countrymen held it? Plataea he never saw either—what interest had it for an Athenian before the siege, or how, again, could he visit it after the siege? But he seems to have a personal knowledge of the regions of Demosthenes' famous campaign in Aetolia, and of the topography of Syracuse.[3] Sparta, it appears, he visited. To Italy he hardly

[1] *Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes angulus ridet* (Horace, *Odes*, ii. 6, 13). Cf. the proverb ἔκητι Συλοσῶντος εὐρυχωρίη, Strabo, 638; Herodotus, iii. 149.

[2] Cf. Grundy, *Thuc.* p. 25.

[3] Freeman, *Hist. of Sicily*, iii. p. 595: "To my mind the signs that he had gone over every inch of the ground of the Syracusan siege are beyond all gainsaying. . . . The oftener I read his text, the oftener I step out the ground, the more thoroughly do I feel that the two fit

went—his use of the name is remarked as covering only a small part of the land, and he confuses Etruscans and Campanians. The outlying regions of the world which Herodotus travelled with such delight, he let alone—Egypt, Asia Minor, and the East. But his account of Macedon seems to imply knowledge, and gratitude has been traced in the language he uses of Archelaus.[1] Macedon was near and not too Athenian.

One curious if doubtful relic of a residence at the court of Archelaus survives in the four-lined stanza, which the ancients say Thucydides wrote to commemorate Euripides who died at that court, far from his country, but a voluntary exile.

> Greece is thy monument, Euripides,
> In Macedon laid, where thou didst end thy days;
> Thy country Athens, veriest Greece of Greece;
> The Muse thy joy, and everywhere thy praise.[2]

The utmost that we can say about the epitaph is that it is ascribed in a number of places to Thucydides, though such ascriptions are easy and tempting to certain types of mind. That the sentiment of the third line is that of Thucydides, we need only turn to the great Funeral Speech of Pericles to see. There is no Greece but Athens after all. If the rivals of Athens did not admit this in the historian's day, all Greece and all the world felt it in time.

Meantime the years of exile dragged on, not without their influence on Thucydides. He wrote, he travelled, he watched men and events,[3] he thought, he developed his gnarled and involved style and pursued his inquiries with a deepening sense of the value of accuracy and precision—*τὸ ἀκριβές*—in knowledge and in speech. His banishment, as he said,

into one another in the minutest detail." Mr. W. E. Heitland (*Journal of Philology*, xxiii. p. 68) doubts whether Thucydides ever visited Syracuse—this after "a hard week's work on the ground" in 1883. Grundy, Croiset, and others side with Freeman.

[1] Thuc. ii. 100.

[2] *Anth. Pal.* vii. 45:

> *μνῆμα μὲν Ἑλλὰς ἅπασ' Εὐριπίδου· ὀστέα δ' ἴσχει*
> *γῆ Μακέδων· ᾗ γὰρ δέξατο τέρμα βίου·*
> *πατρὶς δ' Ἑλλάδος Ἑλλὰς Ἀθῆναι· πλεῖστα δὲ Μούσαις*
> *τέρψας, ἐκ πολλῶν καὶ τὸν ἔπαινον ἔχει.*

[3] Lamb, *Clio Enthroned*, pp. 35–38, remarks his attention to trade and its effects on cities and civilization.

threw him among the Peloponnesians and gave him a chance to understand somewhat more of them in quiet.[1] He learnt and took pains to write something of their military system and its efficiency.[2] Incidentally he rebukes an author whom he does not name for speaking of the *Pitanates lochos*—a regiment with a local name. Herodotus ought to have known there was no such thing—" so careless is the inquiry for truth with many men, and they are more apt to turn to what lies ready to hand." [3] But the Spartans, as he says, preferred to make a secret of their constitution and of all they did.[4] They had no ambition, it seems, to be " the education of Greece," and when foreigners learnt too much they put them over the frontier.[5]

But exile must have had results of more significance than mere opportunities of information. What effect had it on the man's mind, on his whole nature? Here we can only make guesses, as we have so little knowledge of him before he was banished. Yet a thoughtful man, cut off from all that is dear and familiar, does not spend his days moving about from one strange scene to another without penetrating deeper into the realities of life. He gets outside the parish, outside the island, beyond the conventions, the traditions, and the common values, as year after year he sees the cities of many men and learns their mind. Solitude drives him into reflection, and intensifies a native severity of thought. He comes back to Athens a stranger, a man forgotten, to a changed city. The native land is never the same after

[1] v. 26, 5. [2] v. 66, 67.

[3] i. 20, 3, a chapter in which he picks out three famous errors—the Athenian tyrannicides and the Spartan king's two votes being the other subjects of his criticism. Οὕτως ἀταλαίπωρος—the phrase has often come to my mind as I have listened to talk about the great European War.

[4] v. 68.

[5] I cannot help wondering also whether Thucydides had any contact with Alcibiades during the years they were both in exile; note how he knows what Alcibiades did in Sparta, and who were his friends and his enemies there, and how he advised Endios, vi. 88–93; vii. 18; viii. 6, 12; in and about Asia, viii. 14–17, 26; at the court of Tissaphernes, and what advice he gave him, viii. 45, 46, 52, 56, 82; and the sentence in viii. 70, recording that the exiles were not recalled " because of Alcibiades."

years abroad. Caesar came back to Rome after eight years in Gaul a new man, free as he had not been before, in virtue of new thoughts and new experiences, with a quicker and surer instinct to base himself on the real and the ultimate. Why has Thucydides so very little to say of Athenian politics? Of Cleon he speaks, but Hyperbolus—a sentence suffices to chronicle the death of the wretched creature (*μοχθηρὸν ἄνθρωπον*), as if in life he did not count, but his death were a sign of the times, a manifesto, to be noted;[1] and yet the vigour with which Aristophanes attacks Hyperbolus suggests that the poet thought he mattered. Did the ebb and flow, the storms and passions, of party life in Athens matter—any of it, all of it? Once he had been in the thick of it—chosen to be on a "ticket"—but how little it all meant! When policies have to be discussed in the History, it is "the Athenians" who do this or that, who "speak as follows."[2] But in each case there was a meeting of the ecclesia, a debate, points made, advantages scored, a vote taken, a policy carried and a policy lost, reputations risen and fallen. Was there? How little it signifies after ten, fifteen, twenty years of absence! Strange thoughts grow

About the life before I lived this life.

What a contrast between the living pictures Aristophanes gives of it, and the indifference of Thucydides! "All is done well," says the king leaving Troy, in Euripides' play,

εἴ τι τῶνδ' ἔχει καλῶς—

"if ought of it all is well." After all, what happens in the assembly or anywhere else only matters as it takes one into the human mind; and exile gives leisure to track out some of what Dr. Johnson called the mind's anfractuosities.

On the other hand it is often true that a man never knows his country and his people till he sees them from without as well as from within, from a distance as well as at close quarters—till he is so detached in life and thought that his heart will not confuse his head. What did Athens mean? Let a man

[1] Thuc. viii. 73, 3; a passage which suggests personal contempt.

[2] Dionysius, *de Thuc.* 14, 15, § 842, cannot make out the principle on which Thucydides elects to give a speech on one occasion and not on another.

try the brawling sensual democracy of Syracuse—or Sparta and its machine-made life—or Macedon, where a brilliant usurper is forcing civilization on clans and cantons—or Thrace among the gold mines, even if they are his own. What would anybody—any man of years and mind—want to live in Thessaly for ? asks Socrates in the *Crito*.[1] No, Athens after all, deduct what you like, what you must, it is the place ; and we shall see why in a little.

At last the long war was over—as significant in its issues as Thucydides had divined from the beginning that it would be—a disaster for all Greece in its long course, for " war takes away the easy supply of daily wants and is a violent teacher " [2]—a manifold disaster in its outcome. Athenian democracy was overthrown, and the tyranny of the Thirty took its place. The exiles returned—no modern Englishman can readily feel what that sentence implies.[3] Pausanias long after tells us that there was a vote for the recall of Thucydides proposed by a man Oenobios, but he adds that he (apparently Thucydides) " was murdered on his way back, and there is a monument to him not far from the Melitid gate." [4] There is confusion here, since it is evident that Thucydides lived to see his country again—saw it in its humiliation, stripped of the great walls, for he proves a point as to their swift building in Themistocles' times, from their foundations " of all sorts of stones," visible to-day—*stelae* from graves, stones wrought and unwrought, such as chanced to be handy.[5] A strange picture—the old exile home again going to the razed walls to test the accuracy of a point in history.

He lived a few more years, busied as for so long with his History, and writing now, as some critics acutely suggest, some of its most impressive parts. From certain small

[1] Plato, *Crito*, 53D–54A.

[2] Thuc. iii. 82, 2. Professor Cramb, in his *Germany and England*, renders or paraphrases *βίαιος διδάσκαλος* as " stern disciplinarian." If this is right, we shall have to revise our view of the historian's opinion of Cleon ; *βιαιότατος τῶν πολιτῶν* (iii. 36) has not hitherto been considered praise. On the advantage of wealth as contributing to morals, see old Cephalos in Plato, *Rep.* i. 331B.

[3] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 2, 23, and ii. 3, 15, Critias *προπετὴς ἦν ἐπὶ τὸ πολλοὺς ἀποκτείνειν, ἅτε καὶ φυγὼν ὑπὸ τοῦ δήμου.*

[4] Pausanias, i. 23, 11.

[5] Thuc. i. 93.

indications,[1] mostly silences, it is held that his death probably fell in or about the year 399—where, we cannot guess. The ancient story as to his being murdered, with its variants as to place, may rest merely on the fact of his work being unfinished —or it may be true; there is no telling. Marcellinus states that some said the Eighth Book "was a bastard," either from his daughter's hand or Xenophon's, but "it was not in feminine nature to imitate such gifts and such skill," and the book "all but shouts" (*μόνον οὐχὶ βοᾷ*) that Thucydides wrote it, though some more exquisite critics (*τοῖς χαριεστέροις*) think that he only roughed it out and did not give it the finish that he would have wished.[2] In any case, the life was over before the work was done, for it is clear that his purpose was to tell the story of the whole war.

We have now to turn to the man's life-work, and, without analysing it or pausing to discuss it in any detail, to use it to learn something of the man himself; and we may begin with the Athenian and his people.

As we saw before, Thucydides is Athenian through and through—in education, in spirit, in feeling, in heart, whatever detachment years and loneliness and exile may have given him. But to be Athenian did not connote approval of all that Athenians were and did. The gift of self-criticism was not denied to the most gifted people of antiquity, and the worst that we know of Athens comes, like the best, from her sons—a fact that perplexed simple natures in a less complicated age of Greece. Dionysius of Halicarnassus—"ce bon Denys d'Halicarnasse," as Boissier called him—is quite definite on this point and one or two others.

A historian's first task, his chief task, says Dionysius,[3] is to choose a theme noble and acceptable to those who shall read it; but Thucydides writes of a war neither noble nor

[1] Some of them are very trifling. Most people would hardly find, or feel, any reference to the trial of Socrates in the statement as to Antiphon's defence, viii. 68, 2. This was a suggestion of Classen.

[2] Some modern critics have the same view; they consider the absence of speeches a sign of interrupted work. The last broken sentence may either be evidence of an abrupt end of his labours, or of an accident to his MS.

[3] *Letter to Pompeius*, ch. 3, pp. 767–769, 774. Contrast Lucian, *Quomodo Historia*, 38, 51.

fortunate, a war that had better never have happened at all, or at least would be better forgotten. He made his beginning at the very moment when things began to go ill with the Greek world ; which, as a Greek and an Athenian, he ought not to have done—a man too of the first rank, whom the Athenians had honoured with the generalship and other things ; and he did it with such obvious malice, that though he might have found causes elsewhere, he attached the blame for the war to his own city. His disposition was stubborn and bitter, and he had a grudge against his country, because of his exile. He emphasizes her failures with great precision —here the critic uses the historian's own adverb, *καὶ μάλα ἀκριβῶς*—and what went to her mind, he either does not mention at all or as if by constraint.

So wrote Dionysius, himself a historian in many books ; but, as with Plutarch, so in his case we have to note that Greek subjects of the Roman Empire lacked something needful for the intelligence of Greeks of more spacious days. Still he raises some questions, and to solve them we must go to Thucydides himself. How did he feel toward his people and their government and their ideals in the long run ?

Nicias, as we have seen, was his party leader—curious as it is to write it—and it was on the " ticket " of Nicias that he was elected general. For Cleon there can be no doubt that he had a great dislike or distaste. We need not say with the ancients that it was because Cleon got him banished ; the man, with his maniacal brags, with his reckless, headlong violence in speech, in policy, and in fight, was antipathetic—and so was the whole school of them, the " dynasty of dealers," as Aristophanes called them—the men who would have war at any price, who refused again and again to have peace when it could have been had with triumph and empire, and yet again when it was needed to heal the country and could still have been had with honour, and finally when no sane man could have dreamed there was any other hope even of a national existence. Quite apart from the vulgarity of mind that the dynasty of dealers showed, clever leaders and able financiers as some of them undoubtedly were, they never realized the actual world in which they lived. It is a fine stroke when Thucydides sets in Cleon's mouth the complaint

against *idéalogues*, as Napoleon called them, men, who, in Cleon's phrase, "seek something else, so to speak, than the conditions under which we live."[1] What else did all the Cleons and Cleophons do—living on hopes and teaching their fellow-citizens to count everything possible "whether feasible or impracticable, with proper outfit or deficient, indifferently"?

Many views have been held about Thucydides' own political leanings. Some have put together his supposed connexion with the house of Cimon and the great picture that he draws of Pericles, and have deduced a change of camp—the colossal genius of Pericles detached him from his hereditary loyalties. There is no one who has given a more brilliant presentment of all that we associate with Pericles, and yet as we pass on from his speeches to Cleon's we find phrases we have met before—strange assonances and echoes of Pericles himself. How do they come there? Did Cleon quote Pericles when he addressed the Assembly? He had been Pericles' opponent on the extreme Left, out-demagoguing him as a clever extremist, not yet entrusted with responsibility, so easily may. He might very well have borrowed his language in later days—and how curious that it should be so! Much has been said of Thucydidean irony, but "irony" is a doubtful word at best; it tells us too much or too little. But if ever a historical work was wrought all over, till every hint of assonance or turn of phrase seems to the reader to be meant, to be deliberate and conscious, it is Thucydides' History, above all in its speeches. How curious then that Cleon slips so naturally into the language of his great predecessor for all the contrasts patent between them! Is Cleon the heir of Pericles—heir to his policy and to his language? Is the massacre of the Mitylenaeans the natural outcome of the magnificence, imperial and Panhellenic, of Pericles? In Athens, it is the boast of Pericles, life is more human, more neighbourly, kinder, richer, than elsewhere. "Do not be misled," shouted Cleon, slapping his thigh,[2] "by those three things most hostile to an empire—by pity, by beautiful language, by sweet reasonableness."[3] They stand very far apart; and

[1] Thuc. iii. 38, 7. [2] Plut. *Nicias*, 8.

[3] Thuc. iii. 40, 2—ἐπιείκεια is the word; I give Matthew Arnold's rendering of it, in another connexion.

yet they stand together—"You hold your empire as a tyranny."

Thucydides nowhere says that he is opposed to the Athenian Empire—he very rarely expresses any moral judgment, so rarely that some critics hold to-day that he never made any; but it is impossible to read Cleon on Mitylene, or to follow the discussion between the Athenian and the Melian delegates, without a surge of feeling within oneself. Is it conceivable that a man could write them stony-hearted as some critics suggest? It is not thinkable.

"As for the gods, we expect to have quite as much of their favour as you," say the Athenians; "for we are not doing or claiming anything which goes beyond common opinion about divine or men's desires about human things. For of the gods we believe, and of men we know, that by a law of their nature wherever they can rule they will. This law was not made by us, and we are not the first who have acted upon it; we did but inherit it, and shall bequeath it to all time, and we know that you and all mankind, if you were as strong as we are, would do as we do. So much for the gods; we have told you why we expect to stand as high in their good opinion as you."[1]

There are points here which must be reserved for a later moment, but for the present we may remark that no access to the cynicism of the speaker seems possible. Whether he actually said so much, or whether Thucydides interpreted him so, he represented the temper of the imperial people. "The place was closely invested, and there was treachery among the citizens themselves. So the Melians were induced to surrender at discretion. The Athenians thereupon put to death all who were of military age, and made slaves of the women and children. They then colonized the island, sending thither five hundred settlers of their own." And in the next sentences we learn that the Athenians, after conquering Melos, conceived the hope and the desire of conquering Sicily; and the story moves on to the Sicilian expedition.

It is remarked that Thucydides offers no comment on the right or wrong of such an action, nor again in the earlier passage where the Plataeans plead for life before the stony-

[1] Thuc. v. 105 (Jowett's translation).

faced Spartans who will put them to death whatever they say. The Spartans of course made no speech about it. It is the way men act and have acted from before Agamemnon down to our own day. God, hope, humanity, right and wrong—all irrelevant; Odysseus acted so in Euripides' play [1] and had no bad end. Callicles talks so in the *Gorgias* and talks sense, for Socrates did come to the hemlock. Diodotus, whoever he was, who makes the speech against Cleon's demand to treat the Mitylenaeans in the same way, drags in neither gods nor justice; the argument for mercy to beaten subjects or victims is expediency.

On the other side we have one or two things to set. When the Thracians, the neighbours of the historian, dashed into Mycalessos, "they cut down all whom they met—women, children, beasts of burden, every living thing they saw. For the Thracians, when they dare, can be as bloody as the worst barbarians. There in Mycalessos . . . they even fell upon a boys' school, the largest in the place, which the children had just entered, and massacred them every one. . . . Considering the size of the city, no calamity more deplorable occurred during the war." [2] After all it was not very unlike Melos, but for the suddenness. This is perhaps the nearest the historian comes to a judgment on any such acts, unless the description of *stasis* at Corcyra contain some more personal feeling. Yet it is not merely that a modern reader feels somehow that a great historian cannot be quite callous; there is surely evidence as to his own mind in the pleas of the victims. A man who really had no moral feeling about the methods of Athenian imperialism could never have produced such effects upon the human spirit—he would not have lingered over such matters, he would have taken them as a matter of course, he would not have called attention to them and brought out their hatefulness.[3] Ancient critics understood him better than some of us to-day; they recognized his extraordinary powers of pathos, his gift for appeal to feeling, and, if Dionysius' notion that he wished to rouse ill-will against

[1] See Chapter V. p. 159. [2] Thuc. vii. 29, 30.

[3] See Girard, *Thucydide*, pp. 234–238: "L'idée du droit se dégage toute seule du spectacle des faits, de la lutte des passions qui les produisent, des débats contradictoires auxquels ils donnent lieu."

his country, to vent malice on her, is absurd, it still bears witness to the fact that Thucydides does bring out the hateful wrong that Athens did to mankind for the sake of empire. That he does it with a wonderful reserve is a matter to which we must return.

Meanwhile Thucydides makes it clear to those who can feel—not of course to others, for there is no evidence that he looked for a Thracian public—that he did not approve of the imperialism of Cleon and Alcibiades—nor of Pericles, after all. Yet he shows fairly enough how the empire itself arose out of service done. The "Athenians" who happened to be at Sparta tell the story of how the Spartans refused to lead Greece against Persia, and "out of the work itself we were compelled" [1] to take the vacant leadership. That is true, and it was necessary, as history shows by the time we reach Antalkidas. The same language is held by Euphemos at Camarina,[2] but he has a tinge of a later day, which suggests that the Imperialism of 416 was not quite the national patriotism of 479.

So much for Imperial Democracy abroad, and we have seen that he does not admire its leaders at home. That from time to time he drops such a phrase as this—"as a crowd will" [3]—proves little. Even the most convinced Democrats recognize that a sovereign people can make mistakes, and bad ones. Herodotus [4] and Abraham Lincoln agree that "you can fool all the people some of the time." If we are to talk of ideal constitutions or governments in a world, where they seem never to have existed or never to have been recognized by those who lived under them, and to ask what was the historian's ideal, Thucydides makes it plain that he did not admire tyranny or monarchy—the tyrants were small in outlook and kept Greece paralysed ; [5] and his description of the oligarchy of the Four Hundred in Athens brings out forcibly how oppressive and how impossible it was. It succeeded just

[1] Thuc. i. 75, 3.

[2] Thuc. vi. 82, 83.

[3] *e.g.* in the case of Pericles, ii. 65, 14 ; cf. iv. 28, 3 ; vi. 63, 2 ; viii. 1, 4. See the very interesting and suggestive section in Lamb, *Clio Enthroned*, ch. iii. § 3.

[4] Herodotus, v. 97, *πολλοὺς γὰρ οἷκε εἶναι εὐπετέστερον διαβάλλειν ἢ ἕνα.*

[5] Thuc. i. 17.

so long as nobody quite knew what it was, or whether he was safe with his neighbour ; but it fell as soon as men saw it would use the sword on the citizens and make surrender to the nation's enemy. No, democracy was the only stable government that Athens could have.

All the same—we may call it doctrinaire or pedantic—he shows a weakness for a moderate democracy, which is interesting. Mr. R. A. Neil has discussed the political use in Greece of moral terms.[1] *Σώφρων* is one of them, with the verb and the noun derived from it. " Moral sense in politics " marked Sparta and Chios, and prosperity along with it.[2] Pindar in a more lyric way had said the same of Corinth two generations before—" There abides the spirit of law (*Εὐνομία*) and her sister, Justice, sure foundation of cities, and Peace, one at heart with them, stewards of wealth for men, golden daughters of Themis of good counsel." [3] The poet meant oligarchy more or less. The historian describes the movement in Athens, out of which the Four Hundred came, as one toward " good order " (*εὐτακτεῖν*) ; and, later on, in a terribly involved sentence, which Dionysius picked out as an example of his tricks with grammar,[4] he tells us that once the subject cities received " moral sense " and freedom of action —*i.e.* had oligarchies set up in them by Pisander—they preferred " straight freedom " (*τὴν ἄντικρυς ἐλευθερίαν*) to the " skin-deep good order " of Athens (*τῆς ἀπὸ τῶν Ἀθηναίων ὑπούλου εὐνομίας* [5]). However, oligarchy was not to be in Athens, and recourse was had to another scheme, something in the direction or after the style of the Five Thousand who had so far existed in talk only. What exactly this constitution was, he does not say, but he does say that " during its early days it was the best constitution which the Athenians ever enjoyed within my memory. Oligarchy and Democracy were duly attempered. And thus after the miserable state into which she had fallen, the city was again able to raise

[1] Appendix to his edition of the *Knights*.

[2] Thuc. viii. 24, 4.

[3] Pindar, *Olympian*, 13, 1–10.

[4] Dionysius, *Letter to Ammaeus*, p. 800: *εὐνομίας*, he says, would in an ordinary author have been accusative. The MSS., Jowett says, read *αὐτονομίας*, and he suggests Dionysius may have made a slip of memory, which does not seem probable.

[5] Thuc. viii. 64, 5.

her head." [1] Whatever it was, this "constitution of Theramenes" did not last beyond a few months. It is only interesting in two ways—first, that it could not maintain itself as a substitute for real Democracy, and secondly, that even so it won the praise of Thucydides who in this marked way prefers it to the rule of Pericles himself—though perhaps he would add, if we could ask him, that he only meant that it was preferable on paper. He would hardly "seek something different, so to say, from the conditions under which we live"; but perhaps there is a streak of the doctrinaire in every reflective student of politics, especially in those who are not actually engaged in them. Real constitutions are never quite ideal; like our clothes they keep wearing out, and wear out unevenly, and it is best for a people when its constitution will admit of half-conscious adjustment, instinctive accommodation to new circumstances, when it is something like that flux which Heraclitus saw in all human and other affairs.

But constitutions, actual or projected, do not sum up the life of a people, and it was not because of a constitution that Thucydides was interested in Athens. We may waive—though we ought not to forget—the natural human ties of home, and friendship, and association. The Athenian character interested the Athenian citizen—it was so quick, so penetrative, so engaging, so full of life and fire and imagination. The Corinthian speaker addressing the Spartans contrasts the two national temperaments: they are quick to conceive the plan and quick to carry it out—you originate nothing; they will take risks of the most reckless (yes, but, says Pericles elsewhere, they calculate those risks in cold blood and then face them light-heartedly)—you are strong, but act feebly; they are impetuous—you dilatory; they are always abroad, and you for ever at home; in a word, they were born neither to have peace themselves, nor to allow other men to have it either.[2] The pair of portraits is admirable—better than any Corinthian ever offered to Peloponnesian allies at Sparta.

The other side is given in a speech made by an Athenian at Athens. "We forget that a state in which the laws, though imperfect, are unalterable, is better off than one in which the laws are good but powerless. Dulness and modesty (*ἀμαθία*

[1] Thuc. viii. 97.

[2] Thuc. i. 70.

μετὰ σωφροσύνης) are a more useful combination than cleverness and licence; and the more simple sort generally make better citizens than the more acute (ξυνετωτέρους), for the latter desire to be thought wiser than the laws . . . and their folly generally ends in the ruin of their country. . . . In such rhetorical contests the city gives away the prizes to others while she takes the risk upon herself. . . . You go to a discussion as spectators, and take your facts on hearsay—the easiest dupes of new-fangled arguments, the slaves of every new paradox, you despise what is familiar." [1] The speaker really has a good case, and he gets a lot of support. King Archidamus in the same vein sounds the praise of Sparta, "because we are not so highly educated as to have learnt to despise the laws." [2] Aristophanes later on makes Aeschylus complain in *The Frogs* of the effect of this Athenian habit of mind, whose high priest was Euripides:

> The disorder has spread to the fleet and the crew;
> The service is ruined and ruined by you—
> With prate and debate in a mutinous state;
> Whereas in my day 'twas a different way;
> Nothing they said and knew nothing to say,
> But to call for their porridge, and cry, "Pull away." [3]

What Plato has to say of "the democratic man" we shall see later on.[4] The same thought reappears for ever. J. A. Froude in our own day has it. "John Mill called English Conservatives the stupid party. Well, stupidity in its place is not always a bad thing. I have a high respect for Conservatism.[5] . . . Out of every hundred new ideas ninety-nine are generally nonsense." [6] So Cleon has after all a good many highly respectable people to support the ideas, from which he proceeds to plead for the massacre of the Mitylenaeans.

But what does Thucydides mean by it all? In the Funeral Speech, which Pericles delivers over those fallen in the first year of the war, there is a glowing eulogy of Athenian character and of that essential freedom of all Athenian ways which gives the individual an unexampled charter to think, to speak, and

[1] Thuc. iii. 37, 38, with some omissions and compressions.
[2] Thuc. i. 84.
[3] Aristophanes, *Frogs*, 1070 (Frere).
[4] See Chapter IX. p. 298.
[5] Ἀμαθία μετὰ σωφροσύνης, no doubt.
[6] *Erasmus*, lect. viii. p. 147.

to act as his own inmost nature prompts, and as the world in its variety and its wonder calls. "We have a peculiar power of thinking before we act, and of acting too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance, but hesitate upon reflection.[1] . . . To sum up, I say that Athens is the education of Greece, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace."[2] Once again, there is a certain dim correspondence between the utterances of Pericles and Cleon; they are describing the same temperament. The strength and the weakness of a human character spring in general from the same root. The Athenian had in truth the gifts and graces that Pericles extols, and was in consequence exposed to the criticism of Cleon, just as the artistic temperament with all its charm and insight is, in our common experience, a fatal endowment unless it is reinforced with the shopkeeper virtues of ordinary sense and industry and punctuality—virtues which, by the way, the Athenian never credited to shopkeeper or tradesman. Mr. Zimmern speaks of Thucydides' "usual gentle irony playing round the confident sentences in which Pericles glorifies the Athenian amateur."[3] That same irony surely played round the speech of Cleon—what a censor of Athenian character, this man who represented Athenian impressionism at its worst, who traded on it, and who led Athens into the path of ruin, setting the pace for his posterity of impressionist and impulsive ignorance!

Once again we have reached one of the deepest things in Thucydides' own character—his subtle power of combining depth of feeling with clearness of insight and controlling it with a self-restraint almost unexampled in literature. He analyses the national mind; nothing escapes him; it is all set down with relentless precision—casual readers, yes, and careful readers have again remarked on his coldness, his detachment, the clear, keen intellect unclouded by likes and dislikes, by feelings or sympathies, and they have admired or disliked it. They are wrong. Thucydides is greater than they think.

[1] Thuc. ii. 40, 3 (Jowett). [2] Thuc. ii. 41, 1 (Jowett).

[3] *Greek Commonwealth*, p. 293. Professor Bury also speaks of "a certain veiled irony" here, but he, I think, is sometimes a shade too apt to find irony.

The warm sympathies are there. Passion, admiration, intensity of feeling are not inconsistent in the greatest natures with insight and truth and restraint ; they work together, and it is their co-operation that makes the strange greatness of the man. He loves Athens, but that does not stay his hand nor shake his touch. He says no word to safeguard a Dionysius from supposing him resentful and angry ; if a man cannot read what burns on every page, if he cannot see what is not in ink, nor in mere written words—then he can read the book and opine what he pleases. It was not written for him—*φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν*. And if he asks evidence for what is said here, let him explain why it is impossible to read the story and not be passionately for Athens—Athens right or wrong ; how is it that the Seventh Book takes one into the same region of feeling and suffering that Euripides does with his *Trojan Women*, and yet the Athenians are in the wrong throughout the whole of the Sicilian expedition ?

" Others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state of excitement still more terrible ; they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear as the stubborn conflict went on and on ; for at every instant they were all but saved or all but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance you might hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting, cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonizing were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies . . ." [1]

It is of this Seventh Book that Plutarch speaks when he refers to " those narratives in which Thucydides, excelling even himself in pathos, in vividness, and in variety, has told his story in a way that defies imitation." [2] What has given him this power ? Why could not a Timaeus do it for all his trying, as Plutarch half asks ? It was the supreme struggle of Thucydides' country with life and death as the issue—and she lost. It took ten more years of protracted misery to finish her, but

[1] Thuc. vii. 71 (Jowett).

[2] Plut. *Nicias*, 1.

the day in the harbour of Syracuse was her ruin—and the man felt it and has made every reader feel it. Athens fell, and when Thucydides wrote the great Epitaphios of Pericles, it was not merely a funeral speech over the dead of the first year, but a last great eulogy over a fallen people. It has been compared with the speech of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg—a shorter speech, spoken while the Civil War still continued, by the chief of a great nation, which " under God " had " a new birth of freedom." The comparison is a just one ; there is the same note in both speeches. Lincoln saw his country triumph ; not so Thucydides :

Infelix ! utcunque ferent ea facta nepotes,
Vincet amor patriae.

We now come to the actual book he wrote, and we must for the present try to use it neither as a source from which to learn events, nor as an objective thing in itself—if there is such a thing—but to study it as the organic offspring of a great nature, an integer, an artistic whole, and to proceed from a recognition of its salient points to the study of the mind and heart that produced it.

The first thing that stands out is, that Thucydides from the very start foresaw that the war would be above all others significant for the Greek world and so for mankind. He " began at once on its commencement " ; [1] he " lived through the whole of it," [2] and he " has written it, everything in order as it occurred, by summers and winters, till the Lacedaemonians and their allies ended the empire of the Athenians and took the Long Walls and the Peiraieus. In all, the war lasted twenty-seven years." [3] And he adds that the Peace of Nicias, as posterity called it, did not really produce a state of peace ; before it and after it the war was one war. Modern critics have battled as to the point at which he realized this himself—did he compose an " Archidamian War " down to that Peace of Nicias, and then write a " Syracusan Expedition " as a separate and independent work, and eventually unite the two histories by the slight structure of the Fifth Book, and continue with the Eighth—a third scheme ? Historians have done such things—Clarendon, for instance—but there are difficulties in supposing that Thucydides did. Is not his prelude in book i. rather

[1] Thuc. i. 1, 1. [2] Thuc. v. 26, 5. [3] Thuc. v. 26, 1.

too large and significant for a war ending so inconclusively as that supposed to end with the Peace of Nicias? Do not his whole treatment of the war-issues in book i., and his judgment on Pericles as contrasted with his successors in book ii., imply the full and final war of twenty-seven years? Was there interval enough for "The Syracusan Expedition" to be written (and published?) after research on the actual spot before it was clear that the original Peloponnesian War was in full course again? Does the whole work really show signs of a reconstruction of plan? [1] In any case, we have to allow fundamental revision on the basis of the conception of one war.

That he kept a diary, made collections, interviewed and cross-examined witnesses, and visited such scenes of action as were important and were accessible, is clear. Indeed, he says as much: "Of the events of the war I have not ventured to speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I either saw myself or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular inquiry. The task was a laborious one, because eye-witnesses of the same occurrences gave different accounts of them, as they remembered or were interested in the actions of one side or the other." [2] It is easy to suggest that it was this long investigation that brought home to Thucydides the carelessness of men in general as to fact, and their readiness to accept whatever comes first to hand.[3] His tone is severe, and he means it to be severe; why should men be so inaccurate? One recalls Dr. Johnson's vexation with the poor lady who never, when he tried to examine her, would be categorical, but was always "wiggle-waggle." So careful was Thucydides of fact that a German scholar has collected a long list of the places where he says he was unable to learn.[4] In one place he refrains from giving a figure, for "it would seem incredible when compared with the size of the city." [5] Some eleven times he gives what he was told, with the caution that it is

[1] The emphasis on ὅδε ὁ πόλεμος, used sometimes of the Archidamian, at other times of the whole war, is overdone. The critics seem to forget how easily phrases slip out.

[2] Thuc. i. 22 (Jowett).

[3] Thuc. i. 20.

[4] Busolt, *Gr. Gesch.* iii. 653.

[5] Thuc. iii. 113, 6.

only what he was told. His exactitude as to numbers is remarked—they are not like those of the rhetorical historians; in large figures he gives thousands and hundreds only—units only in the case of Athens or where exact knowledge was possible.[1] His care as to chronology marks an epoch in the writing of history. Eclipses and earthquakes are carefully noted; men date by them so much.[2] The war began in the fifteenth year of the Thirty Years' Peace, "when Chrysis the high-priestess of Argos was in the forty-eighth year of her priesthood, Aenesias being ephor at Sparta, and at Athens Pythodorus having two months of his archonship to run."[3] He expected that his history would not please—it would be too exact and bare;[4] and his expectation was right. Dionysius complains that he is "obscure and hard to follow. Many events, of course, occur in the same summer or winter in different places, and he leaves the first set of affairs half done and takes another set in hand. It is only natural that we flounder, and follow the story with some annoyance, when our attention is distracted in this way."[5] There is truth in the complaint; the story of events in outlying regions is very hard to follow; but anyone who has worked with the *Hellenica* of Xenophon[6] (if one may criticize an old friend) will be grateful for the rigid scheme to which Thucydides sticks so grimly and conscientiously. The ideal of *τὸ ἀκριβὲς* involves sacrifices for both writer and reader, but it repays them.

In all this Thucydides has a definite and avowed purpose. "If he who desires to have before his eyes a true picture of the events which have happened (*τῶν τε γενομένων τὸ σαφὲς σκοπεῖν*), and of the like events which may be expected to happen hereafter in the order of human things, shall pronounce what I have written to be useful, then I shall be satisfied. My history is written as a possession for ever, rather than as a prize-performance to hear for the moment."[7] In other words

[1] Peter, *Wahrheit u. Kunst*, 117.

[2] Cf. Thuc. i. 128, *τὸν μέγαν σεισμὸν*.

[3] Thuc. ii. 2. [4] Thuc. i. 22, 4. [5] *Letter to Pompeius*, p. 773.

[6] A year gets mislaid somehow between 411 and 406; did Alcibiades return to Athens in 408 or 407? A good deal turns on it.

[7] Thuc. i. 22. Is there not just a hint of the didactic, or even of the pedantic, in the claim—as also, *e.g.*, in his diction, and his corrections of Herodotus?

he is writing, as we might say in the language of to-day, for men who take history seriously, not as a pastime or something vaguely interesting, but as a rendering of fact and experience that shall illuminate human nature. History is not for Thucydides, as Aristotle contemptuously suggested, "just what Alcibiades did"; [1] Alcibiades had a deeper significance—what he *was* went to shape the whole mind of Athens to great issues, and any Hellene who wishes to understand the world in which he lives must understand the mind of Athens in the war-time, and Alcibiades supplies perhaps more than one key to that. But if Alcibiades is to give the reader a clue and not merely to delay or distract him, there must be some thought-out principle in the presentation; and that brings us to the method of Thucydides.

We have seen how exigent his conscience was as to fact; but facts do not make a history. However scientific a historian may aim at being, or may plume himself on being, he is amenable to other canons than those of the man of science. He comes closer to the human mind, and his task is (in a sense) to introduce mind to mind. He must know his "period" (as we call it) and know it intimately, if he is to interpret it to another; but he must not do it in a mere series of generalizations, for that leads at once to error and to vagueness. He has after all to present men and women to his readers, and in action, thinking, speaking, doing things, influencing one another; and this means other faculties than those of scientific research. He must in a word be an artist—he must emphasize, omit, combine, he must speak at once to mind and heart, to intellect and feeling. These are the first conditions of literary presentment, if he is to make history effective for the purposes set before him. If he is content to be an annalist, to accumulate detail, or if he prefers to leave all in the workshop, it is another matter. Every faculty that makes literature must be his, if his work is to live; and if it does not live it will not avail much for any purpose.

Limitation is his first law. A German critic has remarked that Thucydides is great in omission; [2] and he is. There is no end to the omissions; the things are numberless that he

[1] Aristotle, *Poetics*, 9, 1451 *b*.

[2] Müller-Strübing—"gross im Verschweigen."

could have told us, that we should have liked to know, that we might have expected him to tell us. Greek art he passes by—trade, commerce, adventure, exploration, poetry, philosophy. Who would guess from his pages that any day he heard Pericles speak, he might have met Sophocles in the street, and Euripides and Socrates and Pheidias?—yes, and Aristophanes still a mere lad might have passed him too. It is perfectly clear that they all had their share of influence upon him,[1] but he does not allude to contemporary literature.[2] Homer, the Homeric hymns, Hesiod, he mentions, but not his fellow-citizens. He omits finance—even that reassessment of the tribute, rediscovered by moderns in inscriptions, which bulks so big for economic students of history.[3] Mr. Bury is probably right in saying that "economic factors did not play anything like the same part in the ancient world, and, if ancient historians considerably underrated them, we may easily fall into the error of overrating them." [4] Thucydides ignores all sorts of things that interest us; he simplifies, as M. Girard says, with a hardihood unmatched.[5] For one thing he is writing the history of a war, not of a race, nor of a city. It is also true that while he omits certain aspects of Athenian life, which are deeply interesting to us, now and again, as in Pericles' Funeral Speech, it is clear to those familiar with them that he is glancing at art and literature. But he does it with a purpose of his own.

The same canon of limitation applies, as we have seen, to the human factors in the war. Hyperbolus, we saw, is only mentioned because his murder was a sort of manifesto. Cleon was a decisive influence in the war; so he is drawn with care and precision—and perhaps with the one hint of personal feeling in the eight books: "The Athenians laughed at his light talk; but serious people (men of common sense, τοῖς

[1] Cf. the statement of Mr. B. B. Rogers, translation of *Acharnians*, pp. xxx–xxxii: "I believe many statements in Thucydides are due to his recollection of the comedies of Aristophanes." See also Lamb, *Clio Enthroned*, pp. 26–28, for attractive suggestions as to the influence of poetry upon Thucydides.

[2] The *Atthis* of Hellanicos (i. 97) is an exception which makes the statement above more striking.

[3] Hicks and Hill, *Greek Inscr.*, No. 64.

[4] *Ancient Greek Historians*, p. 92.

[5] *Thucydide*, p. 204.

σώφροσι) were not displeased, for they reckoned that they would get one or other of two advantages—they would either be rid of Cleon, which they rather hoped, or, if they were mistaken in their expectations, they would take the Spartans prisoners."[1] It looks like personal feeling; and yet it is history. Men did hope to be rid of Cleon, and for a perfectly serious and good reason, as appeared when he fell at Amphipolis; he was the real obstacle to peace. When the obstacle was removed, peace was made. Then we can understand the σώφρονες; and we shall have to understand Cleon—obviously; so Thucydides draws him in his own way, lets him make a speech, and gives us the full value of his maniac boast and the success that made common people think him infallible and invincible. In a similar way, Alcibiades' chariots and horses and luxury and general expensiveness, his blatant self-assertion, and some touches even of his phrase, are set out in full in the history. There were other sumptuous and magnificent young men in Athens, as Aristophanes and others let us see, but they did not matter. Alcibiades did matter—only too much. "In the end his wild courses went far to ruin the Athenian state. For the people feared the extremes to which he carried his lawless self-indulgence, and the far-reaching purposes which animated him in all his actions. They thought he was aiming at a tyranny, and set themselves against him. And therefore, although his talents as a military commander were unrivalled, they entrusted the administration of the war to others, because they personally objected to his private life; and so they speedily shipwrecked the state."[2] So in the case of Pericles, long as he waits before he mentions him, the historian lingers over him, and lets us feel the full effect exerted upon his fellow-citizens by this great personality. Here was a man—not quite perhaps of Thucydides' own party—who could have saved the state; at least, men felt it would have been saved, if they had not in folly abandoned the principles he laid down for the conduct of the war. The forceful personality is always a real factor—real as the great plague, or the Syracusan disaster, or the Persian alliance. So far Thucy-

[1] Thuc. iv. 28, 5.

[2] Thuc. vi. 15 (Jowett). Cf. Xen. *Hellenica*, i. 4, 12–5, 16; Plut. *Alcib.* 34.

dides may be cited to support Carlyle's doctrine of the Hero.

The remark is often made that Thucydides offers no moral judgments on men or actions—a remark which we have already discussed—but all his praise, or comment, turns on capacity, *ἀρετη, virtú,* as Professor Bury and Professor Murray translate him. *Φύσεως ἰσχὺς*—"strength of nature"—the forceful character—the gift or gifts in virtue of which a man may move men or read a situation, in a word, may really "do" something—this endowment, whatever it is, Thucydides emphasizes, for it makes a man a telling factor. Cleon had it, violent and absurd as he was—so had Pericles and Antiphon—above all, Themistocles.[1] Here "was a man whose natural force (*φύσεως ἰσχὺν*) was unmistakable; this was the quality for which he was distinguished above other men; from his own native acuteness (*οἰκείᾳ γὰρ ξυνέσει*), and without study either before or at the time, he was the ablest judge (*κράτιστος γνώμων*) of the course to be pursued in a sudden emergency, and could best divine what was likely to happen in the remotest future. . . . In a word, Themistocles, by natural power of mind (*φύσεως μὲν δυνάμει*) and with the least preparation, was of all men the best able to extemporize the right thing to be done." Xenophon's heroes, like Xenophon himself, turn to soothsayer and priest for omens and divine guidance. Thucydides is aware that men do so—that they do it a great deal;[2] yet history is made by the men with force of mind; and he confines himself, in dealing with men, to that. His readers will be put in possession of the facts, and shall judge of moral questions for themselves.

Mr. Cornford notices that Thucydides has nothing to do with such conceptions as "political factors," "relations of forces," "universal forces," and so on, and suggests that their importation into modern study has not been all to the good. The use of abstract nouns in history is something we apparently owe to political science. The abstract nouns of

[1] Thuc. i. 138, 3 (Jowett). The antithetic coupling of superlatives is a characteristic mannerism. Cf. Forbes, *Thuc.* bk. i. Intr. p. xxiii, who gives a series of striking instances of "greatest" events, etc.

[2] Cf. Mr. Lamb's remark on the weak spot in Nicias' character, *τῷ τοιούτῳ*, Thuc. vii. 50, 4 (*Clio Enthroned*, p. 75).

Thucydides would make a poor and rather odd list for a modern[1]—many of them would be neuter participles with the article prefixed. But we must not quite class him with Carlyle in the matter of heroes—despite the strong likeness between the "hero" and the "man of natural force." There are, as we all know, in national and international questions, floating ideas put about no one knows how, alarms as to what may happen, opinions as to courses to pursue—drift-thought that tells in the long run, which a historian cannot well neglect, for it goes very often to shape a national resolve or leads the way to some great change. There was "talk of a dictatorship" in Rome for a good while before Caesar became the world's master. Now gather up the vague "political factors," current impressions, impulses, calculations, and there is an aggregate of contributions to every political situation, which has to be represented, if the reader is really to be in possession of what he needs. A modern historian manages it by discussion, fortified by the quotation of popular catchwords and watchwords, phrases from the speeches, dispatches, newspaper articles, census reports, stock exchange news, letters, biographies, and so forth, of the day; and if he does it well, he can carry his reader far into the life and thought of the period and the moment. It is obvious that an ancient historian had none of these paper aids, and yet the life that pulses through them to-day was not wanting then. He could not very well quote what did not exist, and yet he had to do something equivalent. Thucydides cut the knot by writing speeches himself, in which he set out the considerations and factors which would come into play at each significant juncture. In the same chapter,[2] already quoted, in which he tells us of his care to see, to learn, and to examine witnesses in order to be sure as to what really occurred, he tells us as explicitly that the speeches stand on another footing altogether.

"As to the speeches which were made either before or during the war, it was hard for me, and for others who reported them to me, to recollect the exact words. I have therefore

[1] Dionysius, in the *Letter to Ammaeus*, has some interesting observations on his peculiar tricks with nouns and genders, *e.g.* vi. 24, *τὸ βουλόμενον* for *τὴν βούλησιν*.

[2] Thuc. i. 22, 1.

put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as I thought he would be likely to express them, while at the same time I endeavoured, as nearly as I could, to give the general purport of what was actually said."

Nothing could be more explicit. The method has the advantage of enabling him to simplify—he can sweep away irrelevant and trifling figures and keep his stage clear for the people who really matter. It allows him to touch the real place of speech in Greek life, while his readers escape the irrelevant floods of Athenian loquacity. He "speaks things," as Cromwell said. His speeches represent real factors, real issues, the reflections that would really occur to thoughtful men. The method again allows him to give a situation or a national character from more points of view than one,[1] and to do it all while he keeps himself and his own opinions in the background. Of course he is not really absent from the speaker's *bêma* on any occasion, nor is the modern historian with his woof and web of quotations and impressions; but the device of Thucydides takes us, or seems to take us—it is psychologically for us much the same thing—right into the actual scene. Imagination—in Coleridge's sense of the word—is an essential in the writing or reading of history, and Thucydides' method of using the speech is a stimulus to imagination, not less effective for being an unobtrusive stimulus. Here it is plain that the historian learnt some of his craft from the tragic poet.

Modern critics have tried to classify the speeches in different ways. Mr. Grundy draws a line at the exile, and groups the earlier speeches as those which Thucydides *may* have heard, and those which he probably or almost certainly did not hear; while of the speeches after the exile, unless he heard Alcibiades at Sparta, it is practically certain he heard none whatever.[2] Mr. Cornford has another grouping, which is suggestive.[3] There are realistic speeches, he says, like that of the ephor;[4]

[1] Thus there are three pictures of the Spartan character in bk. i., in three speeches, cc. 71, 80, 86.

[2] Grundy, *Thucydides and his Age*, p. 19.

[3] *Thucydides Mythistoricus*, p. 149 f. See also Lamb, *Clio Enthroned*, p. 183.

[4] Thuc. i. 86. One might add vi. 18. 3, where the scholiast remarks it is κατ' Ἀλκιβιάδην—in his vein.

idealistic, the great Funeral Oration above all; a class "in which sketches of national character are introduced indirectly," like the Corinthian's picture of the Athenian nature, "with some strain upon dramatic probability," shading off into a class "where irony is openly employed in the tragic manner" —*e.g.* the Mitylenaean speech of Cleon; and lastly a group "still further removed from realism," and virtually "but one degree below the lyric plane"—of which the Spartan speech as to Pylos and luck is an example. Such groupings have their value; but the main thing is to keep the mind clear as to the historian's purpose, by a medium avowedly artificial, to bring the reader to grips with what is undoubtedly real. Mr. Cornford would say it was not real, but Thucydides clearly believed that it was. The speeches were perhaps not made at all—Busolt holds, however, that every one of them rests on some foundation of a speech actually delivered;[1]—everybody agrees that they could not have been given in the form in which we have them, for the Spartan speeches, for instance, are far outside the Spartan range, and in any case no conceivable popular audience would have listened to speakers so involved and obscure,[2] as Thucydides, ex-politician, must have known at least as well as we do. Yet Eduard Meyer hits the mark when he calls them "den eigentlichen Lebensnerv" of his work.[3] Perhaps with some hesitation as to the superlative adjective (if conscience works with memory[4]) one might sum the matter up by borrowing the lines of Critias on another great inventor:

> —τούσδε τοὺς λόγους λέγων
> διδαγμάτων ἥδιστον εἰσηγήσατο
> ψευδεῖ καλύψας τὴν ἀλήθειαν λόγῳ.[5]

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[1] Busolt, *Gr. Gesch.* iii. p. 672.

[2] Let the reader just think for a moment of Phormio's speech to his sailors.

[3] E. Meyer, *Forsch.* ii. p. 380.

[4] Some readers may be glad to know that Cratippus, his contemporary, ὁ συνακμάσας αὐτῷ καὶ τὰ παραλειφθέντα ὑπ' αὐτοῦ συναγαγὼν (whatever that exactly means), wrote, οὐ μόνον ταῖς πράξεσιν αὐτὰς (viz. the speeches) ἐμποδὼν γεγενῆσθαι λέγων, ἀλλὰ τοῖς ἀκούουσιν ὀχληρὰς εἶναι. Cratippus added that Thucydides realized this himself, and that that is why there are no speeches in bk. viii. So Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *de Thucydide*, ch. 16, p. 847.

[5] *Ap.* Sext. Empir. *adv. Math.* ix. 54.

It has long been observed what an influence Tragedy had upon Thucydides. Indeed, again and again it is hard not to use the terms of Tragedy in discussing his work. Like the tragic poet he refrains from comment and lets the situation draw out the comment for itself. Xenophon is more Homeric—*νήπιος*, cries Homer of this man and the other, and Xenophon pauses to remark, for instance, on the shocking impiety in the Corinthian revolution.[1] Mr. Cornford, however, suggests that, consciously borrowing the outward form of Tragedy, Thucydides took unconsciously the further step, and fell in with its inward form and principle of design—that, in short, he wrote his history "to the tune of" Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*.[2] With amazing ingenuity he traces an analogy as far as the end of book vii.—luck, *hybris*, *peripeteia*, and all; and then comes the Eighth Book, which is "outside the tragedy" somewhat. "From this point onwards," says Mr. Cornford, "he has little interest in his task; the Eighth Book is a mere continuation on the old chronological plan, unfinished, dull, and spiritless. The historian patiently continued his record; but he seems to grope his way like a man without a clue."[3] A strange judgment in view of the clear prospect Thucydides holds out from the beginning of writing the whole war down to 404, and of his premature statement that it *is* written.[4] A theory which requires us to find the narrative of the Four Hundred "dull and spiritless" needs some reconsideration.

Jowett thought better of the Eighth Book. "The love of truth, the power of thought, the absence of moral approbation or disapprobation, the irony, the perception of character,[5] the moderation of statement, the general excellence, no less than the mechanical arrangement into summers and winters, and the minutiæ of language and phraseology, 'cry aloud,' in the words of Marcellinus, that the Eighth Book is the composition of Thucydides." The sentence sums up well many of the characteristics of the historian, with some of which we have

[1] *Iliad*, xii. 113; xvi. 46, 686, etc., and *Hellenica*, iv. 4, 3.

[2] Matthew Arnold spoke of a history of English literature being "written to the tune of 'Rule Britannia.'"

[3] *Thucydides Mythistoricus*, 244.

[4] Thuc. v. 26.

[5] Dionysius thought Thucydides weak in this point, *êthos*, at least as compared with Herodotus, but allowed him better in *pathos*.

already dealt—inevitably, for wherever one touches Thucydides, the whole man is involved.[1] The ancients laid stress on his vividness and his pathos. No more need be said for the moment of the latter. But let the reader run over in his mind such scenes as the opening of the war, the coming of the Ambraciot herald, the building of the fort at Pylos, the sailing of the great fleet for Syracuse, Epipolae,[2] the Terror in Athens, the fort of Eetioneia, and the whole story of the Four Hundred, and let him realize that in most of these instances the historian was not there at the time, and he will have a new sense of the power of the man. He went to one and another of the places afterwards, and, as Longinus says, he "makes his account no longer a narrative but a living action" (*ἐναγώνιον πρᾶγμα*). The best hyperboles, Longinus says a few pages later, are those which are not noticed. "This happens when they are uttered in an outburst of strong feeling, and in harmony with a certain grandeur in the crisis described, as where Thucydides is speaking of the men perishing in Sicily. 'For the Syracusans,' he says, 'came down and butchered them, especially those in the river, and the water was at once spoiled, but they went on drinking just the same, mud and all, bloody as it was, even fighting to have it.' That blood and mud were drunk together, and yet were things to be fought for, becomes credible in the intensity of the feeling and in the crisis."[3]

It was thus the ancients read Thucydides, sensible of his power of mind, his austere grandeur, his restrained pathos. They, like ourselves, had to wrestle with his style and his grammar, his plurals and genders, his racking of every known construction, the tricks of phrase he learnt from Gorgias, the awful guesses in which he involved his readers (*δυσείκαστα τοῖς πολλοῖς*), his diction "figurative, obsolete, archaized, and strange."[4] They wondered, like some of the moderns, whether he were an atheist, and made guesses as to the school in which he learnt his atheism—was it that of Anaxagoras?[5] But

[1] Girard, *Thucydide*, 221: "Quelque peu que l'on touche au livre de Thuc. on l'y entrevoit lui-même."

[2] Thuc. ii. 7, 8; iii. 113; iv. 4; vi. 27; vii. 97 ff.

[3] Longinus, 25 and 38.

[4] Dionysius, *Letter to Ammaeus*, 790, *τὴν τροπικὴν καὶ γλωττηματικὴν καὶ ἀπηρχαιωμένην καὶ ξένην λέξιν.*

[5] Marcellinus, *Life*, 22.

is he an atheist? He never says, one way or the other. He remarks at once how much men are moved by the thought of the gods and how little. Seer and prophet and omen abounded when the Sicilian fleet sailed; and when the disaster came, men were angry with the prophets who misled them.[1] Men appeal to the thought of the gods in distress, and their enemies brush the appeal aside. The Eumolpidai and Heralds, who had put the curse on Alcibiades, "called heaven and earth to witness that the city must never restore a man who had been banished for profaning the mysteries."[2] The city did recall him; the curse was taken off; and Alcibiades celebrated the mysteries with his troops. But the strangest case was that of Nicias—"least deserving of all Greeks in my time to come to such misfortune, for he lived in the practice of every virtue." Professor Bury deflects the participle (*νενομισμένην*) from practice to virtue—"every conventional virtue"—and finds not encomium but malice in the sentence. I do not think so.[3] The man is deeper and greater than such a mood at such a moment. Yes, Nicias was pious, even superstitious, but he failed in "strength of nature"—he was not strong enough nor clear enough—perhaps it was due at the last to his kidney disease—perhaps there was always the weakness of cautious self-protection about him.

But, after all, opinions about the gods—or about anything—are not Thucydides' immediate affair. This is what happened, and may happen again; if the reader wishes to have a true picture of it, here it is; the picture shall speak for itself. Thucydides an Athenian *fecit*.

[1] Thuc. viii. 1. [2] Thuc. viii. 53.

[3] I find Mr. Lamb is also against the idea of irony—"are we to take it as ironical, and not merely a remark on the ways of the universe, when we read that the plague was most deadly to those who had any pretensions to virtue—*διεφθείροντο, καὶ μάλιστα οἱ ἀρετῆς τι μεταποιούμενοι* (ii. 51, 5)?" (*Clio Enthroned*, p. 74).

CHAPTER IV

ATHENS IN THE WAR-TIME

"IN those old happy days" is the phrase of Demosthenes as he looks back over eighty years to the time when his country ruled an empire and ruled herself and her own citizens, when the assaults of her enemies had broken down and she had not yet wantonly ruined herself in the Sicilian expedition.[1] It is in human nature to idealize the past—when Prometheus made the first man, he slaked his clay[2] with the water of Lethe, it seems, and we forget in the long run what it pains us to remember. "In those old happy days" Aristophanes was impressed with the degeneracy of his contemporaries, when he thought of the men who had fought at Marathon. And yet for us who read Athenian literature, those days do represent the very midsummer of Greek genius. The glory passed away; the war, that was to safeguard it, proved the occasion of its undoing. The Athenians "did all that Pericles told them not to do"; his successors, "each one struggling to be first himself, were ready to sacrifice the whole conduct of affairs to the whim of the people"; it was not that they were unequal to the tasks they undertook, but that they should never have undertaken them at all, or, undertaking them, they should have kept their minds to them; so "in the end they were overthrown, not by their enemies, but by themselves and their own internal dissensions."[3] We have seen something of the wonder of the age of Pericles; we have now to look at the city he left—its policies, its government, its people, and its general life.

Our concern is with a nation in war-time, and this compels

[1] *Meidias*, 143.

[2] Pausanias saw some of this clay preserved as a relic (x. 4, 4), but the water of Lethe is the fancy of a much later mythographer.

[3] Thuc. ii. 65.

us to consider more closely the whole question of the Peloponnesian War. How came it about that Athens and Sparta fought so long and that they fought at all? To us, war is essentially an exceptional condition, disorganizing life in every country in any way concerned with either belligerent power. Steamships and electric telegraphs and international loans have made the whole modern world acutely and quickly sensitive to what happens in any part of the earth, and it is difficult to think ourselves away from these basal factors of human life as we know it. The Peloponnesian War vitally affected the whole economics of all Greece and altered the conditions on which men and cities should live, and, in the insensible way in which such things come, it changed the very axioms of political thought. Yet the men who made the war in the first instance did so to prevent change.

The central figure in the whole discussion as to the war and its origin is Pericles. Some part of this eminence he owes to his fellow-countryman, Aristophanes. This is not begging the question. There were, no doubt, statesmen in the other cities, but we hardly know their names—a few names at Sparta, none at all in Corinth,[1] or if we do know them we forget them quite easily. Pericles made the war, says Aristophanes; and so says Plutarch long after in his biography, relying on Aristophanes and on others less famous. "All the same," he says, "embassies were sent, and sent again, to Athens; and the Spartan king, Archidamos, did his best to bring most of the grievances to a friendly settlement and to pacify the allies; so that it looks as if the war would not have come upon the Athenians, if they had been persuaded to rescind the Megarian decree and be reconciled with the Megarians. It was Pericles who offered the strongest opposition to this, and who egged on the people to stand to their quarrel with Megara, so he alone had the blame of the war. . . . He seems to have had in his mind some secret and private grievance against the Megarians."[2] Before long Plutarch, as was inevitable, refers to "the famous and hackneyed lines of Aristophanes," and then, like a loyal Greek of his period, edges away from them.

[1] Unless one counts the filibuster, Timolaos, of *Hellenica Oxyrhynchia*, 2, 3.

[2] Plut. *Pericles*, 29, 5; 30, 2.

"What the original cause was, it is not easy to learn; but for the decree not being rescinded all alike blame Pericles." Then he hazards another suggestion, offered by antiquity—the prosecution of Pheidias, followed by his death in prison and his alleged poisoning by some agent of Pericles, who feared his revelations—a whole tissue of scandal which we need not consider. Pheidias was prosecuted, to annoy Pericles, but another ancient writer says he died in Elis, where he made the great statue of Olympian Zeus. After Pheidias, then Aspasia and Anaxagoras, and their troubles—and then "in fear of being tried himself, he availed himself of the war, which was lingering and smouldering, and he blew it into a blaze—in the hope that in this way he would scatter the charges brought against him and dissipate his unpopularity; for, when the city came to be involved in great affairs and great dangers, she would trust herself to him alone, because of his reputation and his ability." And then Plutarch sheers away again—"the grounds for his refusing to let the people give way to the Spartans are alleged, but the truth is uncertain." Plutarch does not like these suggestions—he never liked anything that reflected on the glory of the ancient Greeks, as his dislike of Herodotus shows—but he found them in his books, and was uneasy at omitting them. His *Life of Pericles* is indeed one of his most significant works—most valuable as a collection of evidence, and delightful reading, but not a coherent or intelligible portraiture of a statesman.

Plutarch at all events has preserved for us a fair mass of contemporary or semi-posthumous gossip against Pericles, and he has made the inevitable reference to Aristophanes. In 425 B.C. the young poet produced *The Acharnians*, which is still one of the pleasantest and most attractive of his plays. It is a plea for peace, like so many of his comedies of the war-time. The hero, Dikaiopolis, has to plead for his life against the Acharnian elders, who are enraged with the Peloponnesians because of their ravaged lands—and the scoundrel has made peace on his account with the national enemy, and this is what he says:

> The Lacedaemonians I detest entirely;
> And may Poseidon, Lord of Taenarum,
> Shake all their houses down about their ears;
> For I, like you, have had my vines cut down.

But after all—for none but friends are here—
Why the Laconians do we blame for this?
For men of ours, I do not say the State,
Remember this, I do not say the State,
But worthless fellows of a worthless stamp,
Ill-coined, ill-minted, spurious little chaps,
Kept on denouncing Megara's little coats.
And if a cucumber or hare they saw,
Or sucking-pig, or garlic, or lump-salt,
All were Megarian, and were sold off-hand.
Still these were trifles and our country's way,
But some young tipsy cottabus-players went
And stole from Megara-town the fair Simaetha.
Then the Megarians, garlicked with the smart,
Stole, in return, two of Aspasia's hussies.
From these three Wantons o'er the Hellenic race
Burst forth the first beginnings of the War.
For then, in wrath, the Olympian Pericles
Thundered and lightened, and confounded Hellas,
Enacting laws which ran like drinking-songs,
That the Megarians presently depart
From earth and sea, the mainland and the mart.
Then the Megarians, slowly famishing,
Besought their Spartan friends to get the Law
Of the Three Wantons cancelled and withdrawn.
And oft they asked us and we yielded not.
Then followed instantly the clash of shields.[1]

Aristophanes is explicit, as a comic poet should be. He is not weighing evidence, nor writing for the encyclopædias of posterity. His business is to discredit the war and make it look trifling, and if there were other causes for it—well, it was seven years ago, and the festival of Dionysos needs no history lecture; it had other aims. So that if we do not get history from the poet, what right had we ever to expect it? The French critics are quite right who cite Aristophanes as one of the striking examples of the power great writers have of paralysing critics and obscuring facts.[2] Indeed, there is an attractive suggestion that in the story of the Three Wantons Aristophanes is parodying the opening of the history of Herodotus. The decree he gently adapts—misquotes would

[1] Aristophanes, *Ach.* 509–539, the translation of Mr. B. B. Rogers.

[2] Langlois and Seignobos, *Intr. to Study of History*, p. 171.

be too hard a word—to a famous drinking-catch of Timocreon of Rhodes : [1]

Blind Plutus ! would nor earth,
Nor sea, nor mainland might behold thee !
But Tartarus, void of mirth,
And Acheron's dismal stream enfold thee !
For all the ills there be,
Blind Plutus, come from thee !

Now suppose all he says is true—that Simaetha was stolen, and two other girls stolen in requital, and that Aspasia told Pericles—what an absurd account of a great war's origin ! " Exactly," Aristophanes might say, " so you begin to suspect humour in a comedy ! Admirable ! " The suggestion that Aspasia kept *hetairai* is matched by the statement, made a little above and constantly repeated, that the mother of Euripides was a greengrocer. The only really relevant facts seem to be that there were custom-house quarrels with Megara, followed by a decree excluding the Megarians from—something, and then a war, and vines cut down.[2] To the decree we shall return.

Four years later, Aristophanes in another play explained why Peace had vanished, and how she was to come back. Hermes himself tells the story to Trygaios, the beetle hero, and to the chorus :

HERMES. Pheidias began the mischief, having come to grief and shame,
Pericles was next in order, fearing he might share the blame,
Dreading much your hasty temper, and your savage bulldog ways,
So before misfortune reached him, he contrived a flame to raise,
By his Megara-enactment setting all the world ablaze. . . .
There was none to stay the tumult ; Peace in silence disappeared.
TRYGAIOS. By Apollo, I had never heard these simple facts narrated,
No, nor knew she was so closely to our Pheidias related.
CHORUS. No, nor I, till just this moment : that is why she looks so fair.
Goodness me ! how many things escape our notice, I declare.[3]

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[1] If this is rendered a little freely, and epithets added, " it seemed inhuman somehow," as Plutarch says, not to rhyme a catch.

[2] Cf. Andocides, 3, 8, *διὰ Μεγαρέας πολεμήσαντες.*

[3] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 608–618 (B. B. Rogers).

How many things do escape our notice! How many years was it since Pheidias met his troubles—would it be twelve, or fifteen, or——? However, the play is getting on, and no one would wish to miss it just to calculate a date. Modern scholars cannot quite be sure of the exact date of Pheidias' trial, and it is hardly necessary that they should be. Here is an entirely new account of the war. "I never heard of it before." "Nor I."

However, the suggestion has been taken up quite seriously. Pericles, according to Julius Beloch (to whom students of history are indebted for much that is better), saw the storm coming and made war to turn it in another direction. Cleon and the extreme Left (if one may borrow a useful form of political speech from the French assembly) had begun their attacks—on the outposts so far, Pheidias, Anaxagoras, etc. Pericles saw his danger; so, when the Corcyraean alliance was offered, involving war as it did, he secured that it was accepted; and then he worked steadily for a breach, seizing first the opportunity offered by the Poteidaian affair, and then standing out about the Megarian decree. The war was sure to come at some time, Beloch holds; that it came precisely when it did, was the work of Pericles. The moment was not a favourable one; one-third of the available forces were away in Thrace, and every year of peace would be an inestimable gain for Athens and for Greece. Pericles knew all this—and chose war, because it suited him, convinced, of course, that Athens would win, because she could outlast her enemies. But the best issue to the war could only be a dull peace or the *status quo*.[1] Beloch further holds, or held, that Pericles mismanaged the war itself. He might have held the passes of the Geraneia range, though, with the Boeotians in his rear, this might have involved great risk. He might further have attempted a bold offensive, supported by a democratic propaganda in the Peloponnesus and Boeotia. It would have been a venture, but, as Alcibiades saw later on, it was the only way to victory. Pericles' war-policy required a more glittering success than it got, and when the plague came on top of a dull and uninspired war, the storm broke, as Thucydides tells us.

[1] Beloch, *Gr. Gesch.* (ed. 1), i. pp. 515–518.

These views are not generally accepted. The conduct of the war was indeed dull and wearing, but nothing else was possible. The sea was the Athenian element, and Pericles, as Beloch sees, could not count on his land forces beating the Spartan and Boeotian hoplites in the field. It was the Spartan strategy to force such a battle,[1] and the hot-heads in Athens wished it. Pericles refused it altogether—even Plataea was allowed to fall.[2] Nor does the suggestion of a democratic propaganda seem a very good one. The connexion with democratic Argos, advocated by Alcibiades and carried through by him, had never really helped Athens, and did not now. Democratic plots in Megara and Boeotia were tried in the first ten years of the war, as readers of Thucydides remember, but they miscarried.[3] Pericles' war-policy was to be, as Thucydides represents it, an inglorious one ; it was to lay a great sacrifice on the country population, and to strain to the utmost the nation's confidence in its leader.[4]

It is on Pericles' conduct of the war that another brilliant theory is shipwrecked. Mr. Cornford maintains that Pericles was pushed from behind into the war, by people who had other aims than his. " Sicily was in view from the first. Not in Pericles' view. . . . Pericles did not want to conquer Sicily, but some other people did ; and they were the people who forced on Pericles the violent measures against Megara." These people were the trading interests down in the Peiraieus, and Thucydides never saw through their game ; so to him " the Sicilian enterprise was an irrelevant diversion." [5] The

[1] Grundy, *Thuc.* p. 333, says the forcing of such a battle was practically their whole design.

[2] If the open country of Attica was in any case to be abandoned to Spartan raids, there could have been little use in holding a fortress at the foot of one of the passes. Hence Plataea was not of real military significance to the war plans of Athens. It meant more to Thebes.

[3] Thuc. iv. 66–74, 89–101.

[4] Cf. Busolt, *Gr. Gesch.* iii. p. 819.

[5] *Thucydides Mythistoricus*, pp. 38, 51. Residents in Cambridge who heard it are not likely to forget Dr. Verrall's brilliant lecture on *The Birds* in 1908, in which he suggested that the play was an attack on " Palestinian religion." A great Cambridge scholar has wickedly suggested that Dr. Verrall's theory and Mr. Cornford's may be readily combined—of course, the war was contrived in that synagogue down in the Peiraieus.

drawback is that there is nothing in the first fifteen years of the war that is inconsistent with the account given by Thucydides of Pericles' motives. There were people who dreamed of conquering Sicily and conquering Carthage—so Aristophanes joked of Hyperbolus in 424 B.C.,[1] and Plutarch says the dream goes back to Pericles' own day; but, after all, Thucydides' story is clear and consistent and intelligible.

Athens was offered the alliance with Corcyra, a power so far neutral. If she refused, the balance of power would at once be upset by Corinth becoming mistress of the Corcyraean fleet. She accepted, and herself upset the balance of power; for now the Corinthians and their allies were at a disadvantage. Pericles must have foreseen this, and preferred that, if the balance were to be upset, the advantage should fall to Athens. The Corinthians were now in a difficult position—Athens on the gulf on the eastern side, Corcyra controlling the sea-route on the west. With desperate efforts Corinth got Sparta to move, and the war was made. Seven years before, at the time of the siege of Samos, 440–439 B.C., Corinth had intervened and stopped Peloponnesian aid being sent to the Samians. Once again Corinth was the decisive factor, and this time for war; and Corinth was as little enthusiastic as Sparta about the rights of Megara.

War then was voted by the allies in the autumn of 432. As military operations could not begin before the next spring, the winter was spent in diplomacy, not to secure peace, but to discredit Athens with the Greek world at large, and Pericles with the Athenians. Various demands were made, relating to Potidaea, Aegina, the maternal connexions of Pericles, above all the Megarian decree,[2] and finally a message in two sentences: "The Lacedaemonians desire to maintain peace,

[1] Aristophanes, *Knights*, 1303.

[2] The stress laid on this for their own purposes by the Spartans and their allies impressed the Athenian mind—the popular mind that did not go deeply into things. Cf. Bury, *Ancient Greek Historians*, pp. 95–99; Busolt, *Gr. Gesch.* iii. 817. Mr. E. M. Walker quotes a saying of Greville's that the secrets of cabinets are known only to the man in the street. In our days the Opposition newspapers always seem to know them best. The autumn and winter of 1914–15 gave many illustrations of how readily the popular mind will believe things and how independent it can be of evidence.

and peace there may be if you will restore independence to the Hellenes." There were some two hundred and fifty city communities comprised in the Athenian Empire. The demand was a clever one—a much better stroke than the Megarian, and of far wider appeal.[1] How little it meant was seen in 421, when Sparta made peace and forgot the autonomy of all Greeks, and again after 404, when "the first day of Greek freedom"[2] opened a period of disillusionment. For the present, however, as Thucydides says, "the feeling of mankind was strongly on the side of the Lacedaemonians; for they professed to be the liberators of Hellas. Cities and individuals were eager to assist them to the utmost, both by word and deed. . . . For the general indignation against the Athenians was intense; some were longing to be delivered from them, others fearful of falling under their sway."[3]

Pericles was prepared. He recognized the twofold weakness of the enemy, who lacked ships and sailors, for one thing, and, for another, money.[4] He also saw their strength, and resolved to have no battle on land. Certain principles Thucydides represents him to have emphasized—no surrender to the Peloponnesians;[5] the abandonment of the land, but "keep a watch over the city and the sea," as if Athens were in fact an island;[6] no new acquisition of empire;[7] and a firm hand on the allies.[8]

His plan of action we have already seen. He saw that the twin-fortress of Athens and the Peiraieus could not be taken, nor even menaced, from the land. The Spartans and their allies had in the past been notoriously weak in siege operations, and even in this war the small inland town of Plataea was their one success. Meanwhile men live by bread, and Athens held the wheat-route from the Black Sea. To secure the western grain trade embassies were sent to the islands near the Peloponnese—Corcyra, Cephallenia, Acarnania, and Zacynthus, with the aim of "completely surrounding the Peloponnese with war."[9] Accordingly we find in the

[1] This demand was obviously not so available an explanation of the war for the peace party; they could not push peace at this cost. The Megarian decree was a better subject for their emphasis.

[2] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 2, 23.

[3] Thuc. ii. 8.

[4] Thuc. i. 142, 6, and i. 141, 5.

[5] Thuc. i. 140, 1.

[6] Thuc. i. 143, 5; cf. ii. 62.

[7] Thuc. i. 144, 1.

[8] Thuc. ii. 13; cf. ii. 63.

[9] Thuc. ii. 7.

early years of the war, where there is any policy beyond mere raiding and endurance, that the active operations of both parties centre about the Corinthian gulf. To maintain an effective blockade even with steamships is hard ; it was very difficult for the Athenians,[1] but by 429 they compelled the Peloponnesian allies to take action in the gulf, with the result that Phormio won two brilliant victories for Athens. As to Attica, Pericles refused to allow a battle at all, or even for a while a meeting of the Assembly. Cleon flung himself at him ; the comic poets wrote songs and devised taunts against him ; but nothing moved him. The first year of the war, if inglorious, still was not unsatisfactory. The enemy had cut down trees in Attica ; the fleet of Athens had made raids on the Peloponnesus ; and Athens could keep it up longer.

As we have already had to glance more than once at the Peloponnesian programme, it need not keep us so long. Thucydides, in a series of speeches, lets us see a good deal of the Spartan character—the slowness of thought—the general preference for ignorance of the world outside—the inertia that "let the Mede come from the ends of the earth before they were ready," that disappoints the hopes of all who count on Spartan help—"the old-time ways," quite out of date by now, if the Corinthian speaker is to be trusted. King Archidamos was against immediate war—he saw what it meant, and how unprepared they were ;[2] but the vote went against him, "not to allow the Athenians to become greater."[3]

Archidamos was right. They had neither fleet nor men to match the Athenians ; and whatever might be said before or after the event about borrowing the treasures of Delphi and outbidding the Athenians with higher pay for their foreign sailors, there was little attempt at this till after Syracuse.[4] Even then, crippled as she was, Athens from time to time swept the Peloponnesian fleet off the sea, till it is plain, from

[1] To blockade the long coastline of the Peloponnesus, with all its headlands and bays, and the winds and currents that play round them, and to do it without a friendly port at all near, was a very difficult task for a fleet of sailing ships, which could carry little water and were not designed for long periods on the open sea ; compare complaints of Apollodorus, *c. Polycl*, 22, 23, on the hardships of riding at anchor in storm. See Chapter X. p. 331.

[2] Thuc. i. 80–85. [3] Thuc. i. 86. [4] Thuc. i. 121, 3.

Cyrus' caution to Lysander,[1] that the Persians grew tired of paying for fleets to be built and lost. Archidamos saw, according to Thucydides, that it was useless to ravage Attica, so long as the Athenian food supply came by sea.[2] Twenty-three years later his son and successor Agis saw from Deceleia the swarms of wheat ships running into the Peiraieus, and said it was no use to cut off the Athenians from the land, if they could also not cut them off from the source of that sea-borne wheat.[3] It was not till Lysander had achieved this, that Athens fell. But it was out of the question in 432. The only real chance lay in some fatal Athenian blunder, as Pericles said.

Archidamos was an old man. He had been king of Sparta when the great earthquake shook down every house but five, when crags fell from Taygetus, and great chasms opened in the earth, when the Helots sprang into revolt, and when he himself saved the Spartan nation by sounding "To arms!" so that when the Helots came to plunder the wrecked five villages, the men of Sparta were armed and in battle order, waiting for them.[4] The fight with the Helots for Messenia had been long and difficult. The old man knew where Sparta stood, and how she stood—a handful of Spartiates amid a hostile population, fewer than at the time of the great revolt, perhaps one in sixteen; and the Helots were "a fierce and not a docile race." "The Helots," wrote Aristotle, "have often attacked the Laconians, for they are always on the look out as it were for any disaster that may befall them."[5] "Most of the Spartan institutions have at all times been designed to secure them against the Helots."[6] In spite of Plutarch's fine phrase about Sparta preferring law-abiding citizens to the rule over all Greece, it was probably the Helot peril that dictated her abandonment of the headship of Greece after the Persian War.[7] Even now she was not safe, and victory over Athens, involving rule over the Greek world, might be as dangerous as defeat.

[1] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 1, 14.
[2] Thuc. i. 81.
[3] Xen. *Hellenica*, i. 1, 35.
[4] Plut. *Cimon*, 16.
[5] Aristotle, *Politics*, ii. 9, § 2, p. 1269 *a*.
[6] Thuc. iv. 80. There is, of course, a variant translation, which has strong support—perhaps more among grammarians than historians.
[7] See Chapter II. p. 47.

Thus the unimaginative conservative habit and the vivid sense of ever-present danger at home combined to make Sparta "more shy of war than any other state of importance—except England in the nineteenth century."[1]

But Corinth had turned the scale, and it was to be war. Athens was growing too strong, and Sparta had been brought to see it at last. Some modern historians hold that Athens had been stronger in 446 than she was in 432, but an analysis of her position confirms Thucydides. At the early date she held more, it is true, but her hold was precarious, as the year 446 proved. Land-possessions were a danger to her. But now she was rid of them and held an empire everywhere accessible to her fleet—an empire, of islands actual or virtual, divided into fragments by the sea, which the Athenian fleet ruled.[2] And the alliance with the great maritime island-power of the West promised still further aggrandizement. So Sparta went to war. "At that time the youth of the Peloponnesus and the youth of Athens were numerous; and their inexperience made them eager for war."[3] "At that time"—the words suggest the contrast which the historian lived to see; the numbers were thinned; the experience of war was grim, and the spirit and enthusiasm flagged before the end.

"Neither side meant anything small," Thucydides says. Yet we have seen how unprepared Sparta and her allies were. They put, Plutarch says, an army of sixty thousand men into Attica, to ravage it. They tried to secure command of the Western waters and to break the Athenian blockade, not very successfully. They destroyed Plataea, making a great siege of a small town. But their fleet was poor, miscellaneous, and ill-manned; and, as for improving it, "War," said King Archidamos,[4] "is a matter of finance; and we have no money in our common chest, and we are not very ready at paying it out of our private stores." A broken inscription, inaccurately copied, survives to tell of contributions to the war-funds, but

[1] So Eduard Meyer, some years before 1914.

[2] The Athenian Oligarch's *Ath. Rep.* 2, 2. A rather different view from that given above, in Grundy, *Thuc.* p. 323 f.

[3] Thuc. ii. 8, 1.

[4] Thuc. i. 83, 2, and 80, 4. Aristotle noted the same thing about Sparta, a century later, *Pol.* ii. 9, 36, p. 1271*b*: "They are bad at paying *eisphora* (war-tax)."

the only contributors whose names are legible are the Melians and two private persons.[1] The Spartan plan for the war was invasion, with the war-cry of "Greek freedom."[2]

The war-cry was a good one, and "they expected within a few years to destroy the Athenian Empire."[3] All Greece was excited, and, as we have seen, "the feeling of mankind was strongly on the Spartan side."[4] The Athenian allies, as Athens knew not less well than Sparta, wished to be independent—this passion was the greatest danger of Athens, the chief hope of Sparta. It was emphasized by the Corinthian speaker.[5] Before the war began, Mitylenaean envoys had been asking Spartan aid for a revolt against Athens.[6] The speech which Thucydides attributes to the later Mitylenaean embassy at Sparta in 428 sets out what the allies felt. But really no further evidence is necessary, when we remember how, on the failure of the Sicilian expedition, when the Athenian fleet ceased to be, "all Hellas was stirred . . . but none showed more alacrity than the subjects of the Athenians, who were everywhere willing even beyond their power to revolt,"[7] and did revolt. The Greek, says Mr. Grundy,[8] "sought for the least common measure in life, the smallest form of association in which he could realize his individualism to the fullest extent which was, humanly speaking, possible." The cities wished to be, as a Spartan phrase puts it, *αὐτόνομοι καὶ αὐτοπόλιες τὰν αὐτῶν ἔχοντες*—make their own laws, be each a city to itself, have each their own land.[9] To this verb *αὐτονομεῖσθαι*, so much in the air, so much on the lips of Spartan envoys, Pericles in 432 added an adverbial clause which hit off the actual situation there and then in the Peloponnese, and what actually befell when the Athenian Empire came to pieces—it was *τοῖς Λακεδαιμονίοις ἐπιτηδείως*, an "autonomy in the interests of Lacedaemon."[10] So it proved, as the Greeks were to learn from harmost and satrap, and more still when

[1] C.I.G. 1511. Hicks, *Manual* No. 43 (not in second edition).
[2] Thuc. i. 139. [3] Thuc. v. 14, 3.
[4] Thuc. ii. 8. [5] Thuc. i. 122.
[6] Thuc. iii. 2, 1. Cf. Aristophanes, *Peace*, 619, when the cities saw you start snarling at one another, for fear of tribute they began to bribe the Laconian leaders.
[7] Thuc. viii. 2. [8] *Thucydides and his Age*, p. 171.
[9] Treaty in Thuc. v. 79. [10] Thuc. i. 144, 2.

Antalkidas brought down his Peace from the King in 387. But that was still a long way off. Meanwhile, if the island cities were to be free from Athens, a navy was needed to put the Athenian fleet out of action, and it did not exist; so the war-cry remained a fine phrase. It is significant that Brasidas used it with effect in 424,[1] though Sparta was, as he must have known, on the point of dropping "the liberation of all the Greeks" for good and all,[2] and had already proposed to Athens a joint control of the Greek world.[3]

The whole Spartan war-policy failed. The invasions of Attica merely proved the signal strength of the twin-fortress with command of the sea. Sparta came out of the war humbled, and did not regain credit till the blundering cunning of Alcibiades had involved Athens in the Argive alliance and the defeat at Mantineia.[4] Even then it needed that to the folly of the Syracusan expedition there should be added the Spartan fortification of Deceleia, the general revolt of the Athenian allies, and the steady subsidies of Persia—yes, and the final imbecility of the Athenian generals at Aegospotami as the crowning touch—before the power of Athens was broken.

There were, it appears, throughout the whole struggle a war-party and a peace-party in Sparta, but it is in general hard to follow their relations. In Athens it is otherwise, for here life was more articulate. We have seen something of the grounds and policy of Pericles in making war, and we may now pass over to the other party as we come to know it in the years after his death—the party that struggled for peace against the class created, more or less, by Pericles himself, which owed its very livelihood to the arts of war and empire.

If we may borrow once more the French terms, and group the Athenians as Right, Left, and Centre, the Peace party will range in the main from the Extreme Right to the Right Centre. Three or four distinct classes are to be recognized within the group. There are, first of all, the country people. "The *dêmos*," says the bitter oligarch, "knows quite well that the enemy will burn nothing that belongs to it, nor cut down any tree of its owning, so it lives free from fear;" they store their

[1] Thuc. iv. 85.
[2] The truce of spring, 423.
[3] Thuc. iv. 20, 4.
[4] Thuc. v. 75, 3.

own goods on islands, and can afford to look on at the ravaging of Attica, for they know that, if they take pity on Attica, they will pay for it in the loss of advantages of their own ; and he does not exactly blame Demos—Demos knows how to look after himself.[1] What the country people had to suffer is set out with great vigour by Aristophanes ; they formed the kernel of the troops, and they had too much of it. He blames the taxiarchs for injustice in calling out men to serve :

> Making up the lists unfairly, striking out and putting down
> Names at random. 'Tis to-morrow that the soldiers leave the town ;
> One poor wretch has brought no victuals, for he knew not he must go.
> Till he on Pandion's statue spied the list and found 'twas so,
> Reading there his name inserted ; off he scuds with aspect wry.
> This is how they treat the farmers.[2]

Farms suffered, homes were burnt, trees were cut down, and trees meant vines and olives. The olive does not bear a full crop for sixteen or eighteen years, and it is at its best between forty and sixty.[3] As olive oil and wine were the two agricultural staples of Attica, the felling of such trees meant poverty for a lifetime to their owners. Plato in his *Republic* forbade the practice of cutting down the trees of Hellenic enemies,[4] but, as Cicero suggested, this world was not after all Plato's Republic.[5] Thucydides, as well as Aristophanes, dwells on the furious indignation of the Acharnians in particular at the devastation of their deme—" they were in their own estimation no small part of the state," he says, a little unkindly.

Along with the country people stood the well-to-do classes, at one, in the main, on the peace question, but not a homogeneous group. " It is the better classes, *οἱ δυνατώτατοι τῶν πολιτῶν*, on whom the heaviest burdens are apt to fall," says Thucydides.[6] They had to outfit triremes and sail on them as trierarchs, and they had to pay the *eisphora*, the war tax levied on property—and all in addition to the *liturgies* of peace, the outfit of choruses, feasts, etc.[7] Every democracy

[1] Athenian Oligarch, *Ath. Rep.* 2, 14–20. Cf. Chapter II. pp. 53–55.
[2] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 1179 f.
[3] I owe this and much else to Mr. Zimmern's admirable book, *The Greek Commonwealth*.
[4] Plato, *Rep.* v. 471. [5] To Atticus, ii. 1, 8. [6] Thuc. viii. 48, 1.
[7] See further Chapter X. pp. 329–332.

is sooner or later familiar with the bitter cry of the wealthy taxpayer, but in Athens taxation had some look of being really unfair.[1] Some of the well-to-do were oligarchs, in principle—though, really, oligarch and aristocrat are vague terms; they believed at least in a limited democracy, and the day came when they tried it—a democracy of so many thousand at most, all qualified to serve the state in arms.[2] Some went much further, and were "Spartan-mad," ἐλακωνομάνουν:

> Long-haired, half-starved, unwashed, Socratified,
> With scytales in their hands.[3]

"What *I* hear," says Socrates in the *Gorgias*,[4] "is this, that Pericles has made the Athenians lazy and cowardly and talkative and greedy, by establishing first the system of fees." "You hear all that," rejoins Callicles, "from the gentry with the broken ears"—for boxing was a Laconism of the day. They formed themselves into clubs, "with a view to offices and lawsuits."[5] We cannot exactly say that they took the oath used by their like in some cities, according to Aristotle: "I will be hostile to the people (*dêmos*) and plan it all the ill I can"; but they were ready enough to negotiate with Sparta, not merely from patriotism like a Nicias, but with treacherous intent, as appeared in the affairs of the Four Hundred and the Thirty. The "young men" of those sinister times were more or less of this school, and to some extent the knights.[6]

These elements formed the permanent strength of the party against war. Beside them there would be the medley of people who turn elections and, in our country, especially by-elections—the moderates, and the opportunists, the anti-war democrats, and all the people who vote on side-issues, and love to be on the safe side, the winning side. There were also some with really wider and larger ideas, forerunners of Isocrates and a later day, men with Panhellenic sentiments, whose ideas found

[1] Cf. the Athenian Oligarch's *Ath. Rep.* and Xen. *Symp.* 4, 30.
[2] Thuc. viii. 97, 1.
[3] Aristophanes, *Birds*, 1281.
[4] *Gorg.* 515 E.
[5] Cf. Thuc. viii. 54, 3, with Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*, 577.
[6] The νεανίσκοι; Thuc. viii. 69, 4. Cf. also Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 3, 23.

See p. 187, note.

a voice from time to time, as in the *Peace* of Aristophanes, where the hero addresses his prayer to Peace :

> When our fightings are stayed, and our tumults allayed,
> We will hail thee a Lady for ever :
> And O put an end to the whispers of doubt,
> Those wonderful clever
> Ingenious suspicions we bandy about ;
> And solder and glue the Hellenes anew
> With the old-fashioned true
> Elixir of love and attemper our mind
> With thoughts of each other more genial and kind.[1]

The same idea, carried to a further point, reappears in the *Lysistrata*.[2] Using a simile from wool, the poet pleads for mingling

> All in one basket of unity,
> Citizens, visitors, strangers and sojourners,
> All the entire undivided community.

Yes, and the cities also, colonies as they originally were of Athens, and weaving all into one web, for a cloak for Demos. But Demos was not shrewd enough to take the hint, or perhaps it came too late ; or, again, people whose ambition was to be *autopolitai*, citizens of themselves, might not have wished to be woven into a cloak for Demos.

Meantime Demos had other fancies in apparel. " Being bare," says Trygaios in the *Peace*, Demos took up Hyperbolus to gird himself with :

> You see, he deals in lamps : before he came
> We all were groping in the dark, but now
> His lamps may give our council-board some light.[3]

It was to the successors of Pericles that Thucydides attributed the downfall of Athens. They were the products of the Athenian theory of Democracy, as developed by Pericles.

The theory presupposed the Athenian people meeting in assembly to discuss national business. But the Athenians

[1] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 991–998—a prayer as chimerical then as a similar one to-day for Europe would be according to some people. But, if history has lessons for us—let us think them out.

[2] Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*, 580–586.

[3] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 685–692.

never so met. Many of them were far too busy at the Peiraieus to go up to the city, or were away on outlying farms throughout Attica. Many must always have been out of the country on trading voyages, and constantly large numbers on naval and military expeditions. The Demos never really met—only some section of the community. But, as Aristotle said, there are people of an inferior type, because their life is inferior, since there is no room for moral excellence in any of their employments—mechanics, traders, and labourers. People of this class can readily come to the Assembly, because they are continually moving about in the city and in the agora. The Assembly ought not to meet when the country people cannot come. So thought Aristotle,[1] but it did meet. It seems to have been only as a rule at elections that the voters of outlying districts took the trouble to make themselves felt.

When the Assembly met, it was to transact business with a minimum of laws of procedure and a maximum of freedom to act. As everybody knows who has served on a committee, a permanent chairman or secretary becomes an autocrat, and the Athenian democracy avoided any such danger, though at some cost. As the Persian said, in Herodotus' story, the Demos comes tumbling and pushing into business, without any sense, just like a stream in spate.[2] There is some truth in this, for a Greek demos knew none of the checks which we suppose to be as natural as democracy itself. There was obviously no representative system; worse still, there was no ministry, no cabinet, no selected and tested group of men of experience jointly responsible as a body for advice or action. The Generals were, it is true, a board, but usually a divided board. Foreign affairs would have to be discussed, and there was nothing approaching a foreign office, just as there was no diplomatic service. Embassies were sent *ad hoc*, as we say, and in the fourth century travelling actors were sometimes available; but as a rule the Ecclesia would have to depend on its own knowledge of foreign conditions and situations, acquired in travel or trade, or picked up somehow.[3] When moreover we remember the passions of

[1] Aristotle, *Politics*, vi. 4, 13, p. 1319*a*. [2] Herodotus, iii. 81.

[3] A very curious illustration is the story of the arrival of the bad news from Syracuse, preserved for us by Plutarch, *Nicias*, 30. Booker Washington, in his *Up from Slavery*, alludes to the curious ways in

a Greek people—"every multitude," said Polybius, "is fickle and full of lawless desires, unreasoning anger and violent passion,"[1] and Thucydides preserves stories enough of Athens to confirm the statement, even if he did put the other side in Pericles' speech—we can begin to realize the want of unity of mind, the want of responsibility, that marked the Ecclesia. The government of Athens, says Eduard Meyer, was really an anarchy down to Eubulus. Nobody was responsible for advising the nation; anybody could speak; nobody need. If a man did speak, if he moved a motion and it was carried, and mischief came of it, he was liable to suffer for it; hence silence had a ready excuse and came naturally sometimes. Here is an illustration from Demosthenes, the story of what happened when Philip suddenly took Elateia, and established himself south of Thermopylae.[2]

"It was evening, and one had come to the Prytaneis with the news that Elateia had been taken. Upon this they rose from supper without delay; some of them drove the occupants out of the booths in the market-place, and set fire to the wicker-work; others sent for the generals and summoned the trumpeter; and the city was full of commotion. On the morrow, at break of day, the Prytaneis summoned the Council to the Council-Chamber, while you made your way to the Assembly; and before the Council had transacted its business and passed its draft-resolution, the whole people was seated on the hillside (on the Pnyx). And now, when the Council had reported the intelligence which they had received, and had brought forward the messenger, and he had made his statement, the herald proceeded to ask, 'Who wishes to speak?' But no one came forward; and though the herald repeated the question many times, still no one rose, though all the generals were present, and all the orators, and the voice of their country was calling for some one to speak for her deliverance."

And yet for twenty-seven years this Ecclesia managed the

which negroes throughout the South picked up war news and emancipation rumours, ahead of the white people.

[1] Polybius, vi. 56.

[2] Demosthenes, *de Corona*, 169, 170 (Pickard-Cambridge). The firing of the wicker-work may be an alarm signal.

Peloponnesian War, and for many more years it had managed and still did manage the complicated business of an empire of two hundred and fifty cities, and did it all so well, that, but for a number of signal follies that a man might count on his fingers, the war would have been successfully ended and the empire kept. Alcibiades, speaking to the Spartans, declines to discuss Democracy—"about admitted folly, there is nothing new to be said."[1] Yet there must have been somewhere in that Assembly an amazing amount of sheer sense, business capacity, insight, and intelligence—not to speak of real knowledge of the actual conditions of the Greek world. From 478 to 405 it was the ruling force in the Greek world, and drove the Persian king out and kept him out. The Funeral Speech of Pericles must represent history pretty faithfully after all. Alcibiades tells the Spartans that it is evil demagogues who lead the people astray, but that again is a statement that will bear investigation.

Cleon is of course the most famous of all the demagogues, thanks to Thucydides and Aristophanes, and we have already given him a good deal of attention. Aristophanes describes himself in two plays as a sort of Herakles who faced the monster, for the safety of Athens and the islands, but in the description of Cleon as monster, perhaps the voice only is authentic—"the voice of a cataract, mother of destruction." No doubt the flatterers of Cleon are also taken from life. But Cleon was a significant figure in history, and, apart from his politics, his personality is interesting. Plutarch, with the *Athenaiôn Politeia* behind him, tells us that Cleon "first did away with the decorum of the *bêma*, and, in speaking to the people, would shout and pull off his mantle, and slap his thigh, and pace up and down as he talked; it was he who taught the politicians that cheapness and contempt for decency that soon after ruined everything."[2] Once he made the Ecclesia adjourn after waiting long for him—because he was busy, he had had a sacrifice and was entertaining strangers; and the Athenians laughed and adjourned.[3] Aristophanes says they listened to him

Every single man agape,
Most like to mussels cooking on the coals.[4]

[1] Thuc. vi. 89, 6.
[2] Plut. *Nicias*, 8, 3; Ἀθ. Πολ. 28, 3.
[3] Plut. *Nicias*, 7, 5.
[4] Aristophanes, *Babylonians Frag.* 68.

There was force and character about the man—violence, Thucydides said—a fine strong Jingo accent—there were no impossibilities with him ; the generals could do it if they liked —he could, if he were in their place ; and so on. And, as we know, he did it—once. Of course he was accused of taking bribes ; [1] perhaps he did. The Greek conscience was not very nice about the matter. He was reckless, ignorant, and ill-informed, and this was where he made his mistakes. He has the credit of being no friend to philosophy and the refinement of life, but he was not at all a worse citizen or worse man than many of the most brilliant of the new school. But he was vulgar, and that was unpardonable. More serious still was his insistence on war, which made him a danger to his country. On the other hand, he must have had a real gift for finance,[2] like his successor a decade later, the fatal Cleophon, another hopeless advocate of war to the last, when every sane mind could see it was as disastrous as it was impossible.

The most fatal figure of all who stood on the *bêma* was no lamp-seller or tanner or lyre-maker, but the brilliant Alcibiades. Eduard Meyer sums up his amazing youth, by saying that from boyhood up he looked on himself as the Crown Prince of Athens. He stood in a peculiarly close relation to Pericles as his ward, and perhaps there is no recorded incident of a most varied career more characteristic than the conversation (recorded or most happily imagined by Xenophon) in which the pupil of Socrates leads on the old statesman to discuss law and its nature. The youth plays Socrates to the life, and at last Pericles ends the discussion by saying : " At your age we used to be clever too, in such questions. It was just such matters we used to handle and practise our wits on, as you seem to be doing." " How I wish," the youth rejoined, with a crowning Alcibiadism,[3] " I could have known you when you were at your cleverest, Pericles ! " [4] He fascinated his countrymen with his brilliance and his audacity and clever-

[1] Aristophanes, *Ach.* 5 ; *Knights*, 834.

[2] Finance was the perpetual problem of Greek democracies. See Beloch, *Gr. Gesch.* ii. 25 ; see also Mr. Zimmern's *Greek Commonwealth*, p. 208, on the " incredible poverty " of Greek cities.

[3] Cf. scholiast on Thuc. vi. 18, where he says that certain phrases are κατ' Ἀλκιβιάδην.

[4] Xen. *Mem.* i. 2, 46.

ness,[1] and alienated them. The popular leaders disliked him, for he outshone them altogether, and they worked for his ruin, and effected it twice, and each time the consequences to Athens were immediately and desperately unhappy. But in spite of their leaders, the people could not get him out of their minds.

"I dare say," says Nicias, addressing the Athenians, "there may be some young man here who is delighted at holding a command, and the more so because he is too young for his post; and he, regarding only his own interest, may recommend you to sail [to Sicily]; he may be one who is much admired for his stud of horses, and wants to make something out of his command which will maintain him in his extravagance."[2] And so forth, about the colleague already elected to co-operate with him on the great expedition. The young man was ready with a reply.[3]

"Those doings of mine for which I am so much cried out against are an honour to myself and to my ancestors, and a solid advantage to my country. In consequence of the distinguished manner in which I represented the State at Olympia, the other Hellenes formed an idea of our power which even exceeded the reality, although they had previously imagined that we were exhausted by war. I sent into the lists seven chariots—no other private man ever did the like; I was victor, and also won the second and fourth prize; and I ordered everything in a style worthy of my victory. The general sentiment honours such magnificence; and the energy which is shown by it creates an impression of power. At home, again, whenever I gain éclat by providing choruses, or by the performance of some other public duty, although the citizens are naturally jealous of me, to strangers these acts of munificence are a new argument of our strength. There is some use in the folly of a man who at his own cost benefits not only himself, but the State."

The weak point in Alcibiades was that he was charlatan as well as genius; an element of make-believe can be traced through his whole career. He was not so sure a guide as he aimed at appearing; he did not, for instance, take enough

[1] Plutarch on his cleverness in adapting himself to his environment "with quicker changes than a chamaeleon" (*Alcib.* 23).

[2] Thuc. vi. 12 (Jowett).

[3] Thuc. vi. 16 (Jowett).

trouble to understand the real relations among the Peloponnesian powers, and so he involved his country in the Argive alliance and the defeat at Mantineia in 418—with exactly the result he was working to avoid, the restoration of Spartan prestige. The Greeks perhaps were less sensitive about lying than we suppose we are, so that the series of tricks by which he carried through his disastrous ideas in this case might not have injured his repute at home.[1] Similar adroitness was credited to Themistocles, to Pericles, and to Nicias himself, in dealing with the Spartans. If Thucydides is right in his statement that Alcibiades dreamed he might be conqueror not only of Syracuse but of Carthage,[2] it is a further indication of impulse and fancy outrunning insight, though, to be fair to him, he was not the only Greek of his day to play with the dream of conquering Carthage,[3] nor was he the last. With Sicilian statesmen and adventurers it was no dream, but a business, and one in which, after putting forth all their powers, all alike failed. There may have been generous Panhellenic sentiment in the thought, but it should never have come within the range of practical politics in Athens—it was chimerical, however desirable. Plutarch expands the dream of Alcibiades to include Libya with Carthage, and then Italy, and finally the Peloponnese.[4]

The perplexing episode of the mutilation of the Hermae gave the democrat leaders their chance. The evidence against Alcibiades was absurd, except for a people in panic, but it worked out in his ruin. How he "showed them he was still alive" is familiar—in Sparta and in Sardis, the same brilliant figure captivating dull Spartan royalty and the adroit Tissaphernes himself, and again in each case waking suspicion. After that came further triumphs—the launching first and then the wrecking of the oligarchy of the Four Hundred—and the crowning service which he did his country in the moment of

[1] Plutarch, it is true, says nobody praised his method, but it was a great achievement to split the Peloponnese (*Alcib.* 15).

[2] Thuc. vi. 15, 2.

[3] Cf. Aristophanes, *Knights*, 1303. Hyperbolus also dreamed of it. Plut. *Pericles*, 20, 3, says some did, even in Pericles' time.

[4] Plut. *Alcib.* 17; probably it is parody that has come down somehow from contemporary enemies of Alcibiades; of these there were plenty.

her supreme division against herself. The sailors at Samos would have sailed for the Peiraieus and added civil war to war with Sparta and Syracuse and the revolted allies. "Then Alcibiades appears to have done as eminent a service to the state as any man ever did. For if the Athenians at Samos in their excitement had been allowed to sail against their fellow-citizens, the enemy would instantly have obtained possession of Ionia and the Hellespont"—and the Hellespont, as was seen seven years later, was vital; it meant the daily bread of all Athens. "This he prevented, and at that moment no one else could have restrained the multitude; but he did restrain them."[1] So he regained a great deal of his old hold on the Athenians, but the old suspicions did not even yet die—his enemies saw to that. Did he, or did he not, wish to be tyrant?[2] Did his friendship with Tissaphernes point to such a desire? The slight defeat, inflicted on his pilot Antiochus by Lysander, in an engagement forbidden by Alcibiades himself, was used to secure his deposition, and he retired to a voluntary exile in a castle he held at Bisanthe, a place better known in our days as Rodosto[3] (Spring 407).

Two years later it was still a question with the Athenians, what to do or to think about Alcibiades. In the *Frogs*, produced at the Lenaea 405, Aristophanes represents Dionysus, still wavering as to whether he will bring back Euripides from the dead, as he first meant, or Aeschylus, and finally asking both as to the best policy for Athens.[4]

> DIONYSOS. I'll take whichever seems the best adviser.
> Advise me first of Alcibiades,
> Whose birth gives travail still to mother Athens.
> PLUTO. What is her disposition towards him?
> DIONYSOS. Well,
> "She loves and hates and longs still to possess."
> I want the views of both upon that question!

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[1] Thuc. viii. 86, 4, 5 (Jowett's translation), reading πρῶτος, as Hude also does, against Mr. Stuart Jones' πρῶτον in the Oxford text. πρῶτον hardly seems like a judgment of Thucydides at all—too epigrammatic and, besides, doubtful.

[2] Thuc. vi. 15, 4, surely referring to this stage of affairs.

[3] Xen. *Hellenica*, i. 5, 10–17.

[4] Aristophanes, *Frogs*, 1420–1434, Professor Murray's translation, with the last line from Mr. B. B. Rogers.

EURIPIDES. Out on the burgher, who to serve the state
Is slow, but swift to do her deadly hate,
With much wit for himself, and none for her.
DIONYSOS. Good, by Poseidon, that!—And what say you?
AESCHYLUS. No lion's whelp within thy precincts raise;
But, if it *be* there, bend thee to its ways!
DIONYSOS. By Zeus the Saviour, still I can't decide,
One is so clever and so clear the other!

So the city is left in travail. He had done Athens deadly harm when in exile in Sparta; and yet, lion's whelp as he was, who else could save Athens? Yes, but—— So there it hung.

One more service he did Athens, but in vain. He warned the generals before Aegospotami of their danger, and was snubbed for his pains. Then came the downfall of the Thirty. Alcibiades no longer felt secure even in Rodosto, and resolved, like a second Themistocles, to go to the gates of the Great King. But if Dionysos and Demos could not make up their minds about him, Critias did; and he told Lysander Athens would never settle down under an oligarchy while Alcibiades lived. So one night in a Phrygian village the house was fired over his head. Alert to the last, he saw what it meant, flung his goods to the flames, and sallied out, sword in hand, to die fighting, but the barbarians preferred to shoot him down from a safe distance. The dead body, Timandra, the *hetaira* who was travelling with him, buried with all the honour she could give it—a last witness to his charm.[1]

Even so the man's story was not finished. The debate still went on—a sort of King Charles the First's head question—and he pervades the literature. Lysias reviles him;[2] Xenophon defends Socrates against the charge of being too intimate with him;[3] Plato draws him again and again in the Socratic circle, and perhaps sketches the "Democratic man" from him[4]—a child of impulse, every pleasure a free and equal citizen in a many-sided character, beautiful, various, unsteady, a whole "bazar" of notions and fancies and ideas, to one thing constant never; and Aristotle, as we have seen, says history

[1] Plut. *Alcib.* 37–39.
[2] Lysias, xiv.
[3] Xen. *Mem.* i. 2, 12–18, 24–39.
[4] So Steinhart cited by Adam, *ap. Rep.* viii. 561c. On the democratic man, see further, Chapter IX. p. 298.

deals with particulars—such as " what Alcibiades did or had done to him." [1]

So far we have been dealing with policies and politicians —always fascinating themes ; but in ancient history as in modern history there is always the same danger of forgetting how small a part of life is really covered by politics. History may be written too much from the Pnyx as from St. Stephen's, from inscriptions as from documents. We have to remember that throughout this long period, the twenty-seven years of the Peloponnesian War, life went on in Athens as far as it could on its usual lines—birth, marriage, and death, the ritual of temple and festival, and the Black Sea trade never stopped. " Of all men," said Demosthenes, " we use the most imported wheat," [2] and it came from the Black Sea. The price of fish rose and fell—a too frequent subject among the fragments of the Comic poets ; Boeotian poultry and eels from Copais were scarce and dear, and wonderfully welcome when they did come.[3] Strangers came and went — merchants, travellers, sophists, envoys, from anywhere and everywhere—islanders to have their law-suits decided and to pay their tribute, Sicilians to teach the Athenians how to speak and write Greek, astronomers like Meton, Persian envoys, real ones [4] and, if we dare believe Aristophanes, sham ones too, and, what is more, Persian refugees.[5] The Great King, if Aristophanes is right, took a close interest in Athens, for he wished to know two things : which of the belligerents was more powerful on the sea,

> And next, which the wonderful Poet has got, as its stern and unsparing adviser ;
> For those who are lashed by his satire, he said, must surely be better and wiser.[6]

War-time brought with it of course special interests and excitements. The makers of weapons and armour are conspicuous in Aristophanes' play, *The Peace*, as opponents of

[1] Aristotle, *Poetics*, 9, 3, p. 1451*b*.

[2] Dem. *de Cor.* 87. Cf. *Lept.* 32, where he says 400,000 bushels a year from King Leucon's country.

[3] Aristophanes, *Ach.* 885 ; *Peace*, 1003 ; *Lysistrata*, 35.

[4] Thuc. iv. 50.

[5] Herodotus, iii. 80, Zopyros.

[6] Aristophanes, *Ach.* 648.

reconciliation—their occupation would be gone. It must have been a very considerable occupation at all times in Athens, and especially during the war. Old Cephalos, of Plato's *Republic*, who was glad he had been rich, because riches save a man from so much sin,[1] had a shield-factory (his son Lysias tells us) in which he employed one hundred and twenty slaves,[2] and he and his made money,—"We served in every form of *choregia*, and many a war tax we paid,"—lived orderly lives, and ransomed many Athenians from the enemy. The number of fleets launched and of ships lost implies a very great ship-building industry in the Peiraieus, and a correspondingly large import of lumber from Macedonia,[3] and perhaps elsewhere.[4]

Of the sailing of a fleet we have two descriptions from this period. Thucydides tells us, in memorable chapters,[5] how the great expedition set sail for Sicily. "Early in the morning of the day appointed, the Athenians and such of their allies as had already joined them went down to the Peiraieus and began to man the ships. The entire population of Athens accompanied them, citizens and strangers alike. The citizens came to take farewell, one of an acquaintance, another of a kinsman, another of a son; the crowd as they passed along were full of hope and full of tears; hope of conquering Sicily, tears because they doubted whether they would ever see their friends again, when they thought of the long voyage on which they were sending them. At the moment of parting, the danger was nearer; and terrors which had never occurred to them when they were voting the expedition now entered into their souls. Nevertheless their spirits revived at the sight of the armament in all its strength and of the abundant provision which they had made. The strangers and the rest of the multitude came out of curiosity, desiring to witness an enterprise of which the greatness exceeded belief." The trierarchs, he goes on to say, had rivalled one another in the pains they had taken to make their ships beautiful and effective. "Men were quite amazed at the boldness of the scheme and the magnificence of the spectacle." "When the ships were manned

[1] Plato, *Rep.* i. 328D ff.
[2] Lysias, *c. Eratosth.*, 17–19.
[3] Thuc. iv. 108.
[4] Perhaps Mount Ida; cf. Xen. *Hellenica*, i. 1, 25.
[5] Thuc. vi. cc. 30–32 (Jowett).

and everything required for the voyage had been placed on board, silence was proclaimed by the sound of a trumpet, and all with one voice before setting sail offered up the customary prayers; these were recited, not in each ship, but by a single herald, the whole fleet accompanying him. On every deck officers and men, mingling wine in bowls, made libations from vessels of gold and silver. The multitude of citizens and other well-wishers who were looking on from the land joined in the prayer. The crews raised the Paean, and when the libations were completed, put to sea. After sailing out for some distance in single file, the ships raced with one another as far as Aegina."

That is a worthy description of a great moment in a nation's history, and it brings to us that suggestion of Tragedy which lies so near when we read Thucydides. But many fleets sailed sooner or later, some to come back eminently victorious; and the conditions of the dockyard and the Peiraieus generally are given from another point of view by Aristophanes, and his picture deserves study no less:

> Ye would have launched three hundred ships of war,
> And all the City had at once been full
> Of shouting troops, of fuss with trierarchs,
> Of paying wages, gilding Pallases,
> Of rations measured, roaring colonnades,
> Of wineskins, oarloops, bargaining for casks,
> Of nets of onions, olives, garlic-heads,
> Of chaplets, pilchards, flute-girls, and black eyes.
> And all the Arsenal had rung with noise
> Of oar-spars planed, pegs hammered, oarloops fitted,
> Of boatswains' calls, and flutes, and trills, and whistles.[1]

Now and again we come on a personal note in our records, which gives us a closer look at what happened at these times. In a speech made by Lysias for some one whose name is lost, the speaker emphasizes what a fine piece of work he made of his ship when he was trierarch in 408 (or 407) at the time of Alcibiades' sailing. "I will offer you a convincing proof of this. For, in the first place, I would have given a great deal not to have him sailing with me, for he was no friend of mine, nor a kinsman, nor of my tribe; but Alcibiades chose to sail on my ship. And yet I think you know that, as general and able to do what he pleased, he would not have embarked on

[1] Aristophanes, *Ach.* 544–554 (B. B. Rogers).

any ship but the best sailer, when he was going to risk his own life." [1]

The ships of Athens from time to time raided the Peloponnese, as Thucydides mentions,[2] but there is no record of what impression the damage done made on the Peloponnesians. It must have been severe, and terrible too in its suddenness, but they "lacked a sacred bard." It is Aristophanes alone who gives them such sympathy as they get.[3] The islanders bribed the chief men of Sparta, who

> Greedily embraced the war.
> But from this their own advantage ruin to their farmers came;
> For from hence the eager galleys sailing forth with vengeful aim,
> Swallowed up the figs of people who were not, perchance, to blame.

No doubt the sailors and soldiers made something of the booty; but it is not likely that this availed much to console the Attic farmer, lamenting "the dusky figtree I had loved and nurtured so," now felled by Peloponnesian invaders.

One feature of an expedition sailing and war undertaken was the oracle-teller with his book,[4] the seer (*μάντις*), and the whole tribe of prophets. They were liable to error, as we find from Thucydides, and as the Athenians found, when the Syracusan expedition failed, and they vented some of their anger on the oracle-tellers.[5] They were very busy "chanting oracles" when the war began; [6] and when the invasion of Attica took place and all the Athenians stood about in groups in the streets, disputing whether to go out and fight or to forbear, the soothsayer was there with "oracles of the most different kinds." [7] When the plague came, it established the reading λοιμὸς as against λιμὸς in a well-known oracle.[8] Nicias kept the breed in house and camp, though the prophet who gave the last fatal word for a delay of a lunar month, we learn, was not his familiar friend Stilbides, who really "took away much of his superstition," but another.[9] Finally, in one play of Aristophanes' and another the oracle-teller comes in, an absurd figure, reciting silly and awful oracles in hexameter

[1] Lysias, xxi. 6. [2] Thuc. ii. 25, 56; iii. 7, 16; iv. 54.
[3] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 624.
[4] Aristophanes, *Birds*, 960 ff., with λάβε τὸ βιβλίον as a refrain.
[5] Thuc. viii. 1. [6] Thuc. ii. 8. [7] Thuc. ii. 21. [8] Thuc. ii. 54.
[9] Plut. *Nicias*, 23, 5; Stilbides had died.

verse, and getting little out of it but ridicule. Yes, the trade was full of impostors; but who could tell but that at last he might find a prophet who really knew?[1] That hope seems a permanent weakness of mankind.

Quite apart from individuals, the state also as a whole was guided from time to time by oracles. In the winter of 426, Thucydides says, the Athenians "by command of an oracle purified the island of Delos."[2] Pisistratus, a hundred or more years before, had "purified" it so far as it lay within sight of the temple. Now the Athenians removed from the graves all the dead they could find—Thucydides may have been there, or he may owe his information to another, but he tells us that the arms found with the dead, and the mode in which they were buried, made it clear that more than half of them were Carians.[3] That, however, was archæology, and a private interest of the historian's; it was piety that moved Athens to action. To keep the island pure for the future, it was ordained "that none should die or give birth to a child there, but that the inhabitants when they were near the time of either should be carried across to Rheneia,"[4] an island close by. After the purification the Athenians celebrated the Delian games, which were held every four years; and Thucydides again turns to archæology and quotes the Homeric hymn to Apollo to prove the ancient Ionian festival there, and the musical contests, in which Homer had taken part, as the poet says himself—

The blind old man from Chios' rocky isle.

All that had been left of the festival had been the choruses, sent with sacrifices by the Athenians and the islanders; but now the games were restored in full, and horse-races added.

Plutarch tells us that Nicias took special pains about these religious observances at Delos. When the ships with the choruses arrived, the people used to crowd down to the wharves

[1] See the account of Hippias, Chapter I. p. 34.

[2] Thuc. iii. 104, on Delos. See J. Irving Manatt, *Aegaean Days*, p. 196 ff., on Delos and Rheneia, and the spacious and secure harbour between them; and H. F. Tozer, *Islands of the Aegaean*, ch. i.

[3] Thuc. i. 8.

[4] A modern Japanese parallel may be interesting. "Until recently births and deaths were prohibited on the sacred island of Itsukushima in the Inland Sea" (W. G. Aston, *Shinto*, p. 251).

and call on them to sing ; and they would come ashore, robing and crowning themselves, and singing, in no order at all. Nicias, however, landed his chorus and offerings and everything on Rheneia, and brought a bridge ready-made, gilded and painted and hung with curtains ; and then at dawn he marched his procession over the bridge in order, singing as they stepped. He set up a bronze palm-tree in the god's honour, and bought a farm for 10,000 drachmas, whose revenues were to yield an annual banquet for the Delians, at which they were to pray to the gods for "many blessings for Nicias." [1] Even so the Athenians were not quite satisfied, and in 422 they cleared the Delians out altogether, and Pharnaces, the satrap of Daskyleion, gave them a refuge at Adramyttium.[2] A Delian inscription of about 403 is taken to be a decree of the Spartans reinstating the Delians in possession of their own temple and temple treasure,[3] just as the Melians and Aeginetans, as many as could be found, were given back their own lands.[4] Afterwards it is clear that Athens recovered and kept Delos—perhaps by 377 B.C.[5]

Delos was not the only centre of religion and festival. Alcibiades, as we have seen him boast, took care that Athens should be heard of at Olympia in 416. In 420 Lichas, a Spartan honourably known in the history of the period,[6] had won the chariot race with a chariot entered in the name of the Boeotian state, and when he had crowned his victorious driver, he had been struck by the officers, to the consternation of everybody.[7] But in 416 the glory all redounded to Athens. What is more curious, Euripides wrote a triumphal ode for the event, which Plutarch quotes to show (against Thucydides) that the third chariot of Alcibiades came in third in the race and not fourth.[8] There is something to be said for Plutarch's canon that small things are often more illuminative than great.[9]

Beside the old ancestral gods of Delos and Olympia, new gods altogether begin in this period to be conspicuous in

[1] Plut. *Nicias*, 3, 4–6.

[2] Thuc. v. 1. For Pharnaces and his Greek interests, see Chapter VII. p. 210.

[3] Hicks and Hill, No. 83.

[4] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 2, 9.

[5] Hicks and Hill, No. 104.

[6] See Chapter VI. p. 169.

[7] Thuc. v. 50.

[8] Plut. *Alcib.* 11.

[9] Plut. *Alexander*, 1.

Athens. All sorts of strangers were settling there and bringing their cults with them—some coming as slaves, some as traders. For instance, in 411, in the *Lysistrata* Aristophanes makes the *Proboulos* refer to a strange occurrence of five years before, which posterity remembered[1]—

> Has then the women's wantonness blazed out,
> Their constant timbrels and Sabazioses,
> And that Adonis-dirge upon the roof,
> Which once I heard in full Assembly-time,
> 'Twas when Demostratus (beshrew him) moved
> To sail to Sicily; and from the roof
> A woman, dancing, shrieked *Woe, woe, Adonis*!
> And *he* proposed to enrol Zacynthian hoplites;
> And *she* upon the roof, the maudlin woman,
> Cried *Wail, Adonis*! yet he forced it through.

Sabazios was a Phrygian god,[2] and Adonis came from Syria, probably with Cyprus as a half-way house.[3] Asclepios also was moved from Epidauros to Athens, though without losing his ancient abode, and inscriptions testify to clubs organized in his honour, and their members, *orgeones*.

But while these universal gods with orgiastic rites begin to appear beside the local cults, which they were to overshadow and to obscure, far more characteristic of Athens are still those festivals of Dionysus, with which were associated the plays, Tragedies and Comedies, which men will never cease to read. Sabazios is long gone and Adonis with him, but *Oedipus at Colonos* and *The Birds* still live. I do not wish here to speak of them as literature, but rather to remark the circumstances of their production. Athens was at war—had been at war for years, and had suffered terribly in loss of life and wealth and spirit. Sophocles was an old man. When he was between fifty and sixty, Athens had made him a General, and he had commanded with Pericles at the siege of Samos, as we have seen. Nearly thirty years later in 413, some hold that Athens turned

[1] Plut. *Nicias*, 12, 13; and Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*, 389.

[2] Cf. Aristophanes, *Birds* (year 415), 873, Sabazios and the Great Mother.

[3] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 420. See Beloch, *Gr. Gesch.* ii. pp. 4, 5, on the incoming of foreign cults; and W. S. Ferguson, *Hellenistic Athens*, 217.

to him again for political service and made him a *Proboulos*, in that endeavour for "sense, economy, and good order" which ended in the affair of the Four Hundred—"wickedness"; the poet admitted that, "but there was nothing better to do."[1] Perhaps even then he was working at his *Oedipus*—an extraordinary poem for so old a man, one would say, if Euripides had not almost at the same time produced his *Bacchae*.

That is the amazing thing—"I will not cease to wed Grace and the Muse—happiest of unions. Be it not mine to live without the Muse, but ever be garlands mine. Old indeed is the singer, but yet of Memory he sings":

ἔτι τοι γέρων ἀοιδος
κελαδεῖ Μναμοσύναν.[2]

And that is true of them both, of Sophocles and Euripides—true up to the very end, and this in a community dragging desperately on with its death struggle. Athens has leisure of mind for masterpieces of art, and what is more—though it is difficult to put it into words and avoid the appearance of nonsense—Athens has still the corporate vitality that makes such masterpieces possible. She produced, it is true, no new Tragic poets of much account; yet the old ones and she had still in common the energy of mind and abundance of life on which a national poetry depends. When the two old men died and Agathon went away to Macedon, the change was felt. There were "thousands and thousands of youngsters making tragedies,"—whole "Museums of swallows,"—but none with vitality for more than one play at best.[3] Dionysos had to descend into Hell again, this time not for Semele, but for Euripides; and he does it in the *Frogs*.[4]

Once again the *Frogs* is another astounding illustration

[1] Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, iii. 18, 6, p. 1419*a*. Sir Richard Jebb in a note to his translation says it was another Sophocles. It may have been, of course—we know of another in Thucydides sent to Sicily (iii. 115) and exiled (iv. 65)—but I am not sure. For the *Probouloi*, see Chapter VI. p. 186.

[2] Eur. *Hercules Furens* (rather after 424 B.C.), 673. Memory is not quite our plain English faculty, but the Memory of the Greek myth, who was Mother to all the Muses. Cf. Aesch. *Prom. V.* 461, and Plato, *Theaetetus*, 191D.

[3] Aristophanes, *Frogs*, 89 ff.

[4] More upon this in Chapter V.

of Athenian life and character. It was produced at the *Lenaea* of 405, between the last two great battles—Arginusae, with its horrible sequel of the trial of the generals, and Aegospotami—produced for a public festival, and its theme is literary criticism, the comparative merits of two great Tragic poets. There never was such a people; they gave Aristophanes the prize—once more one remarks with wonder the amazing leisure of mind and resilience of character of this strange race.

Aristophanes is in many things a typical Athenian—or at least so it must seem to moderns who read ordinary Athenian life in his plays and know that Athens valued him above all her comic poets, not merely as she came to value Euripides, for she crowned and crowned him again while he lived. From what we can make out from the fragments of other poets, the lines for Comedy were laid down by tradition, and food and drink and the *phallos* were inherent in the scheme; and, just as the chorus was an essential part both of Tragedy and Comedy, they could not be left out. But there is little indication that Aristophanes wanted to leave them out, so riotously and triumphantly do his wit and his humour play about them. He stood with his people here. If it is urged that his plots are generally slight, and that the structure of his plays is generally the same, with the same type of opening scene and the same dependence toward the end on mere episode, some part of this may be due to tradition.[1] At the same time, if genius be an infinite capacity for taking pains, genius is very apt to shirk unnecessary pains; and if, like Shakespeare, it can borrow a plot, or, like Aristophanes, do without one, it will. A stranger feature in the Aristophanic play is the general absence of characters. Dikaiopolis, most of us would feel, could change places with Trygaios, or any other virtuous patriot of ordinary appetites; either of them owes all he has to the poet—of wit and invention and love of ease—and is little more than a mask. The Cleon, the Euripides, the Socrates, and the Lamachus of the plays are frankly caricatures, hardly intended to be characters at all. Of psychology there is a minimum—no Aguecheek, no Shylock; villains, knaves,

[1] Of this we might be more sure if we had the comedies of other poets of his day intact.

fools, absurdities, plenty of them, and all highly coloured and superbly funny. The women of the plays are few, and slighter than the men, and where they are not absurd, the interest is simply phallic; even in a serious play like the *Lysistrata* the heroine makes no disguises about her strongest suit—her only one, it might be said. As a politician, Aristophanes is outrageously—gloriously—partisan; and if anything is wanted to complete the comedy of his politics, it is supplied by historians, ancient and modern, who have taken them seriously. One could imagine his enjoyment at such a discovery, if certain historians have had any circulation in the Elysian fields.

There is no writer of the period who so successfully takes us into family life of a kind[1]—cookery, tastes in dishes, the handiness of wife and daughter and Thracian slave-girl, domestic implements and incidents.[2] Above all, nowhere else do we touch the country life of Attica at all so nearly—outdoor and indoor; take, for instance, the famous picture of the wet day and its relaxations in the *Peace*.[3] But the pleasure of man and woman with nature as a background is a familiar theme in antiquity; it is not so often that a poet has much attention for nature, when man and woman are away. Euripides had it, and so had Aristophanes, as the bird-lyrics show:

> Come hither any bird with plumage like my own;
> Come hither ye that batten on the acres newly sown,
> On the acres by the farmer neatly sown;
> And the myriad tribes that feed on the barley and the seed,
> The tribes that lightly fly, giving out a gentle cry;
> And ye who round the clod, in the furrow-riven sod,
> With voices sweet and low, twitter flitter to and fro,
> Singing *tio, tio, tio, tiotinx*;
> And ye who in the gardens a pleasant harvest glean,
> Lurking in the branches of the ivy ever green;
> And ye who top the mountains with gay and airy flight;
> And ye who in the olive and the arbutus delight;
> Come hither one and all, come flying to our call,
> *Triotó, triotó, totobrinx*.[4]

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[1] Another kind we shall see in Chapter XI.

[2] Aristophanes, *Ach.* 241–278.

[3] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 1127–1171. Cf. on this scene Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, *Outdoor Life in Greek and Roman Poets* (a charming book), ch. ii.; and Livingstone, *Greek Genius*, p. 129.

[4] Aristophanes, *Birds*, 229 (B. B. Rogers).

It is not every farmer even to-day who is friendly to the birds. Perhaps it was this flippancy about the loss of good grain that induced the audience to give the play only the second prize. I think it is only in Virgil in antiquity that we find such whole-hearted sympathy with birds and mice and other depredators who prey on the farmer—and both the poets loved the farmer too.

"He of old," writes Marcus Aurelius, "says, 'Dear City of Cecrops!' and thou, wilt not thou say, 'O dear City of Zeus'?"[1] It is Aristophanes he is quoting, and one of his earliest plays, though where Marcus read the *Babylonians* it is hard to guess, or why the phrase stayed in his mind. "Dear City of Cecrops" represents the poet's attitude. He made fun of his fellow-countrymen—they expected it and wanted it, and he did it. He abused their leaders—and it looks as if they rather enjoyed it[2]—a trait of Athenian character worth remembering, for it was not shared by the Spartans, and the time came when Athens felt she could do without politics in Comedy.[3] Their prevailing politics the poet never liked—war and empire and the ill-usage of other Greeks were repulsive to him. His is one of the friendliest voices we hear in Athens for the allies and all the Hellenes.

It is a curious thing that one of Aristophanes' deepest antipathies gives us a clue to the real culture of his audience. How was it that he was able to quote so much of Euripides—to parody word and scene from him—and not miss fire? Take it in conjunction with Plutarch's story of the Athenian prisoners in Sicily singing Euripides' lyrics,[4] and a good deal is achieved to vindicate against some modern critics the general high culture of the Athenian people.

But, for all the amenities of life, the long war told on the national temper. The losses of life by war and plague, and by the Sicilian expedition, were enormous—"of many who went out, few came home."[5] "What have you women to

[1] Marcus Aurelius, iv. 23.

[2] Grote (viii. 131) suggests the democracy was strong enough to tolerate unfriendly tongues. E. Meyer, iv. § 560, holds that the people rather liked having their leaders "chaffed"—even despised them.

[3] Cf. speech of Critias, *ap.* Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 3, 34.

[4] Plut. *Nicias*, 29, 2. Cf. Chapter V. p. 140.

[5] Thuc. vii., last chapter.

do with war?" asks the *Proboulos* of Lysistrata, and she rejoins:

> She. Nothing to do with it? wretch that you are!
> We are the people who feel it the keenliest,
> Doubly on us the affliction is cast;
> Where are the sons that we sent to your battle-fields?
> He. Silence! a truce to the ills that are past.

What consolation Pericles' speech had for mothers of fallen sons may be wondered.

For those who lived, the war made everything more difficult. The country people crowded into the city and lived where they could, "for eight years together, in tubs and turrets and crannies."[1] The Peloponnesian invasions steadily impoverished them, and living was always a struggle in a Greek city. Pay for service in the law courts, in the Ecclesia, on the ships, was necessary for poor freemen who had to compete with slave labour; and the numbers of slaves in Athens must have been enormous—all to be fed, too. Cephalos, as we saw, had one hundred and twenty at the end of the war. If the pressure of slave on freeman was perhaps lightened, when the Spartans fortified Deceleia and more than twenty thousand slaves, mostly artisans, ran away, others suffered heavily by the loss of this living property. Cattle and sheep were taken by the enemy, and all sorts of plunder. One very curious and interesting fact comes from the Greek history lately found at Oxyrhynchus.[2] "The Thebans made a great stride forward to all-round prosperity (*εὐδαιμονίαν ὁλόκληρον*) immediately the war began;" for in the first place the menace of Athens led to the removal of population from many small and unwalled places into Thebes, and so doubled Thebes, which, after the occupation of Deceleia, "did much better, for they bought cheap the slaves and the other plunder of the war, and living so near they shifted over to themselves all the movable property (*κατασκευὴν*) of Attica, down to the timber and tiles of the houses. At that time the land of the Athenians was in a better state than any in Greece, for it had suffered little in the raids, and had been developed and worked by the Athenians to such an extent that . . ." and here the papyrus fails us.

[1] Aristophanes, *Knights* (year 424), 793. [2] *Hellenica Oxyrhynchia*, 12, 3.

Hitherto the corn route had been from Byzantium, along the north coast of the Propontis, out of the Dardanelles, picking up the islands (always essential to Athens) Imbros, Lemnos, and Scyros, to Euboea, then across the island and over the Euripos, and by land from Oropus through Attica to Athens. That way was now blocked by the Deceleian garrison, and the ships had to round Sunium with constant risk (after the destruction of the Athenian fleet) from privateers and pirates.[1] The cost of everything rose, and at the same time coin and the precious metals in any form became scarcer and scarcer, till at last temple treasures and votive offerings had to be minted, and so Athens had her first gold coinage, "using the Victories for the war."[2] Taxation, liturgies, trierarchies—there was no end to it.

With the enemy so near there was garrison duty night and day, and the habit of carrying weapons, which had long been dropped in Athens,[3] began again perforce.[4] Aristophanes makes fun of it—or at least Lysistrata does to the *Proboulos*:[5]

> Lysistrata. Now in the market you see them like Corybants jangling about with their armour of mail.
> Fiercely they stalk in the midst of the crockery, sternly parade by the cabbage and kail.
> Proboulos. Right, for a soldier should always be soldierly!
> Lysistrata. Troth, 'tis a mighty ridiculous jest,
> Watching them haggle for shrimps in the market-place, grimly accoutred with shield and with crest.
> Stratyllis. Lately I witnessed a captain of cavalry, proudly the while on his charger he sat,
> Witnessed him, soldierly, buying an omelet, stowing it all in his cavalry hat.
> Comes, like a Tereus, a Thracian irregular, shaking his dart and his target to boot;
> Off runs a shop-girl, appalled at the sight of him, down he sits, soldierly, gobbles her fruit.

The contrast with the usual peaceful unconcern of Athenian life is signal.[6]

War is "a violent teacher," as Thucydides said,[7] and these

[1] Thuc. vii. 27, 28.
[2] Aristophanes, *Frogs*, 720; C.I.A. i. 140.
[3] Thuc. i. 6.
[4] Thuc. vii. 28.
[5] Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*, 557–564 (B. B. Rogers).
[6] Cf. Demosthenes, *Midias*, 221.
[7] Thuc. iii. 82, 2. See Chapter III. p. 71.

were some of its lessons. It is not surprising that the Athenian temper grew sharper, that the *αὐτοδὰξ τρόπος*, the "bite-at-sight habit," [1] grew more and more nervous and irritable. There was no mercy for generals who failed—Laches, Paches, Eurymedon, or Thucydides. Nicias was afraid to come back beaten from Syracuse, though to bring away what he could of the beaten forces and fleet was the only patriotism. The generals after Arginusae are an even more outstanding illustration.

One bad example the Peloponnesians set, which caused great irritation and was copied. Early in the war they began capturing trading vessels, *ὁλκάδες*, and killing the traders, whether Athenians, or Athenian allies, or neutrals.[2] The Samian delegates told one Spartan admiral "he had an ill manner of liberating Hellas, if he put to death men who were not his enemies, and were not lifting a hand against him, but were allies of Athens from necessity." [3] Then came reprisals in kind. The Mitylene massacre was indeed countermanded, but Melos was *andrapodized*, the adult men killed, the women and children sold off to dealers for the slave-markets and *πορνεῖα* of the Mediterranean.[4] The Aeginetans, expelled from their island, and settling in the Thyreatis, were raided, and the captives taken to Athens and killed there "for the hatred they had always had to them from of old." [5] Finally before Aegospotami it was resolved to cut the right hand off every man captured on a Peloponnesian trireme—he should row no more.[6] To his credit the general, Adeimantos, spoke against it. Of two triremes, a Corinthian and an Andrian, which they took, they drove the crews over a precipice.

Then came the final blow, and the memory with it of the precedents they had set. Let Xenophon, who grew up in the Athens of the war, and must have been there, tell us what he saw.

[1] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 607. [2] Thuc. ii. 67. [3] Thuc. iii. 32.

[4] Thuc. v. 116. This killing and enslaving of a whole city is discussed by Plato and deprecated in the case of Greek against Greek; Greek against barbarian is another story—they are natural enemies, and war between them is not *στάσις*, as between Greeks who are by nature friends. *Rep.* 469B–470C. To understand what it meant, the modern reader had better look up the treatment of Chios by the Turks in 1822.

[5] Thuc. iv. 57, 4. [6] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 1, 31, 32.

"It was night when the Paralos vessel came, and the disaster was told in Athens; and wailing came up from Peiraieus between the Long Walls to the city, every man telling the next. So that, that night, no man slept, wailing not only for the lost but still more for themselves, thinking they must themselves suffer what they had done to the Melians, who were colonists of the Spartans, when they took them by siege, and to the people of Histiaea, of Scione, of Torone, of Aegina, and many others of the Greeks." All through the siege of Athens, as Xenophon shows us, this thought came back again and again—that Athens must suffer what she had inflicted on the little cities.[1]

She did not suffer it; but let us ask ourselves how and why it is that we forgive her all the wrong she made others suffer, and do not forgive those who even thought of inflicting as much on her again.

[1] The story is taken up in Chapter VI. p. 189.

CHAPTER V

EURIPIDES

BIOGRAPHY is never an easy task—least of all when its subject is a poet. With care we may track him down, till we can account for almost every month of his life — with date and place exactly given — and then when we have found him where impressions must have come most vividly, he tells us that all the time he was thinking of something else—he had

> A strangeness in the mind,
> A feeling that I was not for that hour
> Nor for that place.

And we discover that amid what would most have impressed us, he was

> Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone.

But when our subject is a poet of the ancient world, we are less likely to make a true biography. Yet the ancient poet lived a life—lived it among men at a certain time and in a certain place; and whatever strange seas of thought he voyaged through, sometimes we know the port from which he started and can guess the haven which he tried to make, and sometimes, if we know contemporary history, we can divine how it was that this or that came to be marked so emphatically upon his chart.

Euripides, men said, was born on the very day of the battle of Salamis, and on the island of Salamis—on the day which marks the beginning of a new era for all Greeks, and he of all men most definitely belongs to the new age. On Salamis he lived as a man for a good deal of his time, we are told; and perhaps he grew up there. What is that makes a childhood? What was it to grow up on a little estate that perhaps lay near the scene of the great fight? When he looked back, did he remember wrecks of Phoenician galleys, dropping slowly to pieces upon the beach—strange trophies, cups of Eastern

workmanship, swords and armour of no pattern Greeks ever saw again, kept in the houses of the Salaminians—each with its story ? [1] Do we realize how often memory is three generations deep, and what this means to an imaginative child ? Was he told tales of the great war ? He must have heard them—of Marathon and Hippias, and Pisistratus. And there would be slaves in the houses round about—who came on the great Armada from the utmost ends of the earth, and were taken by the victorious Greeks and sold ; and the boy made friends with them, men and women, and they told him what it was to be sold in a strange land—hither or thither, where they did not know—Sparta, Sicily, Athens—the gods only knew, and perhaps they did not care.

> Who am I that I sit
> Here at a Greek king's door,
> Yea, in the dust of it ?
> A slave that men drive before,
> A woman that hath no home,
> Weeping alone for her dead ;
> A low and bruisèd head,
> And the glory struck therefrom.[2]

Such stories, and worse ones, told in a foreigner's halting Greek [3] to a sensitive child formed the reverse of the glorious tales of victory he learnt from parents and kinsmen, from the freemen and the conquerors. Grown people know that

> things like this must be
> In every famous victory,

but the child asks, Why ? and when he is told to be silent, he asks himself the question ; and if Nature has planned a poet in him, the unanswered question may never cease to work. Such things must have lain at the door for the open eyes of the Greek child, Euripides, and they haunted his life.

Then came boyhood and books, and the choice of a life. Legend says he wished to be a painter—a strange choice.

[1] If evidence is needed, Pericles speaks (Thuc. ii. 13, 4) of *σκῦλα Μηδικὰ καὶ εἴ τι τοιουτότροπον ;* and the inventories of the treasures in the Parthenon between 422 and 418 B.C. (Hicks and Hill, *Greek Inscr.*, No. 66) include six *ἀκινάκαι περίχρυσοι*, Persian swords. Cf. Herodotus, vii. 190 ; viii. 8, 96 ; ix. 80.

[2] *Troades*, 138 (Professor Gilbert Murray).

[3] Aristophanes shows us how foreign slaves stumbled in Greek.

"No youth of parts," says Plutarch, "because he saw the Zeus of Olympia, would wish therefore to be a Pheidias." [1] Euripides came of a good family — *σφόδρα εὐγενῶν* — and in spite of his lifelong interest in the arts, he never became painter or sculptor. He never took to public life, like Sophocles; he never was called to command on the deck of a trireme nor to draft a constitution for his country; he was not wanted. When he served as a soldier, for he probably had to serve in his turn, unless luck sent him to Egypt or Cyprus, it was probably against Greeks he had to fight. If he served in Egypt by any chance, it was an awful lesson he learnt of the meaning of war.[2] But this is all conjecture. There was war enough for him to see, and prisoners of war on sale in the slave-market, where he could see what has always been seen in slave-markets. He seems to have gone back to private life—to his books. Athenaeus [3] names him among some half-dozen men of the days before the Pergamene kings, who were famous for their great libraries, and two of these were tyrants in their time. A hundred years after his death it was said that his favourite study was a cave on the island of Salamis that fronted the sea; "from which cause also he draws the greater part of his similes from the sea." [4] That is natural enough, and what a picture it suggests of the man, with the worn face that we know and remember from the portrait busts, reading his philosophers in the quiet place, till tired and perplexed he lays down his book and looks at the sea and the birds. Those glimpses of the sea and of the birds come back in his poetry, till one can almost smell the sea and watch the birds. To this we must return.

A poet in the fifth century, deeply read in the books of the philosophers, full of the sense of the beauty and wonder of the world, sea and land, perplexed too by human life—where else could he find that opening for the expression of himself that Tragedy gave? No other mode of poetry offered

[1] *Pericles*, 2.

[2] In the Athenian expedition that failed, 459–454 B.C.

[3] Athenaeus, i. p. 3. For a contemporary library, see Xen. *Mem.* iv. 2, 1, the young Euthydemos *γράμματα πολλὰ συνειλεγμένον ποιητῶν τε καὶ σοφιστῶν τῶν εὐδοκιμωτάτων.*

[4] Aulus Gellius quotes the story from Philochorus, *N.A.* xv. 20, 5. Cf. *Vita*, 59 ff.

such scope for the utterance of the strange conflict that the sentient spirit knows in such times:

> Now believing,
> Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed
> With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground
> Of obligation, what the rule and whence
> The sanction.

There is so much that seems sound and true, and in sheer contrast and opposition stands as much. The spirit is torn this way and that in the war of good with good, and right with right. And the feeling grows and deepens that if all this could but find expression, matters would be helped forward—as if once the problem were fairly stated, the solution would be something nearer. It was in some such mood, one would suppose, that Goethe said that man is not born to solve the problem of the universe but to find out wherein it consists.

So to Tragedy Euripides turned, and from 455 when he was some twenty-five years of age till his death in 406, he spent his life in writing plays for the festivals of Athens. Sometimes, it is more than likely, his plays were not presented. Five times in these years he was awarded the prize, which often fell to Sophocles. Other and lesser men eclipsed him — in 415 "Xenocles, whoever he may have been," as an ancient writer puts it, produced a play that won the prize against the *Troades*. Other things he wrote, we are told—an ode for Alcibiades when three of his chariots were "placed" at Olympia in 416[1]—an epitaph for the Athenians who fell at Syracuse.[2] But he was not popular in a general sense—he was attacked furiously by Aristophanes, and he felt the ill will of his fellow-citizens, and at last left Athens, as Aeschylus did sixty years before, never to return. He went to the court of King Archelaos of Macedon, and there at seventy he wrote the *Bacchae*, the play of all his plays where men find most the note of freedom and escape—escape from the sea and its storms, the haven reached and toils ended. So indeed it proved. Two years later he died and was buried in the strange land of refuge (406).[3]

Yet his life had not been one without friendship and recognition. The invitation of King Archelaos was one proof

[1] Plut. *Alcib.* 11. Cf. Chapter IV. p. 117.
[2] Plut. *Nicias*, 17.
[3] Cf. Chapter III. p. 68.

of this. But other proof was forthcoming in a strange quarter, for when the Syracusan expedition came to its horrible end and "of the many who went forth few returned home,"[1] of these survivors "no small number," we read, "greeted Euripides with warmth, and told, some, how, when enslaved, they had been set free for teaching all they knew of his poetry, and others, how, as they wandered about after the battle, they were given food and water for singing his songs."[2]

> Many such, he said,
> Returning home to Athens, sought him out,
> The old bard in the solitary house,
> And thanked him ere they went to sacrifice.[3]

It is a remarkable testimony to the wide appeal of Euripides to the Greek world at large, and it may serve to explain the extraordinary vigour with which Aristophanes assailed him. For it suggests a fairly close acquaintance of the Athenian people in general with his plays, even if they did not give him prizes, and a good deal of verbal memory of his dramas. It also explains how Aristophanes can parody him so much and yet hope to reach his audience with his misquotations.

In three plays which survive Aristophanes has introduced Euripides as a character and always in the same spirit. Through the whole of his criticism may be felt a hatred that is not less real for being tinged by fascination. For Aristophanes was himself attacked on the stage "for mocking Euripides and then imitating him."[4] It is not admiration, but he cannot keep his mind off him. Standing with the middle class and farmer party, a conservative in grain as became a young gentleman of parts, he mistrusted the whole democratic movement of the day — the downgrade tendencies in art, philosophy, politics, and religion; and he saw clearly enough that the cause was one and the same, the spirit of criticism. The leaders in this disruption of society were obviously Euripides and Socrates; the Cleons and sausage-sellers stood on a lower plane. So to Euripides and Socrates he devoted himself. He was shrewd enough to see that to meet them on their own ground would be to concede the whole position. Criticism, if met by argument, would have secured its own

[1] Thuc. vii. end.
[2] Plut. *Nicias*, 29, 2.
[3] *Balaustion's Adventure.*
[4] Schol. Plato, p. 330 (Bekker) A.

ends. He would attack from ground of his own choosing and drive them off the field. This is the weakness of his polemic, that he does not attempt, and does not intend, to assail his enemy's centre. Every kind of flank movement—witty, vicious, shameful—he will try ; and if he cannot laugh them out of a hearing and perhaps out of Athens, it will be a pity. But controversy is never successful in the long run, unless the enemy's centre is broken. Aristophanes succeeded with his contemporaries, with those, at least, who preferred " the unexamined life," with those who still prefer it ; but the forward movement of the human mind is not to be held up by banter, even if it is banter of genius.

Aristophanes began with Euripides' books and his mother. The Tragic poet got his ideas out of other men's books—to an audience that read little the charge of " bookishness " would appeal ; and his mother sold vegetables. What lies behind this charge we do not know, but the joke never grew stale, and it receives many forms, some of them witty. This style of abuse and the number of years over which it was spread suggest that if in the *Thesmophoriazusae* (of 411 B.C.) Aristophanes had no vilification for the wife of Euripides, either to quote or to invent, the mean tales of a later day may be dismissed.

When Aristophanes fairly comes to Euripides himself, his criticism turns upon his art and his philosophy—proper subjects for criticism in any case. As for his art, Euripides was spoiling Tragedy ; the legends he chose for treatment were better left to be forgotten, and his methods of treating them were aesthetically ridiculous. Hero and demigod come upon his stage in rags and tatters ; they talk out of books, about anything, whether suited to the tragic stage or not—and they talk at such length, too, in their long debates ; they use language that is modern, subtle, and trifling, nothing like the diction of Aeschylus—quibbling, hair-splitting jargoners, one and all of them. His plays cannot go of themselves ; they need a prologue of explanation, always constructed on the same humdrum lines, and beginning with the same type of sentence. He always attacks women—as if he needed to ; as if honest women didn't go home and drink hemlock for very shame at his plays. Lastly, the music is all modern and

undignified. Perhaps the happiest stroke in all this is the choric ode in the *Frogs*, where "Aeschylus" burlesques the Euripidean style in a song of stolen poultry—awful with Night, dark-gleaming, and the soul-less soul of a dead phantom, a thing to be expiated, and then the terrible discovery that the bird is gone, and Nymph and scullery-maid, and the Cretans, Ida's children and Dictynna, are all invoked in passionate phrase with duplicated words and trilled syllables to find and bring back the lost bird.

On Art, Euripides was liable to attack, as Aristophanes saw, for he occupied a half-way position. The tragic mode was old—the type of legend to be treated was fixed, the chorus was an established necessity, and each had become an embarrassment to the poet. He needed more freedom and he might not have it. The ideas and the outlook on life were new, and not easy to adapt to the old framework, but it had to be done. The much parodied prologue was an attempt to relieve things. The chorus was a terrible difficulty—a dozen or fifteen persons always present, to overhear every secret on which the plot turns and not to reveal them. It must be owned that Euripides, tied to this necessity, turned it after all to good purpose. Such odes as those in the *Hippolytus* (l. 731) and the *Troades* (l. 794) have a wonderful psychological effect, placed as they are, in varying the emotional pitch[1]—on the variation of which so much in a play depends—and in giving the mind and heart of reader and spectator at least a hint of where the clue is to be found which shall lead to peace.

When Aristophanes attacked Euripides' philosophy, he was at once on safer ground and less secure. It was safer because he had his audience more entirely with him—they understood and they approved. But the criticism is essentially external, and there it breaks down. Aristophanes charges Euripides with teaching atheism, sophistry, and immorality. Zeus is driven out and Aether takes his place. The prayer of Euripides in the *Frogs* is not to the gods men know and recognize, like the honourable and dignified address which Aeschylus makes

[1] I borrow Mr. A. C. Bradley's phrase from one of those discussions of Shakespeare, which I have found more helpful for the understanding of Greek drama than much which has been written directly about it.

to Demeter; they are gods of a "brand-new coinage," "private gods":

> Aether whereon I batten! Vocal chords!
> Reason, and nostrils swift to scent and sneer,
> Grant that I duly probe each word I hear.[1]

Why Earth should be a legitimate deity and Aether not, it would be hard to say, if Air had not been playing a large part in contemporary speculations as to the nature of the soul and of God. But to come to human life and conduct, all this emphasis on Phaedras and Stheneboias could only mean immorality; and a famous line in the *Hippolytus* definitely taught perjury and justified it—"the tongue has sworn: the mind remains unsworn." The last few lines of the trial scene between Aeschylus and Euripides may stand as an example of the whole. The god Dionysos, at whose festival the tragedies were played, has gone down into Hades to fetch up Euripides, but in a succession of parodies things go otherwise.

> DION. *My tongue hath sworn*; but I'll choose Aeschylus.
> EUR. What have you done, you traitor?
> DION. I? I've judged
> That Aeschylus gets the prize. Why shouldn't I?
> EUR. *Canst meet mine eyes, fresh from thy deed of shame?*
> DION. *What is shame, that the . . .* Theatre *deems no shame?*
> EUR. Hard heart! You mean to leave your old friend dead?
> DION. *Who knoweth if to live is but to die?*
> If breath is bread, and sleep a woolly lie?[2]

And that is the end of Euripides. Who knows if life be not death? Let him stay dead.

Tragedy was the work of Euripides, but as Plato said Tragedy and Comedy came from the same hand, and the man who made the one could make the other.[3] The Tragic poet had Satyric dramas on which to show what he could do with a lighter touch. Till lately but one Satyric drama survived, so that to generalize or to particularize from it is dangerous. But if the style and manner of the *Cyclops* are partly traditional, none the less it is true that Euripides here saw his chance and

[1] *Frogs*, 892 (Professor Murray's translation). ἰδιώταις θεοῖς is the phrase preceding.

[2] Professor Murray's translation. I have italicized the quotations.

[3] Plato, *Symposium*, 223 C, D.

took it. In this play Odysseus—not the malign figure of Tragedy, but a nobler Odysseus nearer the Homeric—is confronted with Cyclops, Silenus, and Satyr, who, it appears, have every taste and instinct of the average hero of an Aristophanic comedy. They are frankly sensual, thoroughly gluttonous, rank cowards, cruel and superstitious; and their outlook on life is that which Plato drew in Callicles in the *Gorgias*—the spirit that made the Melian massacre, and many other shameful deeds. The humour is grim.

Hatred led Aristophanes to lay his finger on the two mainsprings of the thought of Euripides—if so mechanical a metaphor may be used of thought—passion and question. As we study the man with the closer attention of those who love him, we find here as elsewhere that passion and question are not to be severed. They act and react upon each other, and it is perhaps passion that calls question into being.

> Wer nie sein Brod mit Tränen ass,
> Wer nie die kummervolle Nächte
> Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
> Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.

Whatever it be with philosophers, with poets philosophy is the child of pain. They feel

> The heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,

and feeling it they are more apt to get aright the first elements of the problem.

> 'Tis not the calm and tranquil breast
> That sees and reads the problem true,
> They only know on whom 't has prest,
> Too hard to hope to solve it too.

So Goethe and two of our own great poets tell us, and it is true of the rest. Of Euripides, Nestle says that "passionate feeling is the ultimate source of all his criticism." [1]

"There is great confusion," says his Orestes, "among things divine, yes, and mortal affairs too." [2] It is the complaint we remember that Hamlet made. There is a want of certainty, where most of all certainty should be, about the gods and all that concerns them.[3]

[1] Nestle, *Euripides*, p. 26. [2] *Iph. Taur.* 572. [3] Eur. *H.F.* 62.

O Zeus! what shall I say? that thou seest men?
Or that they hold this doctrine all in vain,
And Chance rules everything among mankind? [1]

What is one to say? Euripides went to his books—in a passion to know the truth; and there he found many things written, and much that interested him, for it came back into his mind at moments when we should not have expected it, and finds expression from the lips of the characters in his plays. They too have a speculative habit—and this in a higher degree than we should be apt to think in our current judgments of ordinary people. But perhaps Euripides is nearer the truth—and ordinary people do touch the deep questions under stress of pain. Much then that was in the books breaks out—curiously, as some would say; naturally, as others would have it—from the lips of men and women in the plays. Most of all the last word in the books—for the saying of Xenophanes—

δόκος δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσι τέτυκται—

that guess-work is over all, seems terribly like the conclusion of the whole matter. And yet it cannot be; there must be truth, and it must be found somehow. Euripides will not be satisfied to guess; he must know. Meantime he seems to sway this way and that—that is, if we follow the plan of Aristophanes and take every dramatic utterance in any play as the poet's own, which is bad criticism as a rule. Here it is more tolerable, one feels. If the character says this or the other thing, the poet has felt it at some time. We reach the conclusion that Euripides is not a man with a system or a dogma. His heart has been the battle-ground of many thoughts, and his very face in the portrait bust shows it. Like such men, he is full of contradictions—he loves to question, and is weary of it and longs for certainty. But it cannot be found; so we will give up the quest; yes, let us give it up—which means, we will go on with it.

Philosophers with their guesses stand on this side; and on the other side are priests and mystics with their certainties. Shall it be rationalism or mysticism? But rationalism leaves so much unexplained, and mysticism frankly leaves the facts behind; and no system yet manages, however it is, to

[1] Eur. *Hec.* 488.

catch the real smell and sound and colour of the sea, for instance. There it is, on the beach below, and the sea-birds are busy over it, and everywhere in the rocks above him is the noise of the broods in the nests. Has not the sea something to say? But the philosophers have their eyes on elements and causes, and the mystics with their eyes shut are preaching abstinence from flesh and a number of abstract notions. Then there is life and its confusions—what heals them? Not "conjecture that is over all." Can it be the mystics have something to say here?

"Surely," the chorus sings in the *Hippolytus*,[1] "surely with power do the thoughts of the gods, when they come into my heart, take away sorrow; but ξύνεσιν δέ τιν' ἐλπίδι κεύθων —[let us leave the Greek untranslated for a moment]—I faint, as I look on the chances that fall to men and on the deeds they do; it is confusion, all, and life passes away for men, full of wandering and change for ever."

It is the old problem as to action and consequence. Good should come to the good, and evil to the evil, if the gods are just; but it does not happen so,—at least so far as we see,—and the heart sinks within a man. But let us look at the untranslated phrase, which is rather obscure—"concealing some (τινα) understanding with hope" might be a clumsy literal translation. One wonders what he means. I cannot help thinking it is something like this. There is understanding of a sort, which goes to a certain point, which sees things so far clearly enough—even too clearly; things fall amiss, perplexingly; understanding gives out, and we are left stranded; and then hope suggests another way of it. But is it possible that hope is only a coloured glass, after all, which confuses what understanding shows us so plainly—that it is merely a form of wishing things to be other than they are? What right has wishing to impose its fancies on the facts of understanding? Ah! but it does; and then the poet looks at the facts again, and they are hard and unintelligible still. Whether this rendering of the passage is sound or not, it seems to me to represent the attitude of Euripides to life. There stand the facts, and the whole heart cries out for—it hardly knows

[1] *Hippolytus*, 1103–1110. Professor Murray's translation of the phrase left in Greek I cannot believe to be right.

what ; for a life beyond the grave, perhaps, where things shall be mended, where at least severed kindred and parted friends may meet—for gods who care for men. The mystics held out hopes of both ; they trafficked in hopes. And Euripides saw painfully that hope is after all—hope. Thus far the facts take him ; hope suggests one more step, but he will go no further than he sees the facts go. His heart feels the wrench —the pull of things beyond the line, but at the line he stops. That is characteristic. It is the struggle of the great, deep, sentient, human-hearted poet with his own awful, irresistible logic ; and because it is such a struggle that appears in all his work, he remains the poet of all time, for in every age the old struggle goes on between what the understanding categorically says IS and what the heart insists MUST BE.

Aristophanes declares roundly that Euripides in his tragedies taught men and women that there are no gods. It would be fairer to say that Bellerophon in anguish cries out that there are none. For when we turn to the plays we find plenty of gods and goddesses in them ; and yet Aristophanes is in a sense right. Professor Verrall's well-known books would suggest that Euripides can have thought of little but polemic against the gods. This I do not at all believe. Yet there is criticism of a most penetrative character. Throughout antiquity from Plato to the Christian apologists we find that the main source of criticism of the traditional gods was moral feeling. Already in Homer the heroes, mortal men as they are, stand on a higher moral plane than the gods ; and while a moral progress is marked in the thinking of the Greek world, the gods of popular tradition never caught up with the better and purer natures of actual men. They were left behind ; and when men thought of them they conceived them to be actuated by motives beneath those of the purer spirits among their fellows—by love of power, lust, spite, and the sheer fancy to use their half-omnipotence in an arbitrary way. Against this view thinkers had long been in revolt, and if it was atheism in Euripides to let one of his characters cry :

> If gods do deeds of shame, the less gods they !

then something must be said of Aeschylus and Pindar, who were careful to reject legends which told of ill-deeds done by

gods [1]—legends which none the less lived on as before. The outlook of Euripides is different. He will not mend, but end the legends ; and he does it in a way of his own.

Euripides presents the traditional gods very much as tradition gave them. The usages and conventions of the Attic stage lent themselves to this. But by setting the old gods with their old instincts and their old deeds in a new milieu, and above all by letting them utter in words the impulses that moved them to do those deeds, he effected a tacit criticism of the most significant. The new milieu is that of human suffering ; and anything more irrelevant to these old gods, especially with their new and Euripidean frankness, could not be conceived. Here they speak and act—doing no more than tradition said. Athena wrecked the Greek fleet on its voyage from Troy. So in the *Troades* she discusses her motives and her plans with Poseidon, and he accepts all. Now, taken in themselves, the motives are pitiful and devilish, and the plans mean death to hundreds of innocent creatures—and one of these gods actually pictures these people lying drowned all along the shore of Euboea. That is tradition—not innovation at all ; it all happened so, and if the gods discussed it, it must have been in this way. But to conceive of them discussing it at all was innovation—still more so, to conceive of them doing it while full in front of them and beneath them Queen Hecuba lay in the dust, a widow, a captive, a slave. Of course everybody knew her story ; only one had not thought of these things together—the spite of Athena, the cold-blooded stupidity of Poseidon, and the misery of Hecuba. Certain ideas depend on our thinking in compartments ; and the removal of the dividing wall is criticism.

Or take another case. Greek legend was full of demigod heroes, splendid figures of romance and adventure, sons in each case of a mortal woman and a god. Here is an instance which shows how Pindar handled such a tale.[2]

" But Euadne beneath a thicket's shade put from her her silver pitcher and her girdle of scarlet web, and she brought forth a boy in whom was the spirit of God. By her side the gold-haired god set kindly Eleithuia and the Fates, and from

[1] Cf. Chapter II. p. 42.

[2] Pindar, *Olympian*, 6, 39–44, 53–56 ; Iamos as if from ἴον.

her womb in easy travail came forth Iamos to the light." She left him there, and then her husband came from Delphi and asked for the child, for the god himself had told him it was the son of Phoebus and should be a prophet. But none knew, "though he was now five days born. For he was hidden among rushes in an impenetrable brake, his tender body all suffused with golden and deep purple gleams of pansy-flowers; wherefore his mother prophesied that by this holy name of immortality he should be called throughout all time."

What a beautiful picture Pindar makes of it—lovely words, and colours gleaming. And what a squalid story it was! In the *Ion* Euripides tells the same story of the same god and another woman, Creusa of Athens. Creusa is the teller, twice, once in the third person to Ion—how a woman, one of her friends (it is herself, of course), lay with a god, with Phoebus, and bore him a child; and her father never knew; and she exposed it, and it disappeared—perhaps the wild beasts destroyed it—she never knew; though she came again and searched the place over and over, she found no clue; it was gone.[1] Later on she tells it in the first person; she had not consented, she says, but Apollo had his way; and then "I bore him a child"; and "he is dead, exposed to the beasts." "Dead?" says her listener, "and the false Apollo (ὁ κακὸς) never helped?" "He did not help . . ." "Who exposed the child?" "I did it, in the darkness, wrapped in swaddling clothes." "But how couldst thou bear to leave thy child in the cave?" "If thou hadst seen the baby reach his hands to me . . . I thought the god would save his own son."[2]

> O Athens, what thy cliff hath seen!
> It saw the ravished maiden's pang,
> The babe she bore to Phoebus there
> Cast to the talon and the fang,
> There, on the same insulting scene!
> Of any born
> 'Twixt god and man none ever sang,
> None ever told but tales forlorn.
> O Athens, what thy cliff hath seen![3]

So sings the chorus, and at the play's end Apollo sends Athena to put all right—he would not come himself, said the sister

[1] *Ion*, 330–352. [2] *Ion*, 940–960 (abridged).
[3] *Ion*, 500–508 (Dr. Verrall's translation, or paraphrase rather).

goddess, " lest there should be reproach for what is past." [1] It is always the same with the traditional gods—they are not touched by moral considerations ; they have no regard for human feeling ; they are beyond good and evil. And the sacrifices and the offerings, the temples and the ceremonies and the festivals—

> My heart, my heart crieth, O Lord Zeus on high,
> Were they all to thee as nothing, thou thronèd in the sky,
> Thronèd in the fire-cloud, where a City, near to die,
> Passeth in the wind and the flare ? [2]

It is the question of a captive Trojan woman in the *Troades*, and another answers :

> Dear one, O husband mine,
> Thou in the dim dominions
> Driftest with waterless lips
> Unburied ; and me the ships
> Shall bear o'er the bitter brine,
> Storm-birds upon angry pinions,
> Where the towers of the Giants shine
> O'er Argos cloudily,
> And the riders ride by the sea.[3]

Again, the same question : does human suffering touch the gods in their happiness ? If it does not, are they gods ?

Ah ! but ! said the Orphic teachers, this is to look at things from outside ; the gods may be known better and understood. So to the Orphics Euripides listened, and we can gather his conclusion from one or two allusions. They practised abstinence. " Go now," cries the angry Theseus to his son, " go and boast, and with thy life-less food, juggle with thy meats ; have Orpheus for thy king, and revel, honouring the smoke of many books ; for thou art taken ! Such I bid all men flee ; for they hunt with words of awe, and foulness is in their thoughts." [4] The Satyrs in the den of the Cyclops will not help Odysseus to twirl the flaming stake into the giant's one eye—" but I know a charm of Orpheus, a very good one, whereby the brand of itself shall go to his skull and fire the one-eyed son of earth." [5] " Much have I dealt with the Muses," sings the chorus in the *Alcestis*, " and soared on high, and many a reason have I handled, but nought stronger than

[1] *Ion*, 1557.
[2] *Troades*, 1076 f. (Murray).
[3] *Troades*, 1081 f. (Murray).
[4] Eur. *Hippolytus*, 952–957.
[5] Eur. *Cyclops*, 646.

Necessity have I found, neither potion in Thracian tablets, that sweet-voiced Orpheus wrote, nor amongst all that Phoebus gave to the sons of Asclepios." There is no cure for death ; Orphism alters no facts, and it reveals none.

What, then, is the view of Euripides—if he has one—if he has several ? Is it possible that the gods of his plays—of some of his plays—are not merely figments of a foolish past, but symbols somehow of something that works in Nature ? Aphrodite, in the *Hippolytus*, what is she ? A cruel fiend-goddess—or the dark inexplicable force of passion that wrecks men and women upon one another in this world, the good turned to evil, the great principle that makes homes and happiness turned astray and crashing through human lives to no purpose ? Does she represent a force of nature, or a law of nature ? Artemis in the same play is more easily dealt with—she is the mystic's goddess, heard, but never seen, only known by a sweetness and a fragrance ; and she leaves him in the hour of disaster to face ruin alone—she will not save him, Euripides says ; and when death comes on him, and he is " near this evil," she must go ; she must not let her face be defiled with the breath of death. Such are the gods of the mystics, he seems to say. But blind brute forces of nature do not help us much. Does he go further ?

He seems at times to lean to a doctrine associated with the name of Diogenes of Apollonia, who lived in Athens in his days—a doctrine that Air is the universal substance or being. " By means of air," says Diogenes, " all are steered, and over all air has power. For this very thing seems to me to be God, and I believe that it reaches to everything and disposes everything and is present in everything ; " and elsewhere he calls the air within us, that is, our reason, " a little part of God." [1] Something very like this comes several times in Euripides :

> Seest thou the boundless aether there on high,
> That folds the earth around with dewy arms ?
> This deem thou Zeus, this reckon one with God.[2]

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[1] Cf. Adam, *Vitality of Platonism*, p. 44, from which I borrow the translation. The fragments of Diogenes are in Diels, *Vorsokratiker*, No. 51, and in Ritter and Preller, Nos. 164, 169.

[2] Eur. *Frag.* 941 ; translated by A. S. Way.

and in a lyric passage :

> Thee, self-begotten, who in aether rolled
> Ceaselessly round, by mystic links dost bind
> The nature of all things, whom veils enfold
> Of light, of dark night, flecked with gleams of gold,
> Of star-hosts dancing round thee without end.[1]

But it is to a passage in the *Troades* that scholars are apt to turn to find a fuller confession of faith. It is spoken by Hecuba when she learns that Menelaus will kill Helen, and so Troy will be avenged. There are editors who have cried out on the anachronism and general unlikeliness of Hecuba uttering so profoundly philosophical a prayer. Indeed, Menelaus, who is not very bright, notices as much—he thinks it a strange prayer ; and the editors remark that she does not explain it to him. Why should she ? He had had no lesson of pain to enable him to understand her—a commonplace successful man.

> O stay of earth, who hast thy seat on earth,
> Whoe'er thou art, ill-guessed and hard to know,
> Zeus, whether Nature's law, or mind of man,
> I pray to thee ; for on a noiseless path
> All mortal things by justice thou dost guide.[2]

The " stay of earth " may be the air on which earth rests, with which the " mind of man " may be identical, for Diogenes and doubtless Euripides were influenced by Anaxagoras ; but let us remember that we are dealing with a great poet. If Zeus is aether, and if (as we shall shortly see) the human soul is also aether, we have a great kinship established. In any case earth needs a spiritual stay as well as air beneath it to uphold it, and so he conceives Zeus—the great Reality on whom earth and all its affairs rest—the great Reality visible in his creation ; his seat is on earth. And what is he ? He is hard to guess at, hard to know—our common experience ; but whether the great Law that is the force driving the vast whole, or of one substance with the human heart and mind—for *νοῦς* is not the one without the other—one thing stands out : His rule is Justice ; to Justice he guides all things, noiseless as his path may be. " There is no speech nor language, their voice is not heard." Something is reached here

[1] Eur. *Frag.* 593 ; translated by A. S. Way. [2] *Troades*, 884–888.

for the human soul—there is Justice in God. True, Hecuba's hope of seeing justice is quenched very soon—poor Hecuba! but the poet sees further, and deeper, and in the long run, in pain and prosperity, or in spite of them, God's Justice is done. Justice is of the essence of things in a cosmos—it is "the *Weltgeist*, the World-Reason, immanent in the World, active in the spiritual and moral sphere as in the material—it lives and moves in the feeling and thinking and acting of every man, and in the infinite and imperishable universe (*Weltall*)."[1] It is a deeper doctrine than the Orphics taught of a god who measured things by their rituals.

The passage we have been studying hints at the conception of the nature of the soul to which Euripides leaned. We have to remember that for the ancient world the modern antithesis of spirit and matter hardly existed. The Stoic conceived of the soul as material though subtle. St. Augustine tells us how hard he found it to think of God as spirit; when he tried to think of God, he somehow thought of infinite but infinitely subtle matter. So that it is not strange if Euripides thought of the soul as aether—many Greeks of his day did. The epitaph on the Athenians who fell at Poteidaia in 432 contains the lines:

> αἰθὴρ μὲμ φσυχὰς ὑπεδέχσατο σώματα δὲ χθὼν
> τῶνδε· Ποτειδαίας δ' ἀμφὶ πύλας ἔλυθεν,[2]

and in the *Helena* Euripides says much the same:

> Albeit the mind
> Of the dead live not, deathless consciousness
> Still hath it, when in deathless aether merged.[3]

This seems to suggest that there is no personal immortality. Nearly every one in his day, who believed in this and thought much about it, associated personal immortality with the transmigration of souls; but it has been remarked that, though familiar with this teaching of Pythagoras, Euripides is not seriously interested in metempsychosis. His own attitude is seen in the lyric, rather curiously given to Phaedra's nurse:

[1] Nestle, *Euripides*, 146.
[2] Hicks and Hill, *Manual*, No. 54; Arnold on Thuc. i. 63.
[3] *Helena*, 1014 (A. S. Way, altered by Dr. Adam).

But if any far-off state there be
Dearer than life to mortality;
The hand of the Dark hath hold thereof,
And mist is under and mist above.
And so we are sick for life, and cling
On earth to this nameless and shining thing.
For other life is a fountain sealed,
And the deeps below us are unrevealed,
And we drift on legends forever.[1]

The great phrase is *δι' ἀπειροσύνην ἄλλου βιότου*, and it recurs in a fragment of another play—" For life we know, but through inexperience of death every man fears to leave the light of the sun." All is dark beyond—the " non-demonstration of the things below earth " means no knowledge. The heart may yearn, but once more the understanding says No. And yet he turns almost wistfully to one Orphic doctrine, in the famous line which Aristophanes parodied:

Who knoweth if to live is but to die?
Τίς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μέν ἐστι κατθανεῖν.

It is the doctrine of which Plato makes so much—the equation of *sôma* and *sêma*, the body the soul's temporary grave. But who knows?

Meantime to express the common feelings of men, relative to death, he uses their common language—what else is there for dramatist or thinker to do? And behind the language once more stand the facts, and to the facts he goes—

δεινὸν γὰρ οὐδὲν τῶν ἀναγκαίων βροτοῖς[2]—

nothing that is inevitable is strange or terrible.

Whether wouldst thou I tell thee soft smooth lies,
Or rough gaunt truths? Speak, it is thine to choose.[3]

The man who asks such a question has chosen for himself.

Back to the facts Euripides goes—the facts which a poet finds—living sentient facts that vibrate and strike harmonics in the human soul. " Every man of genius in a sense begins anew," it has been said, even if it is equally true that he uses all who have gone before him; and Euripides starts anew, with the simple elemental experiences—of pain and

[1] *Hippolytus*, 191–197 (Professor Murray's translation), *δυσέρωτες*.
[2] *Frag.* Ὑψιπ. 757.
[3] *Frag.* 1036.

beauty; and in neither case will half-knowledge serve, for reconciliation is his business—the business of all poets. Poetry has twin roots in joy and pain—and God knows if they are not the same thing.

> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Euripides will drink the bitter cup to the dregs, as his Herakles does—

> I am full fraught with ills—no stowing more,[1]

and Herakles thinks he will kill himself; but at this hour there is a friend at his side, Theseus, full of love and friendship, full of respect for the hero whom he sees in the time of weakness, and of gratitude for old memories. And if pain is one of the foundation facts of life, friendship is another—let us remember that. So Euripides sees; and the mood of Herakles changes—he will not shuffle out of life:

> But this it was I pondered, though woe-whelmed—
> "Take heed lest thou be taxed with cowardice
> Somehow in leaving thus the light of day!"
> For whoso cannot make a stand against
> These same misfortunes, neither could withstand
> A mere man's dart, oppose death, strength to strength.
> Therefore unto thy city I will go
> And have the grace of thy ten thousand gifts.
> There! I have tasted of ten thousand toils
> As truly—never waived a single one,
> Nor let these runnings drop from out my eyes!
> Nor ever thought it would have come to this—
> That I from out my eyes do drop tears! Well!
> At present, as it seems, one bows to fate.
> So be it![2]

The poet takes the same stand. Greek thought had always its tinge of melancholy, and he does not escape—and he does not try to escape. He will not blink the evil facts; he studies them; he is reproached with having portrayed the pathological on the stage,[3] so close does he keep to the evil fact. His standpoint is not the religious one of Aeschylus and Sophocles—it is as if he felt this would mean some

[1] *H.F.* 1245 (Browning's translation).

[2] *H.F.* 1347–1358 (Browning).

[3] There is no doubt that he did. Cf. *Frogs*, 1081, and the constant taunts of Aristophanes.

obscuring of the facts, hope once more darkening understanding—and his reconciliation must be a deeper one. So without the consolations of these two great poets, he grapples with pain and evil, and escapes no wound they can deal him. "A hidden harmony is better than an obvious," said Heraclitus a century before,[1] and that hidden harmony Euripides will have. He does not quite find it, but there were certain things that made for it which he did find, and which remain.

If he became, as he did, the chief poet after Homer of his race, it was in some measure because in him they could find a consolation, not elsewhere to be had. Here was a man who based himself on fact, and, unlike so many philosophers, was not steeled against pain, but deeply read in it—what did it mean for people who growingly felt the pain of life?

Wir heissen euch hoffen!

That Virgil found him so congenial is no slight evidence of the power of this wonderful spirit. Every question that men ask, it has been said, Euripides raises—doubt, shame, pain, and the whole gamut—and yet he has something to say. And what he had to say shall end our present study.

In the first place we may note again how Greece had tasted the sense of power—trebly, in her victory over the world, in her great national struggle against Persia, and in the sphere of thought; and then how another generation, drunk with this same sense of power, abused its power and turned the human spirit's victory over the material world to wrong ends and fell into materialism; how freedom from Persia and rule of the sea bred a new temptation, and Athens was infected with the contagion of a hard and selfish imperialism, while the teachers of thought became sophists and rhetoricians and trained the young in the glib graces of speech and rationalism. Against all this decline the poet reacted—he knew the world too deeply to think the shallow thoughts of the day.

Where men looked to material success and saw the value of comfort and prosperity, he came forward boldly and asserted the spiritual basis of life. The problem in Plato's *Republic*—the first problem—is to show that righteousness without reward is enough and is not made better by reward—that we may

[1] Heraclitus, *Frag.* 47 (Bywater), *ἁρμονίη ἀφανὴς φανερῆς κρείσσων.*

praise " the thing itself " irrespective of reward of good or ill, as men judge such things. Euripides does not put the matter quite in the same way ; a poet does not exactly summarize his " lessons," and if we try to summarize them we shall be sure to miss some of them. But the trend of thought that is waked by a play is a poet's contribution to a man's growth. Here I turn to the play which has most influenced me myself. I read it, almost by accident, in 1903, and " discovered " it—or, rather, it discovered me—found me out and made me ashamed. I had been standing too near the Athenians—the Athenians of Melos and Syracuse, and this play shown in 415, between Melos and Syracuse, one might say, came home to me ; and I knew I was wrong. I have learnt other things from it since.

There are those who find the *Troades* a characterless play. It certainly has little plot—a series of episodes, all accentuating one thing—the problem of pain. Troy is taken—at the end of the play we see the flames shoot up and hear the walls fall. Meantime the business in hand before the Greeks embark is being done. The captive women—the queen and princesses among them—are being allotted to their new owners ; Polyxena is offered as a sacrifice at the grave of Achilles ; little Astyanax is killed. One after another the stages of this *Via Dolorosa* are reached. One figure stands out—the aged queen Hecuba. She has been lying in the dust, and is, we may suppose, a woe-begone spectacle enough ; she aches in sinew and limb ; and her heart is struck through with grief after grief. Everything falls upon her ; she bears the troubles of all and she feels all. But —and this point is sometimes overlooked—miserable as she is herself, the most unhappy of the group, she is the minister of hope to the sad women around her. A great spirit, and wonderfully tender, she is still capable of great action. Forget Hector, she says to Andromache ; forget my son (it is a mother who speaks).

> Honour thou
> The new lord that is set above thee now
> And make of thine own gentle piety
> A prize to win his heart. So shalt thou be
> A strength to them that love us, and—God knows,
> It may be—rear this babe among his foes,
> My Hector's child, to manhood and great aid
> For Ilion. [1]

[1] *Troades*, 692–698 (Murray's translation).

Throughout she strives to turn each sufferer's thoughts away from her own griefs—to get her to look at others—to universalize her sorrow (if we may use such a phrase); and here she sets her own motive before Andromache—the service of those who love us—

εὐφρανεῖς φίλους.

Contrasted in the play with Hecuba—silently contrasted—are Menelaus and Athena—one of the world's successful men and a victorious goddess. The goddess, as we have seen, is in a sense the very negation of all that a thoughtful mind could call God. Menelaus is simply successful—a nothing crowned with prosperity and victory by the aid of others. He *has*—and Hecuba *is*; which means most? Which is best? Longinus, the finest of ancient critics, asks his reader whether, allowing that Homer blunders and Apollonius never slips, would you rather be Apollonius or Homer?[1] Suppose we borrow his question, and ask, whether, allowing Menelaus to have all that an ordinary mind would ask in the way of success and prosperity and Hecuba to be stript of everything that makes life even tolerable, which would you rather be—Menelaus or Hecuba? The poet does not ask this; the reader asks it of himself. Would he—could he—wish to be Menelaus, to *have* all that heart could dream, and to *be*—Menelaus? Never! We choose Hecuba—misery, slavery, shame and all; because—— Because Euripides is right; the basis of life is spiritual, and, without talking about it, he has made us feel it. Callicles in the *Gorgias* and the Cyclops in the play can put the arguments on the other side; but we have felt—and the case is settled; we choose the deeper view. There are problems still to solve—the *why* of pain, and so forth—but instinctively we feel somehow that pain has made the difference—some of the difference—between Hecuba and Menelaus; in any case we know now that there are things worth buying at the cost of pain. Here as in other instances Euripides shows us that life is spirit.

This was running all against the prevailing currents of thought in Athens. Empire was the word; and Pericles and Cleon after him had the practical man's irony for the idealists who felt things were wrong—"seeking something else, so to

[1] Longinus, 33, 4.

say, than the terms on which we live." [1] There is no renouncing empire, " even if in the panic of the moment and through slackness any of you fancies playing the honest man." [2] So men are led to vote that Mitylenaeans and Melians shall be killed, and the wives and children of them sold into slavery. It is a clear straight vote given on intellectual conviction, unharassed by emotion or afterthought or imagination; the Empire requires it.

It was in the year after the Melian affair that Euripides put the *Troades* on the stage. We have seen how Hecuba comforts Andromache with the thought that her little Astyanax may grow up and re-build Troy. It seems that the wise Odysseus was a little ahead of her there; for, as she ceases to speak, Talthybius the herald enters. Odysseus had addressed the Greeks, much as Cleon or Pericles might have; did they want a third siege of Troy—another ten years of it? No! Then what about Hector's son? A baby! yes, but he will grow up;—then—but it is horrible;—then are you for " playing the honest man "? What are the three things that militate against empire? " Pity and fine language and generosity to the fallen." [3] So the vote is carried, and Talthybius is sent (all against his own will) to fetch the baby and to explain to his mother that he is to be flung from the wall and killed. We watch her as she listens, as she speaks to her baby for the last time, and we hear her as she gives him up. Those who can may read the scene aloud.

> Things like this we know must be
> In every famous victory.

" Teach your other allies by a striking example." [4]

An English critic, when the *Troades* was given in London in April 1905, wrote: " It is nothing to us that a strong party in Athens deplored the sacking of Melos. We cannot sympathize with the political agitations of ancient Athens. We have no right to apply the lessons of Euripides to our own circumstances." Have we not? Then let us apply them to Athenian circumstances.

[1] Cleon, Thuc. iii. 38, 7. [2] Pericles, Thuc. ii. 63.
[3] Cleon, Thuc. iii. 40. Cf. Chapter III. p. 74.
[4] Cleon, Thuc. iii. 40.

Men were talking of " the State, the State "—of her greatness and her beauty—how every man must be her " lover " —of her empire, and her imperial destinies. And here rises Euripides and suggests the question : " Suppose, after all, the whole thing, your State and your Empire and all—is a lie ? A sheer lie, however many of you unite to tell it—a contradiction of the deepest things and the truest and the most permanent in the universe. A story of a day—told to win you glory and position and cheap food at the cost of others ; it means the negation of the truth of husband and wife, the truth of mother and child—the truths of life, the truths told in the tears and love and pain that go with every human relation. A lie written black across every instinct of humanity. Look well to it ; you lie ! "

Like Tolstoy, and in a minor degree Thoreau, Euripides gives the eternal challenge to all our conventions of state and policy and national existence. God—or, if you like, Nature—the ultimate author of it all—made fathers and mothers and little children, and homes and toys, and work and happiness ; and you invent great words, and for their sakes burn the home, and kill the father, sell the mother for a slave and a concubine, and dash the children against the stones. " Oh ! daughter of Babylon, that art to be destroyed——"

He asserts humanity against statesmen and economists and civil servants and all who hold that God made some people who do not really matter, whoever made them. He turns to woman and slave—the classes men despised and made tools of—and he drew them so that those who would see should see that they are human. Slavery, polygamy, concubinage, war—all the great accepted conventions, and the wonderful reasons that clever and rhetorical people can always find for what is wrong—reasons the more wonderful and convincing for the wrong, the more obviously wrong it is—he showed them for what they are, things that war against the soul. He goes back to Nature against all the conventions, but not as a sophist ; to the Real facts, to Humanity. No wonder the Athenians gave the prize that year to " Xenocles, whoever he may have been."

Lastly, in an age of talk and rhetoric and sophistry, when there was a reason for everything and as good a reason against

everything, Euripides took refuge in the things for which no reasons are given. Men may argue about right and wrong, if they matter—in any case about sea-power; Euripides turned to the sea itself. Nobody argued about it, or about the green earth, the birds or the trees—he was safe there; he could have them to himself; they did not matter. He took refuge in Poetry—no opiate to dull the sense of life, but life itself, grasped and realized to the utmost, known and felt. In his lyrics, over and over again, we escape with him and find ourselves set free from policies and arguments and theories of the state, among the primeval and eternal truths:

> In the elm-woods and the oaken,
> There where Orpheus harped of old,
> And the trees awoke and knew him,
> And the wild things gathered to him,
> As he sang amid the broken
> Glens his music manifold;
> Blessèd Land of Pierie![1]

There are birds—the Comic poets have much to say of little birds and their uses; but Euripides does not think of their uses—he considers the birds—the little ones that nest in the cliffs above his cave,[2] the greater birds that migrate, that come with the spring from the South and go again when winter follows.

> On wings through air would we fly,
> As the Libyan birds in line,
> Leaving the rain and the wintry sky,
> Follow the sign,
> Their chief's shrill note; and the wild-bird train
> For the land of harvest that knows not rain,
> Flies, and we hear the cry.
> O long-necked birds in the night,
> Where the clouds scud on as ye go.
> Where the Pleiads reach their zenith height
> And Orion's fires glow—
> Tidings we bid you bring
> To Eurotas—words of joy,
> News, news of their king—
> He cometh, he cometh, their king,
> Conqueror home from Troy.[3]

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[1] *Bacchae*, 560–565 (Murray's translation).
[2] Cf. *Hippolytus*, 732 f.
[3] *Helena*, 1479–1493

Such things he studies; he has them to himself, "and impulses of deeper birth have come to him in solitude." The simple natural things—birds and trees, women and children, when men will let them alone—the happy, natural relations —there is peace in these things. But still there is the world of men, and his lyrics lead us back to it. Can we take our new-found peace back with us?

In Salamis, filled with the foaming
Of billows and murmur of bees,
Old Telamon stayed from his roaming,
Long ago, on a throne of the seas;
Looking out on the hills olive-laden,
Enchanted where first from the earth
The grey-gleaming fruit of the Maiden
Athena had birth;
A soft grey crown for a city
Belovèd, a City of Light:
Yet he rested not there, nor had pity,
But went forth in his might,
Where Heracles wandered, the lonely
Bow-bearer, and lent him his hands
For the wrecking of one land only,
Of Ilion, Ilion only,
Most hated of lands![1]

Once more joy and pain—the twin roots of Poetry—the twofold training of man—two sides to the one avenue to Truth. Euripides has not told us all there is to know nor solved all the problems; but he has felt them, and he knows the path to knowledge. There are other poets—poets of Greece and of our own lands—but not many who have read so clearly our trouble or grasped so well the value of Joy and Pain.

[1] *Troades*, 794–806 (Murray's translation).

CHAPTER VI

THE YOUTH OF XENOPHON

ONE day, we are told—it would be somewhere about the middle of the Peloponnesian War—Socrates met in a narrow lane a lad of the upper classes, a lad of spirit and pleasant appearance. He put up his staff, and, blocking the way so, he asked the lad where one commodity and another was to be had. The boy told him, and then came a harder question: Where do men become *kaloi kâgathoi*? When the boy said he did not know, "Then come with me and learn," said the old man. "And after that," concludes the story, "he was a pupil of Socrates." [1]

The question is in a way the sign of a new age. The phrase employed was on the whole a new one, for though Thucydides has it twice, he brings out that it is a colloquialism.[2] But the colloquialism had a future, cant term as it was. Literally it meant "beautiful and good"; [3] but the Greeks, like other people, used moral terms in a social and political sense, and it came to mean something very like "gentleman," though perhaps with the implication of a little more culture than our word carries. What was the education of a gentleman? Where and how were gentlemen made?

A change had come over Athens—slowly, but at last perceptibly. The intellectual upheaval of the age of Pericles was not to be undone. Still "that native Attic trick is blooming, that 'What do you really mean?'" [4] There is still the scrutiny of inherited belief with all its unsettling effects. "Do you

[1] Diogenes Laertius, ii. 6, 2, § 48, *αἰδήμων καὶ εὐειδέστατος εἰς ὑπερβολήν.*

[2] Thuc. iv. 40, 2; viii. 48, 6. Also Herodotus, ii. 143; see Chapter I. p. 25.

[3] See below, p. 172.

[4] Aristophanes, *Clouds*, 1173, *τοῦτο τοὐπιχώριον ἀτεχνῶς ἐπανθεῖ, τὸ 'τί λέγεις σύ'.*

not remark, I said, how great is the evil that dialectic has introduced? What evil? he said. The students of the art are filled with lawlessness. . . . When the questioning spirit asks what is fair or honourable, and the man answers as the legislator has taught him, and then arguments many and diverse refute his words, until he is driven into believing that nothing is honourable any more than dishonourable, or just and good any more than the reverse, and so of all the notions which he most valued, do you think that he will still honour and obey them as before?" [1] There is a danger, Plato says—and he had been proved right—in young men getting too early the taste for dialectic. Some one asks in a play of Euripides:

τί δ' αἰσχρόν ἦν μὴ τοῖσι χρωμένοις δοκῇ;

a thought best rendered perhaps in Hamlet's sentence: "There's nothing good or bad but our thinking makes it so." It raises—and half suggests an answer to—the great question of the relations between convention, law, tradition—all those inherited forms of belief and practice grouped under the conception of *Nomos*—and the greater conception of Nature. Once such a question has been raised, it must be settled—not with a half-answer but decisively. Meanwhile every man, it seemed, could think as he pleased and decide for himself, for there was no other standard than himself—he was the measure of all things.[2] Right and wrong were just what you made them, just what you wanted—so the Melians found, so Callicles insisted—there was nothing else in practice or theory. But was there not?

It might be convenient for the democracy to use this theory in international relations, but it was another thing at home. It bred a new type of man, and not a type that a democracy needs. Tyrants Greek states had known of old—men who frankly aimed at self-aggrandizement and achieved it; but there had never been any moral sanction for their act. The new type seemed to have a sanction—the sanction of intellect. So the new education came to this—that the trained intellect was discharged of all duty to the State; it was anti-democratic beyond anything the world had yet seen;

[1] Plato, *Rep.* 537E, 538D, 539B (Jowett's translation).

[2] The view of Protagoras set forth in Plato, *Theaet.* 152A.

it abolished society. And yet there was no way of going back. Thought had been set in motion, and till it was satisfied with reason it could not be stilled. When the issue is to know or not to know, youth at least will insist on knowing, at whatever cost ; and in that resolve lies the hope of the future.

In the meantime, there were signs of reaction. The quick turns of self-applauding intellects did not exhaust all there was to be known—perhaps they were too quick. The trick of the conjurer does not alter the laws of nature, the conditions under which we live ; however brilliant he is at sleight of hand, he does not alter anything that is fundamental, whether he makes our shillings vanish or our sense of right and wrong. The period with which we have now to deal shows at once the full effects of the sophistic movement at its zenith, and then it is past its zenith. The new generation shows the outcome of the new enlightenment and of that deeper questioning, which sought either by quiet sense or reasoned endeavour to find a permanent foundation for life. Euripides represents the age, but he was already an old man, and while Athens never let go what he had given her, the generation that grew up in his last twenty years strikes a different note in literature. He taught them to feel ; and in the feelings which he taught them to recognize they began to surmise there was solution for the questions he asked—they move to the view that human life matters somehow, that force and individual cleverness are not all, that elusive as it is there is reason in all human relations.

In this period ideas are struck out in education which long held sway in the ancient world, and which hold sway still. There is a beginning made, hesitantly it is true, of scientific research or at least inquiry. Culture becomes a deliberate ideal. Philosophy reaches a new plane altogether. And in the meantime everybody was free to educate his son as he pleased.[1]

Mathematics and Astronomy were beginning to claim attention, but there was disagreement as to their value. Aristophanes made great game of them—Socrates hoisted high to

[1] Plato, *Alcib.* i. 122B, *οὐδενὶ μέλει.* Cf. Aristotle, *Ethics*, x. 9, 13, p. 1180*a* ; in most cities no system, but every man, like the Cyclops, is lawgiver for his children and his wife.

tread the air and look down on the sun,[1] mingling his subtle thought with the kindred air, and Meton coming with rods to land-survey the air for the birds, and mete it out by acres,[2] are figures of comedy, even if they have an element of history. For, though it has been recently suggested that perhaps at the time of the production of the *Clouds* Socrates had an interest in Physics which he afterwards lost, it is generally agreed on the evidence of Plato and Xenophon that he did not care for Astronomy and kindred studies. When he was young, Socrates says in the *Phaedo*,[3] he had a great passion for such subjects, and he read the books of Anaxagoras with enthusiasm, till he found that the writer made no use of Mind at all, and that his causes after all were air and aether and water—that he confused cause with means. Xenophon, always anxious to prove his teacher practical, says that Socrates emphasized the value of Astronomy so far as it bore on navigation, but that he deprecated worry about the distances and periods of the stars.[4] Plutarch shows us, in the story of Nicias' failure in Sicily, how disastrous the popular suspicion of scientific Astronomy could be; for it was Anaxagoras, he says, who first, with more clearness and courage than any other man, wrote an explanation of lunar eclipses, but it was a secret book only circulated among friends, and Nicias was at the mercy of an ignorant soothsayer.[5] Geometry Socrates tolerated to the extent to which it could be used in land-surveying.

Grammar and Rhetoric were subjects against which there could be no theological suspicion, and while the former could be criticized as dealing in words not things, and the latter as tending to dishonesty, both gained a permanent place in Greek education, which in course of time became a predominant place. Their great champion in the fourth century was Isocrates, who was at this very time receiving that careful education, which (he tells us) his father gave him, and winning more distinction among his fellow-students than he had, if we could believe him, later on among his fellow-citizens.[6] He thought indeed that Geometry and Astronomy had their value up to a certain point—like Dialectic—for they kept the young out of mischief and were in measure a useful sort of training, but

[1] *Clouds*, 225. [2] *Birds*, 995. [3] *Phaedo*, 96A ff.
[4] *Mem.* iv. 7, 4–6. [5] Plut. *Nicias*, 23, 2–4. [6] Isocrates, *Antid.* 161.

not a real preparation for life.[1] Real culture he defined as a union of *savoir-faire*, gaiety, and moderation, with mastery of pleasure and misfortune, and the ability to carry success[2]—a definition much like Horace's.

Far more significant, however, was the education which the young Athenian got without noticing it. Long ago Simonides had written, πόλις ἄνδρα διδάσκει — the city teacheth a man—a sentence of more meanings than one.[3] Athens was an education for Greece, Pericles said.[4] Plato later on insisted that it is the Many themselves that are the real sophists—the so-called sophists only give back to the Many their own original opinions.[5] The *ephebeia* of later days, a system of state training and drilling for youths from eighteen to twenty, did not yet exist, it would seem;[6] so they could begin to join in national life at once as men. Indeed they began still earlier, and were taken by their fathers to the law-courts and the theatres.[7] Aristophanes produced his first play—or got another to produce it for him—when he was about twenty-three; and some years before he was thirty, he wrote his brilliant comedy on modern education, the *Clouds*, in which, "quite unconscious of the debt he owes to the conditions he derides, he sets his face stubbornly toward the past."[8] Twenty years later he flouts the stripling boys—

> Tragedians by the myriad, who can chatter
> A furlong faster than Euripides—

whole choirs of swallows, who as a rule are only capable of one tragedy each[9]—though he is not as grateful for this as he might be. The Athenian drama, with its inspiration and its wonder, was no small factor in education. Politics, we know, were talked incessantly and everywhere in Athens, and elections were annual, and impeachment scarcely less often. The small houses and the warm dry climate made life

[1] Isocrates, *Panath.* 26–28—"up to a certain point"; so Callicles too held about Philosophy (*Gorg.* 484c); so the natural Englishman about most things, according to Walter Bagehot.

[2] Isocrates, *Panath.* 30, 31.

[3] Simonides, *Frag.* 67 (109), in Plut. *an seni resp.* c. 1.

[4] Thuc. ii. 41, 1.

[5] Plato, *Rep.* 492A.

[6] See A. A. Bryant's delightful study of Boyhood in Athens in *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, xviii. pp. 79–88.

[7] *Ibid.* p. 98.

[8] *Ibid.* p. 93.

[9] Aristophanes, *Frogs*, 89.

in the open air the inevitable thing—for men at least. So that without going outside the streets of a not very large town, and with the aid of occasional days at the Peiraieus, an Athenian boy picked up unconsciously a good deal of political and literary culture. What he learnt at the play was reinforced by music lessons [1] and a good deal more dancing than we might have expected. All these things go, as Socrates ironically says, to show how much the moderns excel the ancients in wisdom.[2]

Side by side with intellectual training something must be said of athletics. In the fifth century they had at once risen and declined in importance. Mr. Kenneth Freeman remarked that the preference given to conversation over exercise was a feature of the age.[3] The reason was that athletics had become too specialized and therefore too important for amateurs. When Socrates, in Xenophon's *Symposium*, proposes to take dancing lessons, it is not, like long-distance runners, to have stout legs and thin shoulders, or like boxers, to have stout shoulders and thin legs, but to be evenly developed.[4] The athlete was trained for his particular event with the passion and the consecration of a religion. To "eat like a wrestler" was a proverb.[5] The habit of body of Greek athletes was, according to Plato, rather a sleepy sort of thing and dangerous to health; they slept away their lives and were liable to serious illnesses from slight departures from their regimen.[6] In particular Plato derides a certain Herodicus of Selymbria,

[1] Generally the lyre. Alcibiades refused altogether to learn to play the flute (Plut. *Alcib.* 2).

[2] Plato, *Hippias Major*, p. 283A.

[3] *Schools of Hellas.* A digression may be forgiven in a note. I am struck with the fact, which older men emphasize, of how very modern is the present-day systematization of athletics in the Universities. Forty years ago, or fifty, men walked in the afternoons—walked a great deal, saw the country round Cambridge—and talked as they went, and their talk was discussion. I am also told by those, who remember those days, what education there was in it; and I can believe them. At any rate they had Socrates on their side, and in fact all Greek thinkers of note down to Porphyry. Porphyry grouped athletes with the stupid classes, including, alas! soldiers and business men.

[4] *Symp.* 2, 17. [5] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 33, ὥσπερ παλαιστής.

[6] Plato, *Rep.* iii. 404A.

who had a "system" of his own for training—he mixed medicine and gymnastic, and tortured first himself and then the rest of the world by the invention of lingering death.[1] Ordinary people could not contend with professionals, and let athletics alone, except as spectators.

The fact was, there was a considerable shifting of interest. Xenophanes long ago had said that athletics were overdone—a view which drew on him the censure of Sir Richard Jebb, who as a good conservative Member of Parliament compared him with modern faddists. This even faddists might forgive to an enthusiast for Pindar; but the sober mind of Greece moved to the opinion of Xenophanes; and life and politics and literature and philosophy grew so absorbing that athletes and athletics yielded place to nobler interests. Pericles made the Athenians talkers, said Socrates to tease Callicles.[2] That was inevitable. A man who manages a big departmental store has to do more talking than his father did who was a small farmer. Commerce and the control of a great empire involve speech and plenty of it; and the Athenians enjoyed it. The gloomy Athenian Oligarch, writing in 424, says the Demos has done away with those who practise gymnastic or music here.[3] None the less the great athletes were popular heroes—to see if not to imitate; and significance attached to the great Games, as the fame of the Spartan Lichas and the extraordinary outfit of chariots by Alcibiades prove.

It may be, as some hold, that the reaction against athletics went too far—at least, athletics considered as training. In his *Clouds* Aristophanes, aged seven-and-twenty, like a healthy undergraduate emphasizes the importance of the old training and the general weedy, sappy, dirty look of Socrates' hangers-on in the Thinking-Shop—like the Laconian prisoners from Pylos;—they were not allowed to be in the open air very much, it is explained.[4] The Just Argument, appearing in person on the stage, tells of the old days when modesty was in fashion, when boys held their tongues and went to school,—and learnt

[1] *Rep.* iii. 406A.

[2] Plato, *Gorg.* 515E. The irony of this is splendid; some people fancied it was Socrates who had taught people to chatter; there was a play of Aristophanes about it.

[3] Oligarch's *Ath. Rep.* 1, 13. [4] Aristophanes, *Clouds*, 186, 198.

the real old music there, not the "turn, trill, tweedle-trash" of to-day,—when they knew good manners and practised them at home, and went to the gymnasia and grew ruddy of cheek and sound of limb, broad-shouldered, strong, silent men—instead of the narrow-chested, thief-faced, swindling jargoners bred nowadays by Socrates and his like. This, of course, was one of the crimes of Socrates for the poet.

The friends of Socrates told another tale, for Xenophon sets forth a conversation he had with a youth in bad condition, who excused himself on the ground that he was just an ἰδιώτης, not a professional, and the sage warned him at once of the risks for himself and the State in case of war, and, in any case, of the mental and moral consequences of a neglected body—"even where the use of the body might seem slightest—in thinking, who does not know that many come to great grief for want of bodily health?"[1] The old man himself, like Dr. Johnson in this as in much else, was a model of sound condition and muscular strength and endurance. Bodily training was one thing, athletic eminence another. The athlete was useless as a soldier—he was not adaptable, either for the variety of duty or of diet that a military campaign made necessary. Some generations later the State undertook the task of giving and enforcing the training thought desirable, but in the days of Pericles and in the war-time that followed his death men were left to bring up their sons as they pleased, or as their sons pleased.

It is of interest perhaps to note in passing how with scarcely a break in its history the general scheme of Athenian education has come down to our own day. The half-rhetorical, half-literary training which Isocrates gave, and which he valued so highly, became the standard of Greek culture. Centuries after Christ we find Greeks all over their half of the Roman Empire with hardly another ideal. The Romans themselves adopted it; it lived through the Middle Ages and received new life at the Renaissance; and it was only in the last fifty years that Science—not precisely the sciences so much debated by Socrates and his contemporaries—gained a real foothold in general education. Isocrates was essentially a shallow and

[1] *Mem.* iii. 12, 1–8. See the whole chapter. Even if the voice is the voice of Xenophon, it is significant as evidence.

thin nature, and it is easy to understand the modern reaction against his conceptions of culture ; but we may yet have to own that Socrates' preference of men over stars and triangles may cut deeper than we have thought, and to admit sorrowfully that we have given Natural Science too large a place in our scheme of education—that it does not educate the young quite so much as we thought it would with its emphasis on observation and its close reasoning, perhaps because after all the proper study of mankind is man. " Forgive me, my dear sir," said Socrates, " but I am so fond of learning. And fields, you know, and trees refuse to teach me anything, but men in the city will."[1] It is a shocking sentiment, which loyalty to Wordsworth bids us reject at once, and we do reject it ;—and yet, one-sided as it is, it is true too.

We left Socrates with the lad in the lane, face to face with the difficult question of how, or where, a gentleman could be trained ; and we must return to them. The story, of course, may be a mere legend or even a pure invention, like Washington and the hatchet ; but it is perhaps just as likely to be true as false. The boy was Xenophon, the son of Gryllos ; and, whether or not his acquaintance with Socrates began in this charming way, he was a friend of Socrates ; the ideal of the *kalos kâgathos* was what Gryllos clearly set before his son, and Xenophon himself, a generation later, set it before his twin boys in the country home at Scillus. There are one or two other anecdotes of Xenophon's youth, of less historical value. We are told that Socrates saved his life at the battle of Delium,[2] but this involves so many chronological difficulties, and there is so easy an explanation in a confusion of tradition, that the tale is rejected. The battle was in 424. The dates of Xenophon's life point to 431, or some year very near it, as the year of his birth. It is also said—and M. Croiset believes it is likely to be true—that Xenophon was for a while a prisoner of war in Thebes.[3] He certainly describes Proxenos the Theban as a friend of old days, when he joined him in Cyrus' army ; and he as certainly disliked Thebes and Thebans, and the absence of Epameinondas from his pages is very conspicuous. Philip of Macedon, it is

[1] Plato, *Phaed.* 230D.

[2] Strabo, c. 403. Diogenes Laertius, ii. 5, 7, § 22.

[3] Philostratus is the authority ; Croiset, *Xénophon*, p. 16.

said, owed some of his hatred of Thebes to his residence there as a hostage. But there were many reasons why Xenophon and other people should dislike Thebes quite apart from any captivity there.[1] If he was at Thebes, it is suggested that he may have met there Prodicos of Ceos, whom he has immortalized by making Socrates quote his Choice of Herakles.[2]

But after all Athens was the home of Xenophon's boyhood, and there he grew up. It might be said that he is not altogether a typical Athenian—he is quieter a great deal than the Athenian we are taught to see in Comedy or in the speeches of the orators, and he is not the ideal citizen sketched by Pericles in the Funeral Speech—not so amazingly alert and electric. He belongs to another social group—quiet, thoughtful, sound, and conservative; and in the end, like other greater men, he has seen so much of the world, Hellenic and non-Hellenic, that Athens is no longer all the world to him, and conservative as he is, he is already reaching out to a new Greek world altogether. But he begins as an Athenian *kalos kâgathos*.

"Beautiful and good"—each of the words had a variety of suggestion—physical [3] and moral beauty, the sense of honour, good birth, good connexions, sound thinking, sound character—and the combined phrase came to have a political meaning, like gentleman and noble in English. The allies, says Phrynichos, in Thucydides' Eighth Book, will want to be free from Athens altogether—they will not care about "the so-called *kaloi kâgathoi*; they will say they are the persons who suggested crimes to the popular mind, who provided the means for their execution, and who reaped the fruits themselves." [4] Jowett translates the phrase "the so-called nobility," Crawley "the so-called better classes." Yet when Xenophon describes Ischomachus in one of his later books, he makes Socrates say that Ischomachus was one of those who are justly entitled to "that great name (*τὸ σεμνὸν ὄνομα*) *kalos kâgathos*" [5]—

The grand old name of gentleman—

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[1] Cf. *Hellenica*, ii. 2, 19. [2] *Mem.* ii. 1, 21–34.

[3] Socrates, in the *Oecon.* 6, 16, says physical beauty is not all that is involved; people of physical beauty he often found to be knaves in their soul.

[4] Thuc. viii. 48, 6. [5] Xen. *Oecon.* ch. 6, 12, 14; and ch. 7.

and the picture he draws is that of a man indeed worthy of the name, even if he does lean a little to the heavier implication of the term σεμνός.[1] Xenophon came of this class—that is clear on every page he writes ; and long before Socrates asked him the question, the matter of the education proper for a *kalos kâgathos* had been in the mind of his father.

The whole family atmosphere was clearly conservative—ideas, traditions, friendships, associations. " The city teaches the man "—but at home, it would seem, there was another influence. We have only to think of Thucydides and Euripides in connexion with Xenophon to feel how far away he stands from their outlook on life. Of course he has not at all so strong and original an intellect as either of them, but quite apart from that he approaches life from another angle. For instance, compare the attitude of Thucydides to religion—the contrast that Euripides suggests would be too violent. Thucydides lays stress, as we have seen, on a powerful natural endowment, natural force (φύσεως ἰσχύς) ;[2] Xenophon, of course, knows the forceful character when he meets him, but in all his books he makes it clear that a man's position is stronger and his head clearer, if he will use such means as he can to supplement himself with the knowledge of what the gods' will is and to secure their support and inspiration.[3] He sacrifices perpetually, he consults the oracle, he has a *mantis* at his side, he watches for omens—all this, though the most practical and business-like of men. He will " keep his powder dry "—that runs through the *Anabasis*—but he thinks it worth while to " trust God." Thucydides would have given both " God " and " trust " a very different meaning, if he had been asked to use the expression. The detachment of Thucydides in recording men's use of oracle, temple, festival, and the like, and their violation of such things, is notorious. Xenophon was frankly shocked, and owns it, at the butchery in Corinth—on a feast day—at altars—before the images of the gods—the men who did it were " most im-

[1] See the dialogue of Hippolytus with the huntsman (who brings out this sense of σεμνός) in Euripides' *Hippolytus*.

[2] See Bruns, *Lit. Porträt*, p. 412, on this controversy as to force of natural endowment, and the remark of Socrates on the question of Themistocles' natural gifts, *Mem.* iv. 2, 2.

[3] On this whole matter (see *Mem.* i. 4), a chapter, where, if Socrates is the speaker, he carries his pupil with him.

pious," "utterly without law in their thoughts," it was "profanation."[1] Grote remarks that the Argives would be comparatively unimpressed by solemnities peculiar to Corinth; Xenophon feels that they should have been impressed. Eduard Meyer says downright that the restoration (in 404) aimed at calling fear of God and pious custom back to life, but that instead of the old naïve piety there came a formalist religiosity, which Xenophon shows us, Xenophon the typical representative of the reaction in literature.[2] The criticism seems coloured by some suggestion of memories of the reaction in Europe after the French Revolution—the artificial and unholy piety of the pupils of the Jesuits and the Holy Alliance. A good deal depends on outlook. Dr. Johnson's acts of devotion seemed absurd to Horace Walpole and superstitious to William Cowper; yet they were honest conviction and lifelong. It is surely fairer criticism to suggest that Xenophon represents not a reaction but an outlook and an attitude that had never passed away. None the less, it all strikes a reader oddly who comes upon it after studying Herodotus and Thucydides, and recalls that Herodotus was dead before Xenophon was born. After all, the conservative mind is a problem we still have with us. Xenophon is a natural conservative, by instinct and training, but a true one with no archaizing fancies, no make-believe, and no self-conscious cult of reaction. So much is obvious, and it surely makes it certain that he is not acting a part in his religion, either to impress us or to amuse or cheat himself.

He believes in the gods, in Providence, in divine care for men; and he quotes—or represents—Socrates as maintaining that the unwritten laws everywhere observed are not of man's contrivance but of the gods' making.[3] That is clearly Xenophon's own view, by the time he had seen a good deal of human life in and out of the Greek world; and it would seem to go back, too, to his early days. The great political ideal of *kaloi kâgathoi* for the nation was what they called *sôphrosyne*—sometimes a mere euphemism for oligarchy, but more properly a spirit of self-control, almost the English instinct of "not going too far." Plato fervently preached it for states and individuals in his *Republic*. It was the ideal

[1] *Hellenica*, iv. 4, 3.
[2] E. Meyer, *Gesch. des Alt.* v. §882.
[3] *Mem.* iv. 4, 19.

that a decent man held up before his boy; it was the key-note of Xenophon's conduct throughout life—it is "dyed in the wool." Sound morals and sound, if perhaps slow, thinking are the marks of the man and of his class. He draws himself in Ischomachus, to whom we shall have to return, and suggests his own training as well as his ideals in the picture. Thucydides might have classed him with Nicias "for a life ordered by a conventional virtue"—with the suggestion of malice that Professor Bury finds in the phrase, if that be the translation—or more simply and naturally "for his exact attention to every duty"; [1] and, malice or none, Xenophon might have accepted the description and the classing.

In later life it is clear he had great love of the country. Possibly from the Peace of Nicias (421), or even earlier, till the occupation of Deceleia (413) he lived in the country house, or on the farm, of his family.[2] In the books that he writes about Socrates it has been remarked that like Plato he creates Socrates something after his own image—with an interest in things Persian and military and agricultural that went beyond that felt perhaps by the actual Socrates. Town-bred men do take to country life, but the satisfaction which Xenophon appears to have found in it goes, I think, beyond the city-dweller's of his age. He is as keen about it as any countryman on Aristophanes' stage, and a good deal less urban in his ideas of life than some of them.

If his youth was spent largely in the country, it might help to account for his slight interest in two of the chief pre-occupations of Athens, politics and the drama. He is far removed from the Periclean democrat; when his own tastes appear, he shows an interest in Monarchy, a preference for it, that is almost a prophecy of the later Greece. Cyrus and Agesilaos are his heroes—no Athenian statesman, scarcely even Thrasybulus. Democracy, as he knew it in Elis or Corinth, he did not care for, and he was little in Athens after

[1] Thuc. vii. 86, 5.

[2] Diogenes Laertius, ii. 6, 1, §48, at all events, says Xenophon, belonged to the deme Erchia; and that was a country deme, on the eastward side of Pentelicos, perhaps seventeen or eighteen miles from Athens (Dakyns' translation, vol. i. p. lxxiii). Isocrates belonged to the same deme (Jebb, *Attic Orators*, ii. p. 432).

404. He is, of course, more soldier than politician, and the ideal household which he sketches under the name of Ischomachus has an order and an efficiency almost military —the husband is commander-in-chief, the wife is trained to be an able second in command, and everything has to be as orderly as it was on the Phoenician ship, down to the boots, as we shall see. Democracy was another story—slapdash improvisation at best, muddling through, and declining very swiftly in chaos, panic, and injustice. It may be that he was not among the boys who were bred in politics. Nor does it appear that he took much interest in drama. One of the speakers in the *Memorabilia* mentions Sophocles as a man he admires for his tragedy,[1] but there is little trace in Xenophon's books of any great influence exerted upon himself by tragedy or even of interest in it. Mr. Dakyns speaks of the dramatizing and development of his characters, Shakespeare-wise,[2] but on the whole it is more the outcome of his native instinct for story-telling. Socrates chaffs Critobulus in the *Oeconomicus* for his readiness to rise at cock-crow and trudge off to see a comedy,[3] and Xenophon has more than one reference to the attack made on Socrates in the *Clouds*;[4] and there, I think, it ends. Dialogue could be learnt in another school—the pupil of Socrates need not go to the stage for that.

There is in Xenophon's *Symposium* a pleasing character called Niceratos. When the question goes round, "On what do you most pride yourself?" and it comes to his turn, he has an answer ready that amazes us. "My father," he says, "in his pains to make me a good man, compelled me to learn the whole of Homer's poems, and so it comes about that even now I can repeat the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* by heart." "But you haven't forgotten," interjects Antisthenes the Cynic, "that all the rhapsodes know these poems too?" "How could I have, when I listen to them nearly every day?"

[1] *Mem.* i. 4, 3.

[2] Notes to translation of *Cyrop.* (Everyman edition), p. 78. He also finds in the death of Pantheia "Euripidean" touches throughout (*ibid.* p. 249).

[3] *Oecon.* 3, 5.

[4] *Oecon.* 11, 3; and *Symp.* 6, 6, where the Syracusan meaning to be rude raises the question of the flea's jump.

"Then do you know any sillier breed than the rhapsodes?" "No, by Zeus," said Niceratos, "I don't think I do."[1]

It is interesting to find the rhapsodes still a flourishing profession in a day when Euripides is expelling Homer from his traditional post of teacher of all Greece—"much," says Eduard Meyer, "as among Germans Goethe has replaced the Bible."[2] Still more interesting is it to come on a man like the father of Niceratos in such an age. "He called Simonides a bad poet and ran down Aeschylus," says a man in the *Clouds*[3]—so modern can people be; and here is an Athenian citizen who makes his son learn all Homer by heart, word for word—whose scheme of culture is Homer. There are many worse systems of education, duller and less educative. One guesses that in the house of Gryllos Homer kept his old place,[4] and that the young Xenophon, if he could not repeat the whole of the poems word for word, had his Homer by heart in another way. Grote, at any rate, found the Homeric note in the *Anabasis*—"in the true Homeric vein and in something like Homeric language."[5] Dakyns remarks on his old Attic words and inflexions. He had Homer at his finger-ends, like Plato, and unlike Plato he had no quarrel with the poet. Others of the old poets he quotes—Hesiod, Theognis, and Epicharmus; and he makes Simonides of Ceos a speaker in his dialogue the *Hiero*. It all points to a sound, quiet education in old-time literature, and the reader may recall what Charles Lamb has to say of the benefits he and his sister drew from the accident that put them in the way of seventeenth-century and not eighteenth-century literature.

The outdoor life of the young Xenophon is written in his books, but he had other scenes than the streets. Twice over he gives us an account of hare-hunting—once from the lips of Socrates, whom we should not have guessed to be so expert, and once with even more spirit and vividness from the didactic

[1] *Symp.* iii. 5, 6. Cf. *Mem.* iv. 2, 10; and the inimitable description of the rhapsode in Plato's *Ion*, with his graces and poses and artistic temperament.

[2] E. Meyer, *Gesch. des Alt.* v. § 902.

[3] *Clouds*, 1361–8.

[4] In *Mem.* iv. 2, 10, Euthydemos has a complete copy of Homer. It is pleasant to read of Alcibiades hitting a teacher who had no Homer; he was not always so judicious (Plut. *Alcib.* 2).

[5] Grote, *History*, viii. 379.

Cambyses, the father of Cyrus—and Cambyses, it would appear, knew all about bird-snaring too, and how to do it on a winter's night.[1] The joy of the boy Cyrus at the sight of the horse which his grandfather has provided for his first riding lessons may be a reminiscence of Xenophon's own boyhood[2]—"he was more than delighted at learning to ride" (*ἱππεύειν μανθάνων ὑπερέχαιρεν*). In horses Xenophon remained interested to the end. As to formal athletics, he seems to have cared very little for them. He lived for years a very few miles from Olympia, and he hardly mentions the place—certainly without any trace of that interest which always appears when he feels it.

It was a boyhood ideal in many ways—Homer and the open country-side, the soundest of training in great literature, and the constant stimulus to observation, the constant variety, of a boy's life on farm and mountain-side—a wise and quiet father (though he has indeed no occasion to speak of him, and so much is deduction)—and an early training in religion and *Sôphrosyne*. And then Athens and Socrates, and his first experiences of a soldier's life.

To discuss Socrates at length and the inter-relations of the historic Socrates with the Platonic, the Xenophontine and the Aristotelian Socrates, would take us too far from the matter in hand. That his own pupils would know him better than a man in the following generation, most people would be willing to admit. But the more closely their works are studied, the plainer it becomes that neither Plato nor Xenophon has felt it necessary to confine himself to literal history. In Plato's later works it is notorious that "Socrates" is less and less like the Athenian who taught Plato. Similarly, whatever his purpose when he began to write, it is clear that Xenophon from time to time treats Socrates in much the same way, and credits him with interests and conversations which the real Socrates never had. "If Cyrus had lived," says Socrates to Critobulus; and the very words proclaim that here we have parted company with history. But this is in the *Oeconomicus*; yet the conversation with the younger Pericles in the Third

[1] *Mem.* iii. 11, 8; *Cyrop.* i. 6, 39–40.

[2] *Cyrop.* i. 3, 3. On the wild life of Attica see Mrs. R. C. Bosanquet, *Days in Attica*, p. 305.

Book of the *Memorabilia*—with Socrates as military adviser, citing Mysian and Pisidian parallels—is a warning that we must not take what we read too literally. *Dichtung und Wahrheit* is the key-note here as in Plato. Xenophon, it is well said, is not a Greek Boswell.[1] The *Memorabilia* have not the solid historical structure of the *Life of Johnson*, nor, it must be added, its amazing skill and perennial charm. They are a contribution of great value to our knowledge of Socrates, and yet rather in their general impression than in their detail. Here it must suffice to deal with the general significance of the man as a quickening force, an influence for the deepening of life in his own generation and for many that followed.

"He was always in the public eye," writes Xenophon, "for he used to go early in the morning to the public walks and the gymnasia; and when the market was full, he was conspicuous there, and for the rest of the day he was always where he would meet most people. And he was generally talking."[2] He was easily recognized. Plato, using Alcibiades as a speaker—a name that would allow a certain freedom and vigour of speech, *κατ' Ἀλκιβιάδην*, as a scholiast on Thucydides put it, and also because the friendship between Socrates and Alcibiades was only too notorious—describes how like Seilenos Socrates looked, but how he too was a god within.[3] He was generally talking, and there were always people ready to listen, for the conversation was very apt to take unexpected turns. Men spoke of his irony—his playful way of pretending not to know, and of pursuing inquiries and suggesting difficulties and new points of view, till no one was quite sure where pretence left off and earnest began. "Chaerephon, is Socrates serious in all this, or only joking?" "If you are serious and what you say is really true, the life of all of us must be fairly upside down."[4] And it was so amusing, too, for anybody not actually engaged in the argument;[5] the most trifling admission might disconcert the opponent, and common sense itself might be a disastrous ally. "You have the oddest way, Socrates, of twisting arguments every now and then, and getting them topsy-turvy."[6] He could make

[1] J. T. Forbes, *Socrates*, p. 107.
[2] Xen. *Mem.* i. 1, 10.
[3] Plato, *Symp.* 215A.
[4] Plato, *Gorg.* 481 B, C.
[5] Plato, *Apol.* 33C, *ἔστι γὰρ οὐκ ἀηδές.*
[6] *Gorg.* 511A.

a man look unexpectedly foolish ; and yet, while he turned him inside out, it was all done in good temper and with good breeding—maddeningly so—and he was never dogmatic ; he would suggest this or that, throw out an idea, and take your mind upon it ; but you must be very careful how you answer. And then new aspects of the thing would emerge—this or that must be reconsidered ; the suggestion, which Socrates has dropped with half an apology for mentioning the notion, involves—it is so difficult to say quite what it involves. "Somehow or other, Socrates, there seems to me to be truth in what you say. But I feel like most people ; I don't quite believe you." [1] He gave a constant stimulus to thought—"the unexamined life," he said, "was really un-live-able for a human being." [2] "God has sent me," so Plato represents him as saying in the *Apology*,[3] "to attack the city, as if it were a great and noble horse, to use a quaint simile, which was rather sluggish from its size, and which needed to be aroused by a gadfly : and I think that I am the gadfly that God has sent to the city to attack it ; for I never cease from settling upon you, as it were, from every point, and rousing, and exhorting, and reproaching each man of you all day long." The part of gadfly which he had to play made him unpopular—"the more I read about him," wrote Macaulay, "the less I wonder they poisoned him." [4]

The fascination of Socrates is described by Alcibiades in the *Symposium*.[5] "My heart leaps within me and my eyes rain tears when I hear his words. And I observe that many others are affected in the same manner. I have heard Pericles and other great orators, and I thought they spoke well, but I never had any similar feeling ; my soul was not stirred by them, nor was I angry at the thought of my own slavish state. But this Marsyas [he means Socrates] has often brought me to such a pass that I have felt as if I could hardly endure the life which I am leading. He makes me admit that with great needs of my own, I neglect my self while I am busy with the affairs of the Athenians. He is the only person who has ever made me ashamed—and you might not think it was in my nature to feel shame before any one, but I feel it before him

[1] *Gorg.* 513C.
[2] Plato, *Apol.* 38A.
[3] Plato, *Apol.* 30E (F. J. Church).
[4] *Life of Macaulay*, ii. 436.
[5] Plato, *Symp.* 215E and following, somewhat abridged.

and him alone. For I know I cannot answer him or say I ought not to do as he bids. So I run away. Often I should be glad to see him gone and no more among men ; but if that happened, I know I should be more troubled than ever." Both Plato and Xenophon emphasize again and again the kindness he showed to young men—how interested he was in them, what a delightful companion he was and how wise a friend. Like Samuel Johnson, he " loved the young dogs of this age," and was ready " to come and have a frolick with them." [1] He talked with them, read with them,[2] made fun of them, inspired them, and made life a new and a richer thing for them.

Of his influence on the thought of Greece through his pupils of a more philosophic type, I have not to speak. Xenophon was essentially not of the speculative habit—indeed, as a French critic suggests, it is only his love of Socrates that leads him to put a little philosophy in one of his books.[3] Even so it was to some purpose ; for we are told that a century later a young man, lean, long and dusky, came from a Phoenician town in Cyprus with a cargo of purple to the Peiraieus ; that he went up to Athens, and sat down in a bookshop, and picked up the Second Book of the *Memorabilia* and read it with such pleasure that he asked the bookseller where such men could be found ; that Crates passed and the bookseller said, " Follow him " ; and so Zeno was enlisted in the study of philosophy, to the lasting good of the ancient world.[4] Of all schools the Stoic was the most practical, and in his book Xenophon lays all the stress on the practical worth of Socrates' teaching—its bearing on life, its steady trend to self-government and to respect for other men and for the State.

Summing up briefly what Socrates did for Xenophon and others of his build, and leaving Plato and Antisthenes and their sort on one side, we may say that Socrates set them thinking—that his " gadfly " quality came in here and made it impossible for them to live a wholly " unexamined " life. He taught them self-criticism and he insisted on knowledge. " Did you go yourself and examine this, or how do you know ? "

[1] Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (ed. Birkbeck Hill), i. p. 445.
[2] *Mem.* i. 6, 14. [3] Croiset, *Xénophon*, p. 94.
[4] Diogenes Laertius, vii. 1, 1–3.

he asks Glaucon.[1] "Oh, I guess," said he. "Very well," rejoined Socrates, "about this matter also—when we are no longer guessing, but actually know—shall we defer discussion till then?" "Perhaps it would be better," said Glaucon. "Euthydemos," [2] said Socrates, "were you ever at Delphi?" "Yes, certainly; twice." "Did you notice the inscription somewhere in the temple, 'Know Thyself'?" Yes, he had seen it. Had he paid any attention to it, or really tried to get a good look at himself to see what he was? No, he hadn't; he thought he knew already. And Socrates has his text, and makes the young man realize how much self-examination means; and after that Euthydemos "realized that he would never be a man worth while, unless he consorted with Socrates; so he never left him except when necessary, and he used to imitate him too in some ways. And when Socrates saw how he felt, with the minimum of worry and the utmost simplicity and clearness he used to initiate him into what he held most needful to know and to do." [3]

Above all he laid the emphasis on things human; he could not understand how people would discuss "the nature of all things,"—the "cosmos, as the sophists call it,"—and the laws that govern the heavenly bodies—and the One and Many and the Flux, and so on. For himself he preferred themes that bore on human life—what is piety or impiety? beauty? ugliness? right and wrong? *sôphrosyne*? madness? a state, a citizen, rule or a ruler of men? [4] His influence made many desire virtue, and he held out hopes to them, that, if they would take heed to themselves, they would be *kaloi kâgathoi*—he never promised to teach them that, but he was conspicuously one himself, and so he led them to hope that by copying him they might become so.[5] He made good citizens of them, he emphasized respect for the city's law, he taught them how to be good friends, to be kind and pure and pious. So says Xenophon in passage after passage, in plain language which anybody could understand; and Plato in his richer and wonderful way says the same. And the significance of this was very great, for it was a reply to the sophistic upset of all decency, loyalty, and society. He was laying foundations

[1] *Mem.* iii. 6, 10–11. [2] *Mem.* iv. 2, 24. [3] *Mem.* iv. 2, 40.
[4] *Mem.* i. 1, 11, 16. [5] *Mem.* i. 2, 2.

anew on which human life might rest, and laying them for ever, for now they should rest, not on tradition unexamined, but on knowledge, thorough, deep-going, and proven. Like Kant, as Eduard Meyer suggests,—like Goethe, as Carlyle emphasizes,—he overcame scepticism by going through with it, by criticism. And he knew the strength of the sophists' position; he knew the impulse of desire, so he owned, and had only overcome it by battle.[1]

Perhaps the greater the teacher, the more divergence there will be among his pupils, as one and the other seizes and emphasizes different aspects of truth which he himself has held together in some synthesis thought-out or instinctive. There were among Socrates' followers those who were led to as thoroughgoing an individualism as the ancient world ever saw. His emphasis on knowledge meant the individual—not quite as the sophists had taught, but still it was a fair deduction from "Know Thyself." The stress which Socrates laid on ethical knowledge—even virtue without knowledge of itself was hardly virtue at all for him—required that every man should consciously direct and organize his own life by his own light of reason. The corrective lay in that reference of life to the divine will which, Xenophon again and again insists, was his constant teaching—the use of divination and sacrifice. "*Καδδύναμιν δ' ἔρδειν*—there is no better motto," he used to say, referring to the line of Hesiod:

> *καδδύναμιν δ' ἔρδειν ἱέρ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι*—
> Give all thou canst in sacrifice to heaven.[2]

Xenophon seems to harp upon this string with a purpose, and it is easy to see that he had in mind the accusation of impiety which had brought his death on Socrates. The First Book of the *Memorabilia* is very much a defence against the charges of Anytos and Meletos and the popular beliefs on which they rested. Yet the same note of reference to the divine is sounded in Plato's *Apology*, and there remains the famous "divine sign."[3]

[1] Cicero, *Tusc. Disput.* iv. 37, 80, *Cum illa* (*sc. vitia*) *sibi insita, sed ratione a se dejecta diceret.*

[2] *Mem.* i. 3, 2, quoting Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 336. I hope the Wordsworthian echo helps out the sense.

[3] See E. Caird, *Evolution of Theology*, i. 72; J. Adam, *Gifford Lectures*, p. 322; J. T. Forbes, *Socrates*, p. 223, an interesting discussion of modern explanations.

In the present state of psychological knowledge—or inquiry, perhaps, it should be called—he would be a bold man who would dogmatize on the nature of this "sign," *τὸ δαιμόνιον*. Plutarch and Apuleius knew perfectly well what it was; but their knowledge is outworn. But it may certainly be said that the credit of Socrates' "sign," whatever its precise nature, never stood higher. It will not now be so readily put down to delusion or imposture as once. If a more or less English word is any help in such a case, a word with suggestion rather than definite or precise signification, that word would be intuition;—but until we know more about intuition, we had better use the word only tentatively; and it was so, we might expect, that Socrates used his neuter adjective, half turned into substantive by the definite article. In any case, man was not for Socrates "mere man," and his pupil perhaps was not merely translating for himself—it is most likely that he was honestly quoting—when he drove home the lesson of divination and sacrifice on the lines laid down by the State and by Greek belief generally.[1]

As for the old myths, which Pindar toned down and Aeschylus re-interpreted and which Euripides so relentlessly re-stated in the old terms with the terrible contrast of a new setting—it would seem that teacher and pupil let them drop. Piety lay in rite and faith and obedience, not in old tales.[2] What Euripides would have said to Plato's new myths was written a generation earlier in the *Hippolytus*—myths take us nowhere—

μύθοις δ' ἄλλως φερόμεσθα.[3]

The fact that this signal movement back to religion followed the age of questioning is worth study, for it was not a blind reaction at all, nor a semi-political matter as in 1815.

In other ways the influence of Socrates upon Xenophon must have been considerable. Socrates was a critic of Democracy—a believer in the expert. He was given to praising Sparta and Crete as well-governed.[4] It was made a point

[1] *Mem.* i. 3, 1, *νόμῳ πόλεως*, as the Pythian priestess also taught.

[2] Oracles perhaps did not regain quite their old place. Xenophon's description of Diopeithes as *μάλα χρησμολόγος ἀνὴρ* (*Hellenica*, iii. 3, 3) is curious. The *μάλα* is a surprise.

[3] *Hippolytus*, 197.

[4] Plato, *Crito*, 52E.

against him[1] that he taught his friends to despise the established laws by insisting that it was folly for the city to choose its rulers or archons by lot—nobody would wish to sail upon a ship where the pilot was drawn by lot, or to employ a carpenter so chosen, or even a flute player; such language was bound to set the young up to despise the constitution. Here the accuser touched a live issue—a great many people had at one time or other played with the idea of abolishing lot—it had been attempted, and it was a recognized method of subverting Democracy. Xenophon, as we have seen, belonged perhaps to a family whose sympathies were only doubtfully popular; and his teacher's views appealed to him, as we can see in the supposed discussion of Socrates with the younger Pericles where the Areopagus is praised—"can you name any similar body trying cases and doing other business with more honour, legality, dignity, or justice?"[2] Why, asks Socrates in another chapter, should you be afraid to speak before cobblers and carpenters and coppersmiths, when you can discuss things without nervousness before the first men of the city?[3] This question, we read, was addressed to Charmides, a relative of Plato and of Critias, to encourage him to embark on political life. This Charmides did, and he lost his life fighting to the last to prevent the return of Thrasybulus and the democrats. It almost looks like a change of plan between Books I and III of the *Memorabilia*, for such a chapter was hardly likely to clear the memory of Socrates with readers among the group of Anytos. For Anytos, though better known as the accuser of Socrates, was one of Thrasybulus' patriot band.[4]

One of the hardest things to do when we study Socrates' relations with his pupils, or the Greek drama in the hands of Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, is to remember steadily that Athens was engaged in the most dreadful of her wars all the time. If Xenophon talked with Socrates or listened to him whenever he got the chance, it is certain that he must have done some kind of military service every summer of the last ten years of the Peloponnesian War, unless the story is true that he was for a time a prisoner in Thebes. Where he served and in what battles he fought, it would be vain to try

[1] *Mem.* i. 2, 9. [2] *Mem.* iii. 5, 20. [3] *Mem.* iii. 7, 6.

[4] For Anytos and his attitude to Socrates, see Chapter IX. p. 276.

to guess. Perhaps if the tradition be true that he was in the knights, he may have been occupied with cavalry work in Attica itself. Cavalry at all events was throughout life his chief military interest.

In 411 Athens was subjected to the futile and bloody revolution associated with the name of the Four Hundred. It was the reflex of the Athenian catastrophe in Sicily in 413—there must be retrenchment of expenses in the city, some steadier and more responsible system of government than that of snap votes in the Ecclesia and random oratory. After the manner of a democracy, says Thucydides,[1] they were very amenable to discipline while their fright lasted. *Probouloi* were appointed—a council of ten elder men to advise and guide. The device was a familiar oligarchic one, used in Dorian cities, and described by Aristotle in after years as definitely "not democratic."[2] Among them were Hagnon, father of Theramenes, and perhaps Sophocles.[3] We need not follow the agonizing struggle—wonderfully successful—to get a fleet launched and manned and to maintain the war against Sparta; nor need we go into the details of the oligarchic plot, planned with one set of notions and carried through for another. Two things stand out. The people of Athens disliked the new plan from the outset—a modified democracy (*μὴ τὸν αὐτὸν τρόπον δημοκρατουμένοις*) had a suspicious sound; but it was a case of duress—can you carry on the war without the help of the King of the Persians? The other thing is the amount of preparation, if we may so call it, for the change. The pamphlet of the Athenian Oligarch of the year 424, handed down to us among Xenophon's works, shows what would have been wished but was so far impossible in the judgment of that very acute observer. Clubs and groups of persons dissatisfied with the constitution had grown up and organized themselves as the war went on—"for the management of trials and elections."[4] The "constitution of

[1] Thuc. viii. 1. [2] Aristotle, *Pol.* iv. 12, 8; vi. 5, 13.

[3] Lysias, 12, *c. Erat.* § 65. See p. 128.

[4] Thuc. viii. 53; Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*, 577. Isocrates, *Paneg.* 79, gives the clubs in retrospect a high patriotic colour. E. Meyer, *Gesch. des Alt.* iv. § 696, gives a list of men of note who favoured a modified democracy. Plato, *Theaet.* 173D, adds dinner and *αὐλητρίδες* to the political interests of these clubs.

our fathers" was the catchword, *πάτριος πολιτεία*, democracy as Solon and Cleisthenes had conceived it, before the radical innovations of those fifty years of commerce and maritime empire and rule by an unbridled *ecclesia* had brought the land to war and ruin—democracy with an Areopagus to guide and discipline it—a democracy of men with a stake in the country, men who could provide their own arms for its service, and no more state pay for the citizen functions of legislation and administration of justice. The abolition of state pay meant unmistakably the exclusion of the poorer classes, the constituents of the Cleons and Hyperboluses. All this was in the air, and the dreadful blunder of the Sicilian Expedition and its appalling failure won adherents for the idea who might never otherwise have considered it.

Whether Gryllos and his son Xenophon took any part in the change of constitution one way or the other, we do not know. Gryllos, of course, may have been dead for all we can tell. It is not impossible that the young Xenophon, with his small attachment to democracy, may have favoured the movement—may have taken a hand in it. He was about twenty years old, and, tradition says, a knight. Thucydides twice speaks of the services of a body of "young men"—almost using it as a technical term. There is a curious question in one place as to the text—as it stands it reads "a hundred and twenty Hellenic youth (*Ἕλληνες νεανίσκοι*) whose services they [the conspirators] used for any act of violence they had in hand."[1] *Hellenes* is the doubtful word, but hardly a word that anyone but the historian himself would have thought of inserting; but what does it mean? Does it mean the youths were not Scythian bowmen, police and the like?—a dull suggestion; or were the Hellenic Youth, like the Young Turks of to-day, and Young England of Disraeli's days, a political party, actual or half-actual and half-ideal? When the tumult takes place which ends in the demolition of the fort of Eetioneia and the overthrow of the Four Hundred in favour of Theramenes and the "Five Thousand," one of the figures on the scene mentioned by Thucydides is Aristarchos. Thucy-

[1] Thuc. viii. 69, 4; *χειρουργεῖν* is a euphemism of grim associations. *Νεανίσκοι* in Aristophanes, *Knights*, 730, on which see R. A. Neil's note.

dides does not often mention men idly or by accident, and he adds that Aristarchos had " certain young knights " with him (*τῶν ἱππέων νεανίσκοι*).[1] The anger of Theramenes at the destruction of the fort was recognized as diplomatic, and it soon ended in the popular movement for the " Five Thousand "; " but Aristarchos and the opponents were angry in earnest," though to no purpose. Aristarchos is a sinister figure ; for, some days later, when he and his confederates had to fly, he did his country a final disservice in betraying Oinoe to the Boeotians.[2] On this occasion he had with him " certain archers —of the most barbarian kind " ; and what superlative barbarians they were, Thracian or Scythian or whatever more barbarous there was, we are left to guess. The young men (*νεανίσκοι*) reappear with short swords at that meeting of the Thirty in council in 404, which ended in the killing of Theramenes,[3] and once more it is believed they were knights,—for knights were at all events in the service of the Thirty against Thrasybulus,[4]—unless we are content to render it merely as cavalry, though what other cavalry the Thirty could have it is hard to see. Eduard Meyer remarks that Xenophon records the events and especially the feeling and procedure of the knights with the liveliest recollection.[5] Grote recognizes a certain sympathy in Xenophon as historian, but neither he nor Beloch quite says that Xenophon served in the knights for the Thirty.

That the knights were throughout of the oligarchic party—of the party at least opposed to extreme democracy and in favour of its modification—is intelligible and is established. That Xenophon served among them is a conjecture—possible enough, but a conjecture still. That he sympathized with the ideal of modified democracy—if democracy there must be—is very likely. But as to his part in the events of 411, even as to his presence in Attica at all—we have absolutely no evidence whatever. The oligarchy of 404 is another matter,

[1] Thuc. viii. 92.

[2] Thuc. viii. 98. Aristarchos, somehow or other, was brought to trial for this betrayal, and, it was remembered, was given the full advantage of the laws in self-defence on the occasion (Xen. *Hellenica*, i. 7, 28).

[3] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 3, 23.

[4] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 4, 10.

[5] E. Meyer, *Gesch. des Alt.* v. § 757.

for our knowledge of it is chiefly drawn from Xenophon himself, and his account of it is one of the most vivid sections of his *Hellenica*—so vivid, that, forgetting how brilliantly Thucydides can describe scenes which he never saw, at Plataea or Pylos, our critics are certain that Xenophon was in Athens, or in Attica somewhere, throughout the whole stormy time.

Xenophon in ever memorable words describes the arrival in Athens of the news of the crowning disaster of Aegospotami —the night when no man slept. Such an experience, and all the dreadful events between that night and the final peace-making of the parties in Athens on the expulsion of the Thirty, could not but affect the mind and spirit of a man gifted with any feeling at all. The long fight against famine, when the corn trade route was finally held by the enemy—the anxiety as to what the conquerors would do with the captive city and people—the dragging negotiations of Theramenes—the humiliation—the loss of empire, walls, and even docks—the Thirty tyrants, and the killing of fifteen hundred people by them—experiences of this kind write themselves down in character. Life becomes another thing, and the man who looks out on it is changed for ever.

Sparta did not *andrapodize* Athens—kill the grown men and sell the women and children and blot out the city; but her decision had to be waited for. Lysander was capable of anything, and the Thebans and Corinthians urged it, men said.[1] One wonders if any in those days of waiting remembered Euripides' *Trojan Women*, and how it was given on the stage in 415, and read it again with a new understanding. Athens was spared, and historians have written of the nobility and magnanimity of Sparta. Eduard Meyer suggests that the fact that Athens was the centre of the spiritual life of Greece may have weighed; but Sparta rarely showed any sign of caring for anything of the kind.[2] More weight would be attached by the Spartans to the problem of what to do with

[1] *Hellenica*, ii. 2, 19. Cf. the treatment of Acragas in 406 by the Carthaginians (Diod. Sic. xiii. 89, 90)—a city of 200,000 people.

[2] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 2, 20, says the Spartans refused to destroy a city "that had done good service in the greatest dangers that had ever come on Greece." So Andocides, i. 142. When one recalls Lichas, Callicratidas, and King Pausanias, it becomes more credible that Sparta was in some degree amenable to such considerations.

Attica and the great haven if Athens were deleted. Perhaps it was not hard to understand the Theban desire to see this done, and "to leave the land for the grazing of sheep like the Crisaean plain." If Thebes did not gain the vacant territory, would it be Corinth—or Megara? In any case, it could not be incorporated in Laconia. Fewest questions would be raised, and fewest dangers incurred, if Athens were left—left crippled, helpless, and enslaved under domestic tyrants. And here we reach the story of the Thirty.

Till the discovery of the Aristotelian *Athenian Constitution*, Xenophon's narrative went unchallenged, supported as it was in most particulars by the almost contemporary speeches of Lysias and the references of Isocrates, Athenians all and "of years to remark what happened." But the new book has another version of the events, and perhaps its novelty or the glitter of Aristotle's name dazzled for a while a number of historians. It is very far from being a satisfactory piece of historical work. Not to leave the period which concerns us, the "constitution of Draco" was seen from the first to be an absurdity and probably the product of some pen of 411 or 404. The narrative of the Four Hundred contradicted Thucydides on the question, a crucial one: were or were not the Five Thousand really constituted before the Four Hundred fell? Aristotle, if it be he, says they were; Thucydides that they were not. Aristotle details the procedure, with such care that a German scholar could hold that "no transformation was ever so legally done"; but, as Eduard Meyer saw,[1] Aristotle omitted the real aspects of the revolution to depend on *acta*, or on the editor of *acta*.[2] And then, after saying, in chapter 30, that the Five Thousand were chosen, in chapter 32 he adds that it was "only in word"—*i.e.* they were chosen, only they really weren't. Meyer's vindication of Thucydides is generally accepted.[3] When we come to the Thirty, we find history still more thoroughly re-written. The order of events familiar to us in Xenophon's pages was this:—1st: the introduction of a garrison of seven hundred

[1] E. Meyer, *Forsch.* ii. pp. 406–436.

[2] "As false as a bulletin," we are told, was a proverb of Napoleon's time.

[3] Even by Mr. E. M. Walker, *Hellenica Oxyrhynchia*, p. 114.

men under the Spartan Callibios, followed by wholesale killing of opponents and the disarming of the people; 2nd: the remonstrance of Theramenes and his violent end, followed by more massacre, and the flight of citizens till refugees filled Megara and Thebes; 3rd: the occupation of Phyle by Thrasybulus. The new book inverts the order, and gives:—1st: the return of Thrasybulus; 2nd: the death of Theramenes; 3rd: the disarming of the people, heightened savagery, and the garrison.[1] On what authority, for Aristotle was not yet born? That would appear to have been some book or pamphlet, written apparently to vindicate Theramenes. Whether it is the judgment of Aristotle himself, or merely transcribed, the *Constitution* picks out as the best of Athenian politicians, "after the old (or ancient) ones"—a curiously careless phrase—Nicias, Thucydides the son of Melesias, and Theramenes. The author of this selection knows the slander against Theramenes as wrecker of every constitution—but, no! he says, Theramenes really tried to keep each constitution in turn away from the course of injustice; he showed the aptitude of an ideal good citizen to live under any constitution, and it was his resistance to illegality that won him ill will.[2] It might fairly be asked, whether anyone would guess from the *Constitution* that Theramenes had been, as we know he was, one of the Thirty at all.[3]

It is not till we read the speeches of Lysias against Eratosthenes and Agoratos that we realize the furious hatred men felt for Theramenes; and then, as we put together one or two remarks of Thucydides with the enthusiastic praise of Aristotle's anonymous authority, we begin to see what lies behind. Thucydides says that Theramenes was capable in speech and judgment;[4] and he gives, as we have seen, a remarkable eulogy to the fugitive constitution labelled

[1] The order of Xenophon is accepted by E. Meyer, *Gesch. des Alt.* v. § 749, and by Beloch, *Gr. Gesch.* ii. p. 116.

[2] Αθ. Πολ. 28, 5.

[3] And while we are asking questions, why does the author omit to state that Critias also was one of the Thirty? Is it deference to the school of Socrates?

[4] Thuc. viii. 68, 4. Cf. Aristophanes, *Frogs*, 967 ff., where Euripides is made to claim him with pride as a pupil, "a man who can always get out of a mess."

nowadays with that statesman's name.[1] Theramenes represented the party of modified democracy—of the impossible; and Aristotle is following the lead of one of his adherents, who, perhaps some time after the events, wrote an account of them which, in the unobtrusive way of a good party pamphlet, readjusted facts, and, by this simple form of appeal to history, cleared the fame of the great man associated with the ideal of ancestral or modified democracy. The Spartan garrison, he would have us think, was really fetched in after the death of Theramenes, so that he was not responsible for it, nor for the debt of a hundred talents to Sparta incurred by those who hired it and left by them for the democracy of the restoration to repay. The killing of Theramenes thus almost becomes a reply to the occupation of Phyle, a death for the People.

Now let the reader look at the speeches of Lysias, a contemporary, a resident, and a man ruined by the Thirty. Lysias, it is true, is angry and eager for revenge, which it would seem the court did not give him—but he is addressing men who had lived through the actual events, only two or three years away; men open to insinuations, but as well aware as himself of the actual course of events. The situation precludes major falsifications, and it gives the real atmosphere.

Then turn to Xenophon. Xenophon, as a historian, is admittedly careless, and he will omit things when he so pleases. He does like the Spartans and he does not like the Thebans, and omissions due to both feelings can be charged against him. But the more I read him, and the more I study what is made of his work by the scholars who have given to it the closest care and scrutiny, the more convinced I am that there is no ground for accusing him of deliberate falsification. Wrong impressions his carelessness will produce, and sometimes his party feeling; but in the latter case most often the thing corrects itself. To come then to Theramenes, and to suppose for the moment that Xenophon wishes to mislead us—in which direction will it be? Is he likely to falsify history out of sympathy with the party of Lysias, with the more furious end of the extreme democrats? Or with the moderates, whose spokesman supplied Aristotle's information? We have seen that, if we can at all divine what his party

[1] Thuc. viii. 97, 2. See Chapter III. p. 78.

politics were, he leaned to this side himself. But his story, as we have it, clashes with the moderate's version. Then he blundered and forgot? One would have thought it impossible to read the clear, vivid narrative, thrilling with the spirit of the eyewitness, and suggest such a thing. Does he or does he not make a hero of Theramenes? Or does he nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice? He quite openly shows Theramenes' connexion with Lysander—his long delay in the Spartan camp, while the siege of Athens dragged on for three interminable months of famine[1]—his part in the tragic surrender to Sparta—and he definitely names him among the Thirty. He does not attack him in the envenomed spirit of Lysias for his share in the establishment of the Thirty; and, by the time Theramenes is killed, he leaves the reader with a friendly feeling for the man—a feeling shared, it is clear, by many contemporaries who felt there was something in the death at least that was loyal and patriotic, that in a sense redeemed the life. Many felt this, as we can see; for Lysias protests fiercely against the notion that Theramenes died for the Athenians. It is very hard to find partisanship in the story told by Xenophon, or slovenliness. It makes the impression of the record of a candid and honourable witness, on whose mind were deeply and indelibly engraved the actual events of the most awful days in his country's history.[2] There are things a man cannot live through and forget.

It must have been with curious feelings that the pupil of Socrates found that the ruling spirit of the Thirty was another member of the school. Alcibiades had had his day, and now Critias ruled, pupil but hardly follower of Socrates.[3] Poet, thinker, orator, and adventurer, this man had been banished, thanks to Cleophon, who, it is said, had enough culture to quote a telling line of Solon against him, written for his ancestor long ago:

> εἰπέμεναι Κριτίῃ ξανθοτρίχι πατρὸς ἀκούειν—
> Bid Critias of the yellow hair obey his sire.[4]

[1] Read Xenophon's account of it, *Hellenica*, ii. 2, 21.

[2] E. Meyer, *Gesch. des Alt.* v. § 749, holds it unthinkable that Xenophon, who was an eyewitness and in the Knights, could have falsely set the calling in of the garrison before the death of Theramenes.

[3] See *Mem.* i. 1 and 2.

[4] Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, i. 1375.

An aristocrat in exile, he had employed himself in a rebellion of serfs against the rulers of Thessaly. He had come back with the exile's usual idea of vengeance,[1] but perhaps already Cleophon had been hustled out of the world by a judicial murder. But, for all his brain and energy, he was an impossible ruler, and he had as his colleague the most brilliant politician after Alcibiades of the decade—Theramenes, the adroitest of all moderates, the "buskin" that fitted all parties, who always played for his own hand and always saw the moment to change sides successfully, a natural traitor.[2] Theramenes saw that the violence of Critias was doing no good—it was not sense to kill men whom the *demos* regarded, at least if they did the *kaloi kâgathoi* no harm; even an oligarchy needed some kind of partners; and so he became suspect. The populace was disarmed and the garrison was got in; the rulers were free to kill more victims, and they began to include the *metics*, the resident aliens of the commercial community—which was folly, as Theramenes saw, and he said so. So they resolved to be rid of him, and they had him killed, as Critias planned, but it cost a good deal. He made a defence that was remembered; he fought for his life, and was dragged shouting across the agora—everybody saw and knew—and then with the hemlock his gaiety of spirit triumphed, and he died with a jest that went down to posterity as a signal exhibition of character and as a fulfilled prophecy. Critias, beside writing of the origin of the gods, had written a poem on the familiar game *Kottabos*; so Theramenes, when he had drunk off the cup, jerked out the last drops, with the gay challenge: "For Critias let this be, for Critias the noble!"—"I know well," wrote Xenophon at this point, "that such sayings are scarcely worth recording, but I count it an admirable trait in the man, that, with death so near, neither his sense nor his humour deserted him."[3] All Athens, we may be sure, heard the tale at once, and thought it over.

And then came news indeed—Thrasybulus had occupied Phyle,[4] an old hill fort on one of the two significant passes over

[1] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 3, 15. Cf. Diod. Sic. xiii. 92 (end), in what spirit the Syracusan exiles would come back—for killings and confiscations.

[2] See speech of Critias, *Hellenica*, ii. 3, 24–34.

[3] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 3, 56.

[4] See J. P. Mahaffy, *Rambles and Studies in Greece*, ch. viii.

the mountains between Attica and Boeotia, between Parnes and Cithaeron. He was a democrat leader, who had refused a place in the Thirty, and now he came with a band of the refugees from Thebes. Here I would quote with pleasure from Mrs. R. C. Bosanquet's charming book, *Days in Attica*.

" As a post of observation its position is unequalled. No boats could slip across the Saronic Gulf, no force of Athenians muster in the plain, no band attempt the passes of Hymettus, but the watchman at Phyle would see the lowering of the sail or the light glinting on the spears of moving men. The whole of the Cephissian plain from Phalerum to Pentelicus lies in view, clear as an illuminated missal, in spite of the well of air, two thousand five hundred feet in depth, that swims between. Athens can be seen, but it looks only a group of infinitesimal dots and lines. Without the aid of opera-glasses I have made out the dark rectangular outline of the Acropolis, the lighter pyramidal form of the Parthenon, and the white gleaming houses of the town. The Bay of Salamis is clear, though Piraeus is hidden behind hills. What a fine move of Thrasybulus to come up to this eyrie and wait for the moment when he could sweep eagle-like on his prey, to deliver the city from the tyrants ! "

For the Garibaldi-like story that follows—the fight in the snowstorm, the surprise of the guards of the Thirty, the seizure of the Peiraieus, the victory of Munychia, the gallant death of the prophet, the fall of Critias, and all the shifting movements of Thirty and Ten, the City and Peiraieus parties, the coming of the Spartans again, and the overriding of Lysander by King Pausanias—let the reader go to Xenophon himself and read with feeling and intelligence—and then say where Xenophon's sympathies lay, whether they are not where his own must lie. When did he write the story ? Many guesses have been made, but the indications are not enough to leave us sure. It does not matter greatly. What concerns us is that here is a tale of heroes, and Xenophon has that native instinct for heroism that makes the telling of it a joy to him, and leaves a story that cannot die.

The man has lived through a great deal. From the open-air pleasures and interests of the country deme, he has come to Athens and learnt to love Socrates, and found in his friendship

a stimulus that shaped life for him ; he has served his country in battle, he has felt with her in her fall and gone through the night of anguish with her ; [1] he has seen how far astray the most cultured and brilliant of men can go, how hopeless any government is that does not carry the people with it, that neglects the fundamental ancient distinction between right and wrong ; he has given up the idea of modified democracy, ancestral constitutions, and other notions of the study and the clique ; he has seen heroism again in its simplest and manliest forms, and the great spectacle of a people reunited ; and he ends his tale for the time being with the quiet and significant words—" So they swore oaths that they would remember no evil, and to this day they live together in one state, and Demos abides by his oaths."

One question remains, if anyone care to ask it. Among the exiles who came back in 404 was an old man, who had not seen Athens for twenty years—a man with perhaps a dash of foreign accent, pedantic a little, something of an archaist, a moderate in politics, in thought and mind and utterance a man of the old régime, busy still with a history at which he had been working for years, but which he had not finished. Legend says that Xenophon rescued that history or part of it from destruction ; he certainly wrote an ending for it—a piece of work in which his natural gifts are battling, whether he knew it or not, with a great influence.[2] How came he under that influence ? Was it one of style only, or did Xenophon meet Thucydides ?

[1] I cannot make anything of the remark of Hémardinquer, *La Cyropédie*, p. 10, that " Xénophon est sec dans les *Hellenica* sur la ruine d'Athènes et presque joyeux."

[2] See Bruns, *Lit. Porträt*, pp. 38 ff.

CHAPTER VII

PERSIA

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

SO runs, in its familiar English garb, the stanza of one of the great mediaeval poets of Persia. And in one of those courts Mr. E. G. Browne copied down a similar reflection, written there in 1791–2: "Where," asked the writer, in Arabic verse, "are the proud monarchs of yore? They multiplied treasures which endured not, neither did they endure."[1] The two moralists between them bring out how transitory is fame. Takht-i-Jamshíd (Throne of Jamshíd) is the modern name of Persepolis,[2] and Jamshíd, it would appear, is a mere hero of legend.[3] Bahrám, that great Hunter, was a king of the Sasanian house that held Persia for four centuries (A.D. 226–651) and fought with the Roman Empire till the deluge of Islam came and swept them away.[4] The great builder of Persepolis was Darius, and yet it would seem that he and Cyrus and the whole Achaemenian dynasty have passed from the national memory and imagination. What the West knows of them it has learnt for itself from their monuments and from what their enemies, the Greeks, told of them. Of all

[1] E. G. Browne, *A Year amongst the Persians*, p. 254.

[2] E. G. Browne, *Literary History of Persia*, p. 112.

[3] *Jam-shíd* or *Jam* is the *Yima* of the Avesta, and *Yama* of the Hindú mythology. He is a demigod, belonging to a period before Indians and Persians separated.

[4] Bahrám is, I think, the Varanes V (A.D. 420–440) of the dictionaries, "surnamed *Gour*, or the *Wild Ass*, on account of his passion for the chase of that animal"—a passion which Xenophon, at least, would forgive to a king (cf. *Anab.* i. 5, 2; *Cyrop.* viii. 1, 36. Cf. Chapter VIII. p. 246).

the world-empires before Rome's, that of the Achaemenians was most significant for mankind, and in more ways than one. Our present task is Greek history, but Greek history at the period under review is not to be understood apart from the Persian Empire.

Persia has contributed to the progress of mankind both by what she has done and by what she failed to do. The Persian tried to conquer the Greek and failed, and by the attempt and the failure brought out the grandeur of Hellas and gave the Hellen a glad self-consciousness, in the strength of which those triumphs were won which the world associates with the Greek name, and which have done so much to make the world. Even such an involuntary contribution to history is enough to entitle Persia to a more sympathetic study than she usually receives. They were no common foes who called into being all that Greece had of genius and power. In spirit, in courage, in character, the best of the Greeks recognized the Persians to be their peers. But in positive achievement the Persian also set new ideals before mankind—ideals to which indeed he did not himself attain, but which he left to Macedonian and Roman—ideals for the world's good government with the utmost of unity and cohesion combined with the largest possible freedom for the development of race and individual within the larger organism. An Indo-European people with great gifts, which in some degree they still keep, the Persians break upon the West with a series of surprises. In antiquity they first conceived and constructed a world-empire that should last. Then for six centuries they are governed by foreigners, Macedonian and Parthian, but they rise again to a new national life, only too significant for the West. In the Middle Ages they produce the only Oriental poets who have much influenced the thought and literature of the European peoples. In religion their story is as interesting. In their early day we see rise among them one of the world's great prophets, Zoroaster. It is now no longer held proven that he is among those who definitely contributed to the development of Israel's religion,[1] but, as we can see in Plutarch, his ideas spread far in the ancient world ; and to this day his own faith lives and remains of interest to those who care to

[1] J. H. Moulton, *Early Zoroastrianism*, p. 321.

know what the human mind can do in seeking after God. Mání (A.D. 215/6–273/6) and his religion are another manifestation of Persian interest in religious thought, and St. Augustine is a witness to the wide influence of a thinker who tried to reconcile Christ and Zoroaster. Islam itself suffered change when it reached Persia;[1] and the nineteenth century saw once more in Bábíism and Bahaiism the vitality of the Persian mind. So far as history is yet unfolded, no other Eastern people, apart from the Jews, has meant so much to the West or has taken so large a part in shaping the civilization and the thought of mankind.

When the Persians first appear as newcomers in the West, we recognize in them a sound and healthy primitive people. They have won ascendancy over the Medes; and Croesus, King of Lydia, so Herodotus tells us, is preparing to attack them. To him comes the wise Sandanis. "O King," said Sandanis, "thou makest ready to take the field against men of this sort; men who wear trowsers of leather, and the rest of their clothing is of leather; and they eat, not what they would, but what they have, for their land is rough. Moreover, they use not wine, but drink water; they have no figs to eat, nor anything else that is good."[2] They are a people from a harbourless land of mountain and desert, but (in spite of Sandanis) not without fertile areas, which in time they turned to good account. Pliny gives us lists of their trees and fruits,[3] and the peach to this day, in spite of the vagaries of European spellings, carries its origin in its very name—the "Persian" fruit. For, mountaineers as they were, the Persians loved gardens — kings and satraps in later days vied with one another in the beauty of their gardens and their "paradises."[4] The height and build of the Persians, men and women, impressed the Greeks. "Their names," says Herodotus, "are like their bodily shape and their magnificence;" and Xeno-

[1] See E. G. Browne, *A Year amongst the Persians*, ch. vi.; R. A. Nicholson, *Mystics of Islam*, p. 8, urges that Sūfism is not essentially Persian. See also T. W. Arnold, *Preaching of Islam*[2], p. 211.

[2] Herodotus, i. 71.

[3] Pliny, *N.H.* xii. 3; xv. 13, 14; 22; xix. 3, etc. Cf. G. Rawlinson, *Ancient Monarchies*[4], vol. iii. 139.

[4] See notes of How and Wells on Herodotus, vii. 5; and evidence there cited.

phon tells his fellow-soldiers that he fears, if they consort with "the tall and beautiful women and maidens of the Medes and Persians," they may, like the lotus-eaters, forget the homeward journey.[1] That the Persian troops were among the world's best fighting men was evident from the victories of Cyrus and Darius; at Plataea itself in 479 B.C., so far as "spirit and valour" went, they were not inferior to the Spartans; and it would seem that to the end, though badly armed, badly organized, and badly led, the Persian soldier showed no degeneracy in personal courage.[2] The Greeks remarked the decency and the courtesy of their manners,[3] and Alexander the Great found among them a tone, a charm, and a dignity which neither Greek nor Macedonian possessed. There is apt to be in monarchical and episcopal societies a habit of manners which a republic does not always produce, and to emperors and people of position it is very attractive, especially when enhanced by contrast.

"They teach their boys," says Herodotus,[4] "from five years old to twenty, three things only—to ride the horse, to shoot with the bow, and to speak the truth." The epigram is not to be forced; writing and reading as part of Persian education are implied already by the inscriptions of Cyrus, and still more by those of Darius. Darius, indeed, it has been remarked, in his most famous inscription at Behistun lays great emphasis on truth and falsehood. "Lying they reckon the greatest of shame."[5] Riding may not have been—and probably was not—an accomplishment of the race in their mountain days, and Xenophon attributes the development of

[1] Herodotus, i. 139; Xen. *Anab.* iii. 2, 25. Cf. How and Wells on the story of Phye, Herodotus, i. 60: "This passage is very significant for Greek stature: this 'daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair,' was only about 5 feet 10 inches." The Persian names fascinated Aeschylus; cf. *Persae*, 21, 302, 959, for lists of them. A similar turn of mind is seen in the geographical references of his *Prometheus*.

[2] Maspero, *Passing of the Empires*, p. 806.

[3] See the curious data of Herodotus, i. 133, 134; Xen. *Cyrop.* i. 2, 16; v. 2, 17; viii. 1, 42. The passages rather suggest the Greek want of dignity which the Romans noticed. The Persian habit of kissing one's friends on lips (Herodotus, i. 134; Xen. *Ages.* 5, 4; *Cyrop.* i. 4, 27).

[4] Herodotus, i. 136.

[5] Herodotus, i. 138; note also his addition, "and debt next to it," and the reason given that a debtor is bound to lie a little.

cavalry to the reasoned judgment of Cyrus the Great.[1] The description which he gives of that great conqueror's boyhood is perhaps more the ideal of the historian than an actual transcript from Persian life; but in any case it contains features which we know to be historical, and it is certainly the most delightful picture of boyhood in the classics. It may be noted that Xenophon emphasizes the Persian practice of educating boys of noble birth "at the gates of the king"[2] or of the satrap, and of training them in "justice"; and he describes a discipline which was not unlike the Spartan, but with perhaps a good deal more hunting and more emphasis on truth.

Persian religion clearly interested Herodotus, but as he did not speak the language, there remain in his account of it some gaps and some confusions.[3] Xenophon seems to have taken little interest in learning what the Persian religion really was. He represents Cyrus as uniformly religious, but in rather a Greek way—his Cyrus is pious as he himself is. Probably, like most Greeks and Romans, he assumed that the religion of other races would be essentially like his own, but with different names. From the sacred books of the old Persians we can supplement and correct what the Greeks tell us.[4] It results that Zoroaster was a real and historical man and a prophet, who died by violence towards the age of eighty, about 583 B.C.; and the spread of his teaching from Bactria (Balkh), where he made his first great convert in King Vishtashpa (Hystaspes), can be traced over Persia. Strabo in a later day reveals its dissemination outside Persia, but the modern Parsis are emigrants who went to India to escape Muslim persecution, not a survival of a converted Indian community. In the popular mind Zoroastrianism is connected with the conflict of Ormuzd (Ahuramazda) and

[1] *Cyrop.* iv. 3, 8; and he adds that to this day no Persian of rank will be seen on foot, § 23. Against this may be set the fact that Cyrus was sculptured on foot, and the Kings were represented on the darics kneeling to draw the bow.

[2] Xen. *Anab.* i. 9, 3.

[3] Herodotus, i. 131; iii. 16.

[4] See A. V. Williams Jackson, *Zoroaster the Prophet of Ancient Iran*, a book accepted by the learned in Persian; J. H. Moulton's *Early Zoroastrianism*; and E. G. Browne, *Literary History of Persia* (p. 30), and *A Year amongst the Persians*, ch. xiii., xiv.

Ahriman, with the Magians, with strange customs in marriage and the disposal of the dead. That there is confusion here, and has been from the days of Herodotus, is clear. What appears to be the case is that the Magians were really not Persian at all, but an aboriginal tribe of earlier inhabitants lingering in the land and slowly imposing their religion and its customs upon the Persians themselves.[1] Zoroaster was an Iranian, and in many striking points his faith and the practices and superstitions of the Magians were in conflict. Zoroaster knows no magic,[2] no astrology,[3] no images,[4] and—unless in a very modified sense of the word—no temples. No religious buildings are found among the ruins of Pasargadae or Persepolis.[5] The Magian left the dead to be torn by birds and dogs, a very primitive trait—and this usage was at last imposed on the Zoroastrian religion, as the Persian *dakhmas* and the Bombay "towers of silence" witness; but the earlier Zoroastrian buried his dead, and the tombs of his kings stand to this day. "For all the profundity of Zarathushtra's thinking . . . he was intensely alive to the practical realities of life; and there was a singular absence of the mystical element in his teaching. A little more of it might perhaps have helped his religion to secure a much larger part in human history. A more conspicuous absence is that of asceticism, which cuts him off strikingly from spiritual kinship with India."[6] Tradition states that Zoroaster was thrice married, and had several sons and daughters, and that the three wives survived him[7]—Herodotus, we may recall, remarked polygamy among the Persians and their pride in large families of sons. The marriage of very near relations seems Magian rather than Zoroastrian, and does not survive among the Parsis.

[1] See J. H. Moulton, *Early Zoroastrianism*, p. 193, and *Essays and Studies presented to William Ridgeway*, pp. 249–260.

[2] Moulton, *ibid.* p. 160. [3] Moulton, *ibid.* p. 237.

[4] Moulton, *ibid.* p. 391.

[5] But Darius (at Behistun) speaks of restoring places of worship which the Magians had destroyed—*i.e.* altars on mountain heights (Justi, in Geiger und Kuhn, p. 427).

[6] Moulton, *Early Zoroastrianism*, p. 146.

[7] Williams Jackson, *Zoroaster*, p. 20; see also E. G. Browne, *Lit. Hist. Persia*, p. 161, on the contrast here with Mání.

At the centre of Zoroaster's religion stands the supremacy of Ahuramazda—" a great god is Ahuramazda, who hath created this earth, who hath created that heaven, who hath created man, who created gladness of man " ; so runs the inscription of Darius,[1] and the Avesta speaks in the same style. " They count it unlawful," says Herodotus,[2] " to set up images and shrines and altars, and such as do they charge with folly, I think, because they do not hold the gods to be in the image of man, as do the Greeks. Their wont is to ascend to the tops of the mountains and do sacrifice to Zeus, calling the whole circle of the sky Zeus. They sacrifice also to the sun and the moon and earth and fire and water and winds. To these alone they sacrifice from of old, but they have learnt also to sacrifice to Ourania, having learnt it from the Assyrians and Arabs. The Assyrians call Aphrodite Mylitta, the Arabs Alilat,[3] and the Persians Mitra.[4] The sacrifice of the Persians to the gods mentioned is this. They neither make altars nor light fire, when they would sacrifice. They use no libation, nor flute, nor garlands, nor meal ; " and Herodotus goes on to describe the sacrifice of the ox, the prayer " for good for all the Persians and for the King," and the presence of the Magian " chanting a theogony," for " without a Magian it is not their custom to do sacrifice."

Herodotus shows already the foreign influences at work—he remarks, a little later, that of all men the Persians are most ready to accept foreign customs. One gathers that, as China to-day has three religions of very different origins more or less fused and supplementing one another, so the Persian in time found little difficulty in accommodating the faith of Zoroaster with the practices of the Magians and the unclean goddesses of the Semites. Cyrus was perhaps not a Zoroastrian at all ; his Elamite ancestors had probably long worshipped

[1] At Persepolis ; and similarly at Ganj Namah near Hamadan (Williams Jackson, *Persia, Past and Present*, p. 172).

[2] Herodotus, i. 131 f.

[3] The Al-Lát of Muhammad's heathen opponents.

[4] That Mithras was not a feminine god was long ago noted. Moulton, *Early Zoroastrianism*, pp. 238, 400, discusses the blunder and its origin, connecting it with the pairing of Mithras and Anahita, and calling it a " helpful mistake."

Babylonian gods.[1] Darius, however, is thought to have been definitely and decisively Zoroastrian—"a man for whom religion was obviously a very real experience"[2]—he mentions no other gods beside Ahuramazda in his inscriptions. In Egypt, as king he repaired certain temples, but the one that he built at the oasis of Kharga he dedicated to Amen-Ra, the god of the luckless monotheist Amen-hotep IV. A hymn of fifty lines, placed in the mouth of the eight great primeval gods—and a very remarkable hymn—proclaims the greatness of Amen-Ra; "no god begot him, what god is like unto him?" It is suggested that Darius found so many attributes shared by Amen-Ra and Ahuramazda that he felt the hymn would honour both, if they were two and not one.[3] Xerxes, and his queen Amestris, fell into ways abhorrent to Zoroaster,[4] though he repeats in a formal inscription the phrases of his father about Ahuramazda.[5] Artaxerxes II lapsed further and set up images of Anahita, and used her name in his inscriptions—"By the grace of Ahuramazda, Anahita, and Mithra, I built this palace. May Ahuramazda, Anahita, and Mithra protect me!"[6]

It is interesting to find that the greatest of the Achaemenians—greatest in outlook, genius, and achievement—was so definitely monotheistic, while his successors, sons of the harem in every sense, declined to idolatry. What the common people and the nobles did, all the time, we can only guess. It was in all probability from them that Herodotus gained his knowledge, and if it is confused, here at least his informants were probably no less confused.[7] The last broken sentence of

[1] On this point Professor E. G. Browne writes to me: "I don't think it has been satisfactorily proved that the Achaemenians were Zoroastrians. The fact that they called God *Ahura Mazda* proves nothing; the pagan Arabs recognized *Alláh Ta'álá* (God Most High), but this did not make them Muhammadans."

[2] J. H. Moulton, *Early Zoroastrianism*, p. 44.

[3] See E. A. Wallis Budge, *History of Egypt*, vol. vii. pp. 66–69.

[4] J. H. Moulton, *Early Zoroastrianism*, pp. 57, 129; Herodotus, vii. 114.

[5] Curzon, *Persia*, ii. 156. See later, p. 228.

[6] Moulton, *Early Zoroastrianism*, p. 77. Berosus, *ap.* Clem. Alex. *Protr.* 5, 65, an interesting section on Persian religion. The inscription is at Susa.

[7] They bore names, many of which pointed to the old gods (Meyer, *Gesch.* iii. § 78).

Thucydides tells how Tissaphernes went to Ephesus and sacrificed to Artemis.

Of the influence of foreign nations on a people so brilliant and lively of mind as the Persians we need little evidence. Herodotus attests it in their practice, chiefly noting the evil they learnt from their neighbours.[1] He also speaks of their adoption of the Median dress in peace and the Egyptian corslet in war.[2] Modern archæologists remark the influence successively of Assyria, Lycia, Egypt, and Greece in their art and architecture.[3] The result was a hybrid style, which lasted till the Achaemenian dynasty fell and then disappeared.

The founder of the Persian Empire was Cyrus. Xenophon emphasizes the greatness of the man; he details the races he ruled, peoples of many languages, the vast expanse of his kingdom (so vast that it would tax a man's endurance merely to travel over it from the palace that was its centre), the terror of Cyrus' name that went with the charm of it, and the reliance on his wisdom; and he insists that such a man deserves study.[4] He was the founder; and to the end part of the ritual of the Persian king's installation was the donning of the robe of Cyrus.[5] The ruins of his city still stand at Pasargadai—a city never finished.[6] His tomb is there, a rectangular roofed chamber of white stone, of extraordinary solidity, on a square platform approached by steep and lofty steps.[7] Alexander the Great visited it and was angry that his generals should plunder it, and he repaired the injuries they had done.[8] Not very far away stands a monument, a pillar, with a sculptured figure. The features show a man of Iranian origin, with a face of a European type, the head bald or shaven on top, the hair short and matted, and the beard slightly curled.

[1] Herodotus, i. 133.

[2] Herodotus, i. 135. For the Median dress, cf. Xen. *Cyrop.* i. 3, 2; viii. 1, 40; 3, 1; 8, 8.

[3] Curzon, *Persia*, ii. pp. 189–193; Babelon, *Manual*, pp. 148, 149, 150, 157.

[4] Xen. *Cyrop.* i. 1, 5.

[5] Plut. *Artax.* 3.

[6] Williams Jackson, *Persia*, ch. xix.

[7] E. G. Browne, *Year*, 241; Curzon, *Persia*, ii. 75 ff.; Babelon, *Manual*, p. 160. It is called to-day "the Mosque of the Mother of Solomon." Justi (in Geiger und Kuhn), p. 421, on its Asiatic-Greek style, as found in Lycia.

[8] Arrian, *Anab.* v. 29, 4–11; Strabo, 730.

But the ornament is all foreign—over his head is a triple disk as over an Egyptian god ; he has wings like the genii of Assyria or Chaldaea, with well-marked feathers ; his robe has an Assyrian fringe ; in his hand is a statuette in Egyptian style. A short Persian inscription states : " I am Cyrus the King, the Achaemenian." [1]

But for our purposes Darius is of more importance. If Cyrus was the conqueror, it was Darius who organized the Empire, who made it formidable and significant, and gave it such stability as it kept for nearly two hundred years. It is agreed among students of antiquity that his extraordinary enlightenment, his moderation, his practical wisdom, and the width of his interests distinguish him among the conquerors and rulers of the East. At Behistun, on the side of a rugged crag, " of Gibraltar-like impressiveness," [2] at a height of three hundred feet above the plain, there is still to be read the inscription, in which, in about four hundred lines of old Persian in a beautiful cuneiform, Darius records how he won his throne and recaptured his Empire, " all by grace of Ahuramazda," and he mentions the provinces name by name.

" Saith Darius the King : When Ahuramazda saw this earth . . . then did He entrust it to me, He made me King, I am King, by the grace of Ahuramazda have I set it in right order, what I commanded them that was carried out, as was my will. If thou thinkest, ' How many were the lands which King Darius ruled ? ' then behold this picture ; they bear my throne, thereby thou mayst know them. Then shalt thou know that the spears of the men of Persia reach afar ; then shalt thou know that the Persian waged war far from Persia.

" Saith Darius the King : What I have done, that did I all by the grace of Ahuramazda : Ahuramazda vouchsafed me help till I completed the work. May Ahuramazda protect me from . . . and my House and these lands ! For this do I pray Ahuramazda : may Ahuramazda vouchsafe me this !

[1] Babelon, *Manual*, p. 160 ; A. V. Williams Jackson, *Persia, Past and Present*, p. 281.

[2] A. V. Williams Jackson, *Persia, Past and Present*, pp. 177–187. Englishmen may feel a legitimate pride in the fact that Sir Henry Rawlinson first gave this inscription to the world.

"O man! This is Ahuramazda's command to thee: Think no evil; abandon not the right path; sin not." [1]

Persepolis, forty miles south of Pasargadae and forty north of Shiraz, is the new capital that Darius founded and Xerxes finished. Five miles away from the Takht-i-Jamshíd and its palaces, cut into the face of a long high bluff, is the grave of Darius. The carving on the rock represents the façade of an Achaemenian palace. It is identified by two trilingual inscriptions of sixty lines. Beside it in the cliff's face are the graves of Xerxes and two others of the Kings, and a little to one side below it is a later monument, well placed—a finely-rendered bas-relief representing the surrender of the Roman Emperor Valerian to Shapur, the Sasanian king, in A.D. 260, the proudest achievement of that dynasty.[2] It remains for us to see what this king did—"Darius the great King, the King of kings, King of lands peopled by all races, for long King of this great earth, the son of Vishtásp, the Achaemenian, a Persian, son of a Persian, an Aryan of Aryan descent."

The problem before Darius was a difficult one. He had seen the Empire fall to pieces in the troublous time of Gaumâta the Magian who lied to the people and said, "I am Bardiya the son of Cyrus." Darius had overthrown the usurper and he had reconquered the lost provinces; but was it possible to keep them, to knit them together, and to secure his House against the disruption of the Empire whenever a new King ascended the throne—the common fate of Oriental monarchies? The Empire reached far, and it included civilized nations like the Egyptians and the Asiatic Greeks and savages like the Mossynoeci; it even touched India. Customs, languages, religions, governments of every kind it comprised—a bewildering and confused congeries of all sorts of races in every stage of culture.[3] What could be done to unite it? Its variety was, it is true, in one way a source of strength to the Persian

[1] E. G. Browne, *Lit. Hist. of Persia*, p. 94.

[2] A. V. Williams Jackson, *Persia*, 296–305; Curzon, *Persia*, ii. 120; E. G. Browne, *Lit. Hist. Persia*, p. 151.

[3] Asia Minor seems even then to have been what it is to-day—the home of races, broken to fragments, and the fragments mixed, the races too distinct and too involved either to coalesce or to separate.

rulers, for peoples so alien to each other might be trusted never to make common cause against the throne with any real prospect of success; the distances were too great,[1] and the differences too vital.[2] But there was weakness in the variety, for the Persian nation stood alone among its subjects, and however well it governed, it remained a foreign power to which there could be no loyalty. Egypt, for instance, was well governed under Darius; it had peace, and with peace, as always in Egypt, when taxation is not ruinous, prosperity; but Egypt never liked the Persian. The Egyptian did not want good government by the foreigner; and the repeated rebellions of Egypt go far to explain the ineffectiveness and the decline of Persian power.

The great work of Darius was organization.[3] The Empire was divided into satrapies, the number of which varied from time to time. Over each was a satrap, who with certain limitations had a place and a task like that of the King himself. Generally at first, and later on almost without exception, the satraps were Persians, and frequently men of families connected with the King's own.[4] Among the duties of the satrap, the levying of tribute and the forwarding of it to the King came first. Under Cyrus and Cambyses there had been no regular tribute; now it was organized on a definite basis and the satrap was responsible.[5] Administration and justice were in the hands of the satrap, and by his side stood two independent officers of the crown, a royal secretary and a military commander; under him there sometimes were subordinate governors (*ὕπαρχοι*).[6] At least, it was so

[1] Cf. Xen. *Anab.* i. 5, 9.

[2] Meyer, *Gesch.* iii. § 56, notes also that Assyrian conquerors and invading tribes (Cimmerians and Scythians, cf. Herodotus, i. 6, 15, 105; Strabo, 627) by wearing down the nations had made the Persian's task easier.

[3] Grundy, *Great Persian War*, p. 41.

[4] See notes of How and Wells on Herodotus, iii. 89 f. Satraps and satrapies existed before Darius.

[5] Note the demand of Darius II for the *arrears* of tribute of the Ionian cities as soon as the Athenian disaster at Syracuse was known. The demand was sent to the satraps.

[6] The word *satrap* (khshátrapâvan) made its way slowly in Greek literature. Herodotus says *ὕπαρχος*; the satrapy he calls *νομός*, only twice using *σατραπηίη*, and then explaining it by *ἀρχή*. Aeschylus has neither term; Thucydides *σατραπεία*, but not *σατράπης*. Xeno-

in theory ; for in practice in a great empire with no telegraphs many things are done and have to be done which do not square with theory. It was designed that satrap and secretary and military commander should be independent of one another, even a little hostile to one another, and all in consequence more loyal to the Great King and more dependent on him.[1] A similar plan was adopted by Louis XIV in Canada, where governor, bishop, and intendant divided responsibility and reported upon one another to the King. But practically everything that a satrap was supposed not to do, satraps sooner or later did. Of course it may be that the Greeks over-systematized the arrangements of which they learned.[2] Satraps did command armies, for they were charged to suppress rebellions, and now and then had to deal with rebels without waiting for orders, and they had at times the responsibility of making war on their own account with neighbouring tribes or states.[3] They also coined money, which was normally a royal prerogative ; but when a satrap was in charge of an army on military service, he coined the money to pay it, and the coinages of some of them are well known—*e.g.* Tissaphernes, Pharnabazos, and Datames.[4] Whether strict or easy, the general scheme was for a long while effective—as effective as most plans of government ; for the management of the great expeditions against Greece in the reigns of Darius and Xerxes implies energy and skill

phon is the first to use *σατράπης* (as he was to use *ταγὸς* in prose), and he distinguishes *ὕπαρχος* as an official of lower rank (cf. *Anab.* iii. 5, 17, and iv. 4, 4). The Greeks were not all sure of the spelling of the word—*ἐξαιθράπης* and *ἐξαιθραπεύων* are variants. See Hicks and Hill, *Greek Inscr.*, No. 133.

[1] Grundy, *Persian War*, 41.

[2] Xenophon, for instance ; see *Cyrop.* viii. 6, 1–4 ; *Econ.* 4, 9. The same is said of Herodotus. Foreigners generalize and systematize what they hear, for they are very rarely in possession of the exceptions that natives know. Tourist knowledge of the colonies illustrates what I mean.

[3] Cf. expedition against Naxos, Herodotus, v. 32 ; and Herodotus, v. 96, Artaphrenes and Athens.

[4] See Babelon, *Les Perses Achémenides*, p. xxi f. We often hear of the King supplying the money for a war ; some wars, however, must have been financed by the satraps at their own cost or at the cost of the satrapies.

and organization. The expeditions, it is true, failed, but storms at sea and the personal folly of Xerxes explain a great deal. Yet immense armies were mobilized, and transported, and fed,[1] and brought into action, vast distances away from their homelands; and great fleets held the sea and co-operated with the armies. Even in the decline of Persia, when the driving power is supplied, as by Pharnabazos and Conon, the machinery is all there, and a great fleet can take the sea and win a triumphant and decisive victory.

So far as we know, the satraps were paid no regular stipend, but it is possible and likely that in organizing the tribute and its collection they charged their upkeep upon their satrapies. Eastern and western governors have grown rich without salaries in every age. Some satrapies seem to have been practically hereditary. Of these the most interesting is that of Daskyleion on the Propontis. Here, as a reward for his services to Xerxes in the great campaign that was wrecked at Salamis, Artabazos the son of Pharnaces was established;[2] and he was succeeded by his son and grandson, Pharnabazos and Pharnaces.[3] Of these two men we know little, but we may owe them a good deal more than we suspect; for it generally held that the family of Daskyleion were among the Persian friends of Herodotus, who was certainly remarkably well informed about their founder. Pharnaces was succeeded by his son Pharnabazos, who plays a large part in Greek history — an attractive figure in the pages of Thucydides and especially of Xenophon. Xenophon yields to natural affinity and delays his narrative to speak of the beauties of the satrap's estate, his hunting-grounds and his paradises, the river, the birds, the villages, the abundance;[4] and then he tells in his vivid and pleasant way of the discussion between the great Persian noble and the Spartan king—how Pharnabazos reminded him what a friend he had been to Sparta through the last years of the Peloponnesian

[1] We have certain slight hints of commissariat plans—*e.g.* Herodotus, vii. 23, 25; Xen. *Anab.* i. 5, 6, the "Lydian market" with Cyrus' troops; cf. *Cyrop.* vi. 2, 38, 39.

[2] Thuc. i. 129.

[3] Thuc. ii. 67; v. 1; satrap, 430–414 B.C. He befriended the Delians expelled from their island by the Athenians.

[4] Xen. *Hellenica*, iv. 1, 15 ff.

War, and how he had built them fleets; and now they have ravaged his country, "and the beautiful buildings and the paradises full of trees and wild animals that my father left me, which I enjoyed so much, all these I see cut down and burnt down." Agesilaos pled war, and with necessity (the tyrant's plea) excused his devilish deeds; but why, he suggested, should not Pharnabazos revolt from the King? Pharnabazos replies that he would, if the King made him subject to another; but if not, "know assuredly, I will fight against you to the best of my power." So king and satrap shake hands and part friends.

With such a tenure, and with troops of their own, particularly cavalry, it was hard for the King himself to be rid of his satraps; and Herodotus tells a story which illustrates how carefully the operation had to be undertaken, even by so strong a King as Darius.[1] But satraps were not left quite to themselves. There were "King's Eyes" and "King's Ears," whose functions are suggested by their names, and who were constantly keeping the King in touch with what went on in his Empire.[2] Whether he used this information depended on himself, and, in some reigns, on the harem. Aristophanes, in his *Acharnians*, represents a certain Shamartabas, the "King's Eye," as coming on an embassy to Athens; Dikaiopolis wishes the crow would pick out the "King's Eye," and in the end it turns out that Shamartabas is as sham as his name. The title of the office evidently interested the Greeks, but it is not clear that such an official would be sent on an embassy, nor whether the King had more than one "Eye" at a time.[3] That the King and his "Eye" between them insisted on honest justice so far as they could, is to be seen in the story of the judge whom Cambyses deposed, and whose skin covered the cushion on which his son and successor sat to administer the law.[4] The

[1] Herodotus, iii. 126–128; Oroites the satrap had a bodyguard of 1000 Persians.

[2] Xen. *Cyrop.* viii. 2, 10; 6, 16. How and Wells on Herodotus, i. 114, suggest that these officers did not travel as much as the Greeks thought. Grundy, *Persian War*, p. 43, accepts Xenophon's statement.

[3] The "King's Eye"; cf. Herodotus, i. 114; iii. 126; Plut. *Artax.* 12; Aristophanes, *Ach.* 92; and the earliest reference (Aesch. *Pers.* 980) seems to imply a single "Eye" in attendance on the King.

[4] Herodotus, v. 25.

Empire was after all a despotism, and, as the Royal Judges told Cambyses, there was a law that the King could do what he pleased ;[1] and he did. The King's vengeance on traitors, real or imaginary, could be terrible, from the days of Darius to the end.[2] To secure the King the quickest news and the swiftest execution of his orders, the Persian posts were devised—the quickest thing on earth, Herodotus says, and adds a qualification, " of mortal things." So also says Xenophon without the qualification. Marco Polo speaks in the same way of posts in the Chinese Empire at the time of his residence there (about 1292).[3]

One feature of Oriental government has always been the steady accumulation of treasure by the ruler, and the Persian Kings were no exception. " The Persian," says Xenophon, " considered that, if he had endless money, he would have everything under his hand ; so all the gold there was among men, all the silver, all the most precious things, he tried to gather for himself." [4] Herodotus describes how all the tribute, which he computes to have amounted to 14,560 talents a year in the days of Darius, was melted down and kept in the form of ingots.[5] The expenses of the Court must have been large,

[1] Herodotus, iii. 31. [2] Cf. Herodotus, iii. 119.

[3] Herodotus, viii. 98 ; Xen. *Cyrop.* viii. 6, 17, 18. Beazley, *Dawn of Modern Geography*, vol. iii. p. 98 : Polo says the Chinese post would cover 250 miles in a day and nearly as much in a night. From the reminiscences of an old friend, writing of Bristol about 1823, I take a sentence or two which may be of interest by way of illustration. " About this period coach travelling had been brought to perfection. The fast coaches averaged ten miles an hour, exclusive of stoppages. It required, at least, 120 horses to work such a coach between Bristol and London . . . kept in first-rate condition, with an unlimited supply of food—for the proprietors were well aware how much dearer horses were than hay and corn. . . . Though the horses were changed some thirteen or fourteen times, not more than half an hour was lost in these frequent stoppages. I have seen one team taken out and another put to, in less than a minute. The horses had seldom more than six hours' work in a week ; but at the pace they were driven, it was like fighting, and they required prolonged rest to recover from the excessive strain." He contrasts an advertisement of a London and Bristol coach of the eighteenth century—" the proprietors solemnly pledge themselves, with the blessing of Almighty God, to perform the journey in the short space of three days " (F. Trestrail, *College Life in Bristol*, p. 111).

[4] Xen. *Ages.* 8, 6. [5] Herodotus, iii. 95 ; perhaps he quotes the total.

and the Persian King no doubt found that what the Spartan king says in Thucydides is true—as others have found since to their cost and their children's after them—that war is a matter of finance as much as of arms.[1] Lysander took back to Sparta after the Peloponnesian War the sum of 470 talents, which Xenophon describes as the balance left of the tributes turned over to him by Cyrus.[2] Isocrates says the Persian King Darius II had contributed 5000 talents to Sparta in all.[3] He also says that the war against Evagoras cost Artaxerxes II more than 15,000 talents,[4] which it well may have, as we gather in fact from other sources that the government of Artaxerxes had a certain genius for waste and inefficiency.[5] None the less the hoarding went on, and when Alexander took Susa, he captured there 50,000 talents, and another hoard at Persepolis.[6] It was not altogether an idle brag of Aristagoras that, if Cleomenes took Susa, he might challenge Zeus on the score of wealth.[7] George Finlay computed the treasure suddenly thrown into general circulation by Alexander's conquest at between seventy and eighty millions sterling.[8] The profound changes it must have made in the Greek world, in all international relations and in morals, in everything down to the cost of the simplest articles in the market of a country town, it is hard to grasp; and no doubt a great deal of the treasure had never come West at all. Then the stream turned, and for centuries gold flowed eastward again, and one of the difficulties of the Roman Empire was the scarcity of the precious metals.

Side by side with the satrapies, or in some cases within them, there survived many traces of older orders which Darius maintained and utilized. Existing communities were in many cases preserved, and often they were allowed to govern themselves as they preferred, though their liberties were precarious and their cities unwalled. The reversal of the policy of setting up tyrants over the Asiatic Greeks is a case in point; Mardonius put an end to the tyrants and substituted democracies.[9] Per-

[1] Thuc. i. 83, 2.
[2] *Hellenica*, ii. 3, 8–9.
[3] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 97.
[4] Isocrates, *Evag.* 60.
[5] *e.g.* Isocrates, *Paneg.* 142; and Diod. Sic. xv. 41.
[6] Arrian, *Anab.* iii. 16, 7; Strabo, 727–730.
[7] Herodotus, v. 49, 7.
[8] Finlay, *Greece under the Romans*, ch. i. p. 12.
[9] Herodotus, vi. 43.

haps it was not really so strong an indication of the prevalence of democratic ideas among the Persians as Herodotus supposed, but it showed at least a sense and a liberality that the imperial states of Greece did not reach. In Egypt it was the other way. "If Psammenitos could have been trusted not to make trouble, he would have received Egypt again to govern it; for the Persians are wont to honour the sons of kings; and even if the kings revolt they none the less give back the government to their sons," says Herodotus,[1] and he instances the sons of Inaros and Amyrtaios, though no men ever did the Persians more mischief than these two. The Babylonians seem to have had the same usage, to judge from Nebuchadnezzar's treatment of the kingdom of Judah. Xerxes took with him on his expedition against Greece quite a number of subject or vassal princes [2]—the kings or tyrants (the latter name is rather loosely used) of Tyre and Sidon, of Cilicia and Lycia,[3] several from Cyprus and Caria, and pre-eminent among the last Queen Artemisia. Xenophon explains that Cyrus "sent no Persians to be satraps of Cilicia and Cyprus and the Paphlagonians, because it appeared they campaigned with him of their own free will against Babylon; but he appointed that these also should pay tribute." [4] Isocrates, not quite accurately, says no Persian was ever master of Lycia.[5]

It is difficult, sometimes very difficult, for a modern student to be quite sure exactly how dependent or independent these tributary kings and princes were from time to time; perhaps it was no easier for themselves to be sure. A good deal depended on geography—how accessible the kingdoms were to fleets or armies, and how far available for the operations of cavalry; a good deal on what we call personal equations—the characters of the prince or princess concerned, of his or her brothers and other relatives,[6] of the neighbouring satrap, of the

[1] Herodotus, iii. 15.

[2] Cf. Herodotus, vii. 98, 195; and also v. 104; viii. 11.

[3] A brilliant emendation by E. Meyer may claim a note. The text reads Λύκιος κυβερνίσκος Σίκα. But Κύβερνις is a Lycian name attested by an inscription, and Κοσσίκας answers to the Lycian Cheziga. So Meyer divides the words accordingly. "This is the state of Keasars and of Kings!"

[4] Xen. *Cyrop.* viii. 6, 8; and vii. 4, 2. [5] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 161.

[6] Cf. Strabo, c. 656, Pixodaros and Ada.

reigning Great King. But it is easy to see that if a native king could be trusted at all, he might be a much more congenial ruler for his subjects than a Persian satrap would be ; and it is just possible that the consciousness of a higher power beyond might be a check upon oppression, as is the case in India to-day, though no instance seems to be recorded of the deposition of a king by the Persians on any such ground. In any case, some of the countries or regions mentioned had native dynasties throughout. In Cilicia, for instance, native kings are known to have reigned from before the Persian conquest down to the fall of the Empire.[1] Seven of them are known to us by name, perhaps eight, the most famous being the third Syennesis, who fell gloriously at Salamis, and the fourth Syennesis, who with the aid of his wife and son trimmed very dexterously between Cyrus and Artaxerxes. Artemisia of Caria and Halicarnassus we have met before. Whether the later Artemisia who built the Mausoleum to commemorate her husband, and the Ada who adopted Alexander the Great as her son,[2] are of the same family as the great queen whom Xerxes so much admired, I do not know.

Beside the satraps and the native princes, there were here and there throughout the Empire noble families established upon estates given them by the Kings. Cyrus, Xenophon tells us, devised the plan, and " to this day in one land and another the descendants of those who then received them enjoy the property, though they live themselves at the King's court." [3] Sometimes a city with its tribute was assigned to a man and his descendants, or a group of villages to a queen.[4] The most interesting grants of this kind, of which we have records, were those made to Greek refugees or exiles. In 491 B.C. the Spartans deposed their King Demaratos, and he took refuge with King Darius, who " received him with great honour and gave him land and cities." [5] Xerxes took him with him on the march to Greece, and Herodotus tells of the acute advice which the exile gave the King from time to

[1] See list in Babelon, *Les Perses Achémenides*, p. xxiv ; Syennesis III in Aesch. *Pers.* 327, and Herodotus, vii. 98 ; Syennesis IV, Xen. *Anab.* i. 2, and Diod. Sic. xiv. 20.

[2] Arrian, *Anab.* i. 23, 7–8 ; Strabo, c. 656.

[3] *Cyrop.* viii. 6, 5. [4] Xen. *Anab.* ii. 4, 27. [5] Herodotus, vi. 70.

time, and how the King himself defended him from Persian criticism.[1] No doubt, if the expedition had succeeded, Demaratos would have been vassal king of Sparta. Eighty years later the descendants of Demaratos meet us, bearing the famous old Spartan names of Eurysthenes and Procles, and still lords of Pergamon, Teuthrania, and Halisarna. Procles " went up " with Cyrus, and ranked among his Persian commanders. When the Ten Thousand started on their weary journey over the mountains, Procles managed to get back to his principality an easier way—and perhaps made his peace, as others did, with Artaxerxes. He was able to befriend Xenophon and the mercenaries on their reappearance in his country, and lent aid to the Spartan commander Thibron against Tissaphernes—which, as we shall see, in a loose-hung empire was not fighting against his sovereign.[2] Here again, as in the Daskyleion family, the fullness and interest of Herodotus' information implies some friendship between the historian and the intervening generation or generations of the exiled king's house. Xenophon was clearly interested in Procles, who saved his life and entertained him. In the same region and at the same time Xenophon had the friendliest relations with another Greek family of well-established exiles—the descendants of Gongylos of Eretria, a less honourable ancestor than Demaratos.[3]

It is perhaps worthy of remark that the towns of Gongylos and his family were included in the Athenian Empire in its great days, and, when it fell, reverted to the exiles, as the Ionian cities did to the satrap. Whether the Gongylids required the tribute they had lost during Athenian supremacy to be made good, there is no guessing. The most curious instance of a grant of revenue of this kind was that made to Themistocles in exile, for Plutarch had among his fellow-students at Athens another Themistocles, a descendant of the great one, who was still after five hundred years in the enjoyment of the honours granted to his ancestor at Magnesia.[4]

[1] Herodotus, vii. 3, 101, 209, 235, 237 ; also viii. 65.

[2] Procles : Xen. *Anab.* ii. 1, 3 ; ii. 2, 1 ; vii. 8, 17 ; *Hellenica*, iii. 1, 6.

[3] *Anab.* vii. 8 ; *Hellenica*, iii. 1, 6 ; they held Myrina, Gryneion, and one or two more towns.

[4] Plut. *Them.* 32 ; cf. Thuc. i. 138, 5. Probably the later Themistocles drew less than the fifty talents a year that the earlier one had from Magnesia.

The Persian Empire was not pre-eminently a military monarchy, though conquest was its base, and too often re-conquest was required of it. Its actual military forces were not for the size of the realm large. The vast masses of men, marched against Greece by Xerxes, were composed of national levies raised for the purpose, with every variety of arm and accoutrement, as Herodotus describes them.[1] The real core of all was the Persian army,[2] composed chiefly of archers and cavalry. The dress and weapons of the Persian archer are described by Herodotus, and what he says is confirmed by Persian monuments, notably by the Dieulafoy archer-frieze at Susa.[3] The tiara, or soft cap, the embroidered shirts with sleeves, the trousers—especially the trousers—are again and again noticed. The archer carried a light wooden or wicker shield (γέρρον), a short spear,[4] a stout bow, some thirty arrows in his quiver, and a short knife or dagger in his girdle on the right side. He wore no armour. For his long marches and his archery armour would have been useless. There were, however, men in armour in Xerxes' troops,[5] and Xenophon speaks of armoured horses [6]—the familiar *cataphracts* of the wars of Roman and Sasanian. Herodotus represents Aristagoras as speaking with confidence at Sparta and again at Athens of the ease with which the light-armed troops of the Persian King could be defeated.[7] He may have spoken so, and later days realized that in hand-to-hand fighting the Persian archer, for all his spirit and courage, was no match for the man in armour ; [8] but the Greeks generally were afraid of the Persian army till after Plataea. At Plataea the value of the Persian cavalry was felt,[9] as it was later on in the retreat of the Ten Thousand [10] and in the campaign of Agesilaos.[11]

[1] Herodotus, vii. 61–80.

[2] Herodotus, ix. 68, πάντα τὰ πρήγματα τῶν βαρβάρων ἤρτητο ἐκ Περσέων.

[3] See article on Persian Arms by A. V. Williams Jackson in *Studies in Honour of Henry Drisler.*

[4] Rawlinson, *Anc. Mon.*[4], iii. p. 175, says about 6 or 7 ft. long. The Macedonian sarissa was 20 ft. long.

[5] Herodotus, viii. 113 ; ix. 22.

[6] *Cyrop.* vi. 4, 1.

[7] Herodotus, v. 49, 97.

[8] Herodotus, ix. 63.

[9] Herodotus, ix. 49, etc.

[10] *Anab.* ii. 2, 7 ; 4, 6 ; 6, 5 ; iii. 1, 18 ; 3, 19–20 ; 4, 24.

[11] *Hellenica*, iii. 4, 13–15 ; iv. 1, 3.

The two peoples took war in different ways. Mardonius, in the pages of Herodotus,—and probably other Persians in talk with the historian,—pointed out the folly of Greek warfare:[1] "they find out the fairest and most level place and then go down into it and fight; so that the conquerors come off with great disaster—and I need not speak of the beaten party; they perish." They ought either to settle their disputes by negotiation, or do anything else rather than fight, but if they *must* fight "then find out where each is hardest to beat and try there." This was the Greek tradition, which had grown up in the wars of neighbouring cities, when the point of attack was always the cultivated land, "the fairest and most level," with its olives and its grain. In the Peloponnesian War and later the Greeks learnt the use of light-armed. Cavalry of any great value they never had. The wars of Western Asia —Cilicia and Armenia and such regions excepted—were fought on great plains, where mobility counted, and the horseman and the archer were indispensable. As a result war on land between Greek and Persian could hardly be effective, without bad blunders on one side or the other. The *Anabasis* shows this plainly. Nothing on the Persian side can match the Greek hoplites; wherever hoplites can march in square formation, the Ten Thousand can safely go. But where cavalry are concerned, the Ten Thousand are helpless, and take to the mountains with relief; and there they fall among light-armed enemies, fight their way through with loss, and leave the mountains with relief as genuine. It was not till Alexander combined hoplite, light-armed, and cavalry that Persia really broke down; and even then it is said that he owed his victories to the bad tactics of Darius. Proof of this is found in the Parthian victory of Carrhae, but there the major faults were on the Roman side. In the expedition of Xerxes the strength of Persia lay in the co-operation of army and fleet—an idea which the Spartans and other Peloponnesians refused to take in. It was Themistocles who recognized it, and to him above all the Greeks owed their victory and their national existence.

One feature of Persian war must not be quite overlooked. The employment of the camel in war strikes the Western oddly, but it won Cyrus his battle against Croesus at Pteriê,

[1] Herodotus, vii. 9, 2β. Cf. Polybius, xiii. 3.

for "the horse is afraid of the camel and cannot bear either to see its shape or to smell it." So said Herodotus.[1] "Twice to-day," writes Mr. Hogarth,[2] "we have had to draw aside on the mountain paths to let long strings of swaying bearded camels jingle past. Strange how the horses hate these familiar acquaintances." I am told the same thing by a traveller in China; there separate inns exist for those who bring the one animal or the other. The camels carried mounted archers.[3] Xerxes had camels in the army he led against Greece—the first ever seen in Europe, and the lions attacked them in Thrace.[4] Agesilaos captured camels, after his cavalry battle near Sardis in 395, and marched them back to Greece.[5] One would hardly have suspected the Spartan king of so amiable a trait as this interest in strange animals. "No gentleman (*καλὸς κἀγαθὸς*)," says Xenophon, "would wish to breed camels to ride them, nor to practise to fight on camel-back"[6]—an interesting touch of Western conventionalism.

The standing army of Persia seems never to have been very large at any one time or place. When a large army was required, it took time to organize and concentrate. In general, however, the Persian meant to have a peaceful Empire, and never too large a force under one satrap. Persia like Rome understood this. Garrisons were kept in important citadels and fortresses all over the Empire, as in Sardis and Babylon, and several Egyptian centres.[7] When it was a matter of building or mobilizing a fleet, Persia seems to have had great luck or great skill in managing it with a minimum of warning, but possibly her enemies knew more than historians have told us.[8]

Darius stands out among Oriental rulers for his sympathetic grasp of the significance of peaceful trade in the development of a country or an empire. He fought and crushed

[1] Herodotus, i. 80; cf. vii. 87; cf. Xen. *Cyrop.* vii. 1, 27, 48, 49.
[2] *A Wandering Scholar in the Levant*, p. 46.
[3] Xen. *Cyrop.* vi. 2, 8.
[4] Herodotus, vii. 86, 126; cf. Aristophanes, *Birds*, 276.
[5] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 4, 24.
[6] Xen. *Cyrop.* vii. 1, 49.
[7] Cf. Xen. *Cyrop.* viii. 6, 3; *Oecon.* 4, 6.
[8] Cf. Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 4, 1, the arrival of the news of the Persian fleet building in 396. No doubt the Athenians knew about it already, as *Hellenica Oxyrhynchia*, 1, seems to imply.

the rebels within and the disturbing tribes without, and he secured that the satraps should be strong enough to administer justice and maintain order, but not so strong as to be able to rebel. Trade began, with peace, to follow its natural connexions. In Asia Minor, for instance, the trade routes come down the three river valleys, through the mountain ranges that cut off the Aegaean shore and its cities on bays and headlands from the Asian hinterland.[1] When Greece and Persia were at war these routes would be little travelled; the ports without the trade that had made them could not thrive,[2] and the cities declined in importance, as is shown by the relatively small tribute they paid to Athens as compared with towns in Thrace. No doubt, when Pericles made his pacification with Persia in 449, he had trade in view.[3] After the Peace of Antalkidas—betrayal of Greece, as the historians called it and as it really was [4]—prosperity came to the seaboard towns—to Ephesus, for instance, and Halicarnassus. Greek influence spread in Asia Minor; merchants, adventurers, and artists [5] passed hither and thither, and above all mercenary soldiers.[6] This intercourse sent gold to Greece, and its value relative to silver dropped from thirteen to one down to twelve to one.[7]

One of the curses of trade in the early Mediterranean world was brigandage, and the Persian dealt with it sternly. Of Cyrus the Younger as satrap, Xenophon tells us that no one

[1] See D. G. Hogarth, *Ionia and the East*, pp. 64, 65, on the routes, and p. 48, on the strength of the continental power behind the mountains. The shore cities cannot be independent or European, unless the Aegean is held by a strong maritime power.

[2] Zimmern, *Greek Commonwealth* [2], p. 368.

[3] Cf. Thuc. ii. 69, Athenian ὁλκάδες from Asia and Phoenicia, and viii. 35, from Egypt; and the Oligarch's *Ath. Rep.* 2, 7, trade in Cyprus, Egypt, and Lydia.

[4] Cf. Polybius, vi. 49, 5; Plut. *Artax.* 21.

[5] Their work survives in the monuments—*e.g.* Scopas, Leochares, Timotheos, and Bryaxis were engaged on the Mausoleum; see Ernest Gardner, *Handbook of Greek Sculpture*, pp. 376, 393.

[6] On this increasing intercourse, and its significance in preparing the way for the Hellenistic kingdoms, Judeich, *Kleinas. Stud.* pp. 5–7, 15–17.

[7] Cf. Beloch, *Gr. Gesch.* ii. pp. 342–343; Meyer, *Gesch. des Alt.* v. § 888.

could say that he allowed evil-doers to laugh at him, but he punished them most unsparingly ; one could often see along the trodden highways men deprived of feet and hands and eyes ; so that in Cyrus' province it was possible for Greek or barbarian, if he did no wrong, to go where he would and take with him what might profit him.[1] Mr. Williams Jackson tells us how he came on something of the same kind—the ferocious punishment of some criminal—and it was for the same crime, robbery on the high road. *Írán hamín ast*, he was told ; " Persia is always the same." [2]

Really good roads are apparently a Roman invention, but the great trunk roads of the Persian Empire, over which the King's posts travelled faster than anything else that was mortal, must have been kept in decent repair. This also contributed to the freedom and activity of commerce.[3]

Another of Darius' great contributions to commerce was the canal from the Nile to the Red Sea. Sethos I (between 1326 and 1300 B.C.) was the first to dig it, but it silted up. Necho (about 612 B.C.) began to repair it, but gave it up after it had cost 120,000 lives,[4] for an oracle said he was making it for barbarians. Darius dug it again.[5] Archæologists have discovered the traces of it and five monuments of Darius along its course. It was fifty yards wide and sixteen to seventeen feet deep. The monuments had each of them inscriptions in Persian, Median, and Assyrian on the one side, and in Egyptian on the other :—" Darius the King saith : ' I am a Persian ; a Persian I govern Egypt. I commanded to cut this canal from the Nile, which is the name of the river that runs in Egypt down to the sea that is connected with Persia. Then the canal was cut here. I commanded this canal to be made, and said, Go from . . . this canal down to the shore of the sea . . . Such is my will.' " Darius also, it would appear, ordered the

[1] Xen. *Anab.* i. 9, 13.

[2] A. V. Williams Jackson, *Persia, Past and Present*, pp. 272–273. Cf. also the story of the 4000 mutilated Greek captives who met Alexander at Persepolis (Curtius, v. 5, 6).

[3] Herodotus' description of the Royal Road, v. 52–54.

[4] Very likely an exaggeration.

[5] See Herodotus, ii. 158 ; and the notes of How and Wells ; Budge, *Hist. of Egypt*, vol. vi. 220 ; Flinders Petrie, *Hist. of Egypt*, vol. iii. 366 ; *Authority and Archæology*, p. 84.

restoration of the schools;[1] and in one way and another Egypt flourished under his rule.

Geographical exploration seems to have been one of Darius' interests as it was one of Alexander's, and we have records of a number of voyages and expeditions made under his auspices. No one quite knows the object of his own Scythian expedition; the gold mines, which one scholar supposes the King sought, are rather remote. Herodotus says that many parts of Asia were discovered by Darius and that he was responsible for the exploring voyage made by Skylax of Caryanda down the Indus about the year 509. Skylax, it may be noted, was a near neighbour of Herodotus.[2] It is likely that Herodotus owed his knowledge of India, limited as it is, to this and other explorations made for the Persian. In Central Asia, too, Darius was in touch with the Scythians. Xerxes, we are told, sent a man to circumnavigate Africa, who sailed some way down the Atlantic coast, but preferred to come home and be put to death [3]—not for his failure but for a crime previously committed, which a successful voyage was to have expiated.

Another wise measure of Darius was the issue of a coinage of a standard weight and a very high purity. Herodotus says that the King refined his gold to the utmost point possible, and modern chemical analysis shows that the darics are of a gold with only 3 per cent of natural alloy.[4] The weight of the daric was normally 8 grammes 42—a weight, one might say, traditional, for it was the Euboic standard, and that in its turn came from Babylon by way of Phocaea. It had the advantage too of being the equivalent of 20 drachmas.[5] The King then takes as his base the most widely accepted standard in the world, and mints coins of pure gold. The design became

[1] Inscription of Uzāhor-ent-res; cf. How and Wells on Herodotus, vii. 7.

[2] Herodotus, iv. 44; Strabo, c. 100. If Alexander had read or remembered this chapter, he would not have thought of identifying the Nile and the Indus, on the score of the crocodiles. His actual voyage down the Indus corrected the mistake (Arrian, vi. 1).

[3] Herodotus, iv. 43, voyage of Sataspes.

[4] Babelon, *Les Perses Achémenides*, pp. iv–viii, on Persian darics; G. F. Hill, *Handbook of Greek and Latin Coins*, pp. 13, 30.

[5] Xen. *Anab.* i. 7, 18: Cyrus promises a soothsayer 10 talents (=60,000 drachmas) and pays him 3000 darics.

familiar to all mankind—the Persian King with his *cidaris* erect on his head, kneeling and holding a bow. This remained practically unchanged from Darius I to Darius III. Everybody knew it and it was current everywhere—as the Attic drachma was and for the same reasons, the familiar look, the known weight, and the pure metal.[1] When Agesilaos said he had been driven out of Asia by 30,000 archers, he did not need to explain his joke.[2]

We may perhaps add that Persian scholars hold that Darius reformed the calendar in a Zoroastrian direction, and established the solar year, with twelve months of thirty days, and five extra days, called the *gáthás*. In this connexion it is worth while to remember that a similar scientific reform of the year was one of Julius Caesar's first acts as dictator, and to contrast the difficulties involved by the short Muhammadan year of lunar months without intercalation.[3]

In all, it may be said, the contributions of Darius to trade and commerce are very striking. He understood and he acted. It may be urged that the hoarding of gold by the King withdrew it from circulation, and so far told against trade, but this does not outweigh the substantial benefits he conferred on all the trading communities of the eastern Mediterranean.

One indication of the success of his work is the appearance

[1] Cf. Πόροι, 3, 2. [2] Plut. *Artax.* 20.

[3] See J. H. Moulton, *Early Zoroastrianism*, p. 48 ; and E. G. Browne, *Lit. Hist. of Persia*, p. 100. The Zoroastrian year is remarkable in ignoring the week. The twelve months are named after the twelve archangels, while the same twelve archangels *plus* eighteen other angels give each his name to one of the thirty days of the month. Muhammad found among the Arabs a system of intercalation which (as in Rome) was abused for the ends of faction. He forbade all intercalations in consequence. As the Moslem year (354 days) is less than a true solar year, Ramadán retrogrades through all the seasons in a period of about 33½ years, to the great discomfort of those who have to fast through long summer days. All chronology is complicated in the most dreadful way by this use of a year which is not a year. See Lane, *Modern Egyptians*, ch. ix. The Bábís revived the solar year in the form of 19 months of 19 days (=361 days) *plus* 5 days (or as many as were required). Nineteen is the numerical value of *Wahid* (the symbol *One* used for God), and 5 of *Báb*. The Báb aimed at basing all possible numeration on 19. Cf. Chapter I. p. 30.

of a class of people, whom the Greeks called "two-tongued"[1] —interpreters and the like—perhaps predominantly Asiatic, for the Greek was rather noticeably a bad linguist. Herodotus spoke no Egyptian and no Persian, and Plutarch could make a schoolboy blunder with a Latin preposition (*sine patris*). It has indeed been suggested that in Aristophanes' day "Persian was as familiar to the Athenians as French was to Englishmen in the time of Queen Elizabeth," but the statement seems overbold.[2] Negotiations, such as that of Callias at Susa in 449, imply interpreters, and Athens had in 424 men capable of "rewriting a dispatch out of the Assyrian letters" and understanding it.[3] The most curious instance known to me of the bilingual is Pharnuches, a Lycian in Alexander's army, who could speak the language of the Asiatic Scythians and was very expert at it.[4] Such men are naturally only mentioned here and there, as occasion requires, but they represent a steady intermingling of races.

In the period with which this book deals Persia is already in decline, and that decline we have now to consider. There can be little doubt it began with the disastrous issue of Xerxes' splendid expedition. The Persian had been unlucky in Europe—Darius among the Scythians, Mardonius in Thrace, Datis at Marathon—and things could not be left so. To abandon all claims of sovereignty over these rather insignificant European peoples—the uncivilized Scythians and the numerically weak city states of the European Greeks—was to invite disorder in Asia,[5] and above all in Egypt. Marathon had been the most signal failure, and before it could be avenged Egypt was in rebellion.[6] Three years passed before Egypt was reduced, and (says Herodotus) more enslaved than it had been under Darius. The Egyptologists tell us that there are no foundations of Xerxes or Artaxerxes I in Egypt. Then came the crowning shame and surprise of Xerxes' expedition,

[1] Thuc. viii. 85, Κᾶρα δίγλωσσον.

[2] Starkie on Aristophanes, *Ach.* 100. The evidence he cites, viz.: the trick of Iphicrates (Polyaenus, iii. 9, 59), though the general employed men acquainted with Persian, rather implies that the public on whom the trick was played were shaky in the language. There is no evidence, I think, that Persian literature had any influence on Athenian.

[3] Thuc. iv. 50.

[4] Arrian, *Anab.* iv. 3, 7.

[5] Cf. Aesch. *Pers.* 586.

[6] Herodotus, vii. 1; 7.

which everybody had expected to be invincible.[1] It was followed by the rapid rise of the victorious Athenian confederacy. One naval disaster came after another, and then in the middle of the century fresh trouble in Egypt (460–454) and rebellion in Cyprus. The meddlesome Athenians, however, burnt their fingers in Egypt[2]—far more severely than we generally realize. Cimon the war-spirit fell, off Cyprus (449), and Pericles began to revert to the old view of Themistocles, that eternal war with the Persian was nonsense. Both he and King Artaxerxes were inclined for peace—the latter "conspicuous above Persian Kings for gentleness and high-mindedness,"[3] or, in plainer language, inertia. Callias went to Susa, then, in 449–448, and managed to negotiate, not exactly a peace, but an agreement, a pacification.[4] The King undertook not to send a fleet west of Phaselis, and the Athenians to leave his subjects alone—those in Egypt and Cyprus. The Asiatic Greeks were in the Athenian confederacy, and were free of Persian rule. The Persian, however, considered tribute as still due from them—autonomy and tribute the Persian thought not incompatible.[5] Autonomy is the most abused word of this period. The tribute to Persia was not paid by the Greeks of Asia; but it was not forgotten, and the day came when it was claimed.

This was when the power of Athens was broken in the harbour of Syracuse (413). The Spartans from the beginning of the Peloponnesian War had been sending ambassadors to Susa, but either they did not get through,[6] or they were "indistinct,"[7] or Persia did not believe that Sparta could do anything against the Athenian naval power (judging very rightly), and was therefore indisposed to pick a needless and troublesome quarrel. Athens also sent embassies (if we may trust Aristophanes[8]) who travelled with incredible comfort

[1] Herodotus, vii. 138; Diod. Sic. xii. 1; Meyer, *Gesch.* iii. § 211.

[2] Thuc. i. 104–110. [3] Plut. *Artax.* 1.

[4] The fact of the embassy, Herodotus, vii. 151; the bargain, Thuc. viii. 56 (an allusion); details (perhaps rather brightened) in Isocrates, *Paneg.* 118; *Areop.* 80, etc., and fourth-century orators; Diod. Sic. xii. 4.

[5] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 4, 25. Cf. also iv. 8, 1.

[6] Thuc. ii. 67. [7] Thuc. iv. 50.

[8] *Ach.* 64; the embassy left in 430 and got back in 425, we are told!

at the highest salaries and stayed away for years on end, and then returned with sham "Eyes." But Syracuse harbour altered every international relation in the world, and the King began by claiming his arrears of seventy years of tribute.[1] The Spartans again started negotiations—this time with Tissaphernes—on the basis of the abandonment of the Asiatic Greeks. Three drafts of their treaty of Miletus are quoted by Thucydides,[2] the first so scandalously drawn as to cede to the King *all* territory or cities he or his ancestors had ever occupied—which, as the Spartan Lichas said, would give him Thessaly and Boeotia[3]—more, one may imagine, than either party expected or wished. The third confines the concessions to Asia, which was considerable enough. Meanwhile a Phoenician fleet was built, or at any rate launched—for what purpose the Greeks were not clear; it might be to help the Spartans, or, if Alcibiades prevailed, to help the Athenians, or neither. In any case, Persia was in the ascendant, and her Western policy was being guided a great deal by Tissaphernes, who was a recognized enemy of the Greeks,[4] cunning, crooked, and unscrupulous.

At this point Alcibiades comes into the story, with the famous advice he gave to Tissaphernes. No doubt it was not from Tissaphernes that Thucydides learnt of it. Herodotus tells us of counsel given by Demaratos to Xerxes, while the succession to Darius was still undecided, but he thinks that even without the counsel Xerxes would have been King.[5] Tissaphernes, we may believe, listened to the brilliant Greek, and took his own shifty course. The advice was sound[6]—not to be in a hurry to end the Peloponnesian War, but, with a minimum of expense and complete safety for himself, to allow the two chief Greek powers to wear each other out; in any case, not to let the same Greek state control both sea and land, but to secure that empire in the Greek world was divided, to keep a fairly even balance between them—one of them always available for the King's purposes and ready to thwart and injure the other. Thucydides says that, to

[1] Thuc. viii. 5. [2] Thuc. viii. 18, 37, 58. [3] Thuc. viii. 43, 3.
[4] Plut. *Alcib.* 24, τἆλλ' οὖν ὢν καὶ μισέλλην ἐν τοῖς μάλιστα Περσῶν.
[5] Herodotus, vii. 3.
[6] Thuc. viii. 46. Cf. complaint of Isocrates, *Paneg.* 121.

judge from his conduct, Tissaphernes took the advice; he certainly shilly-shallied.[1] He had been angry with Lichas already,[2] and perhaps he had the weakness that often goes with cunning, indecision; and now he tried the plan of balancing, which gained him time, and was perhaps as bad for the Greeks as anything else he could try.

Pharnabazos in the north threw himself more unreservedly on the Spartan side. When the news of Sicily reached the world, he had asked Spartan aid for himself, and it might well have been the wiser plan for Sparta to send it to him before Tissaphernes. If with Spartan troops and ships Pharnabazos could have secured the cities on the Bosporus and the Hellespont—the wheat-route, the end of the war might have come ten years sooner, and with much less loss of life and general ruin. But Tissaphernes was of higher rank, as στρατηγὸς τῶν κάτω,[3] and Sparta preferred him and got what she deserved.

In the spring of 408 the whole situation was fundamentally changed. In May, Alcibiades sailed into the Peiraieus, returning after seven years of exile the hero of the Athenian fleet, winner of brilliant victories, and the hope of his country. He stayed a while in Athens, and then returned to the fleet to meet with a great surprise. Ambassadors sent up with Pharnabazos to the King had not returned; they had never reached the King at all; they had been arrested and detained by the young prince, Cyrus, on his way down to the coast as *karanos*,[4] commander-in-chief of the Persian armies of Western Asia Minor. Tissaphernes was in the background, a rather discredited figure. Cyrus lives in the portrait Xenophon drew of him—a splendid vigorous personality, a lover of horses and hunting, generous and effective, a born leader of men.[5] He was young and ambitious, and he liked neither Tissaphernes nor his hedging policy, and swept both aside. He took to the Spartan Lysander immensely, for Lysander, sinister and

[1] Thuc. viii. 46; 57.

[2] Thuc. viii. 43; cf. 52.

[3] Thuc. viii. 5. The equivalent of κάρανος in the next paragraph.

[4] Xen. *Hellenica*, i. 4, 3. A letter with the royal seal, τοῖς κάτω πᾶσι, announcing, καταπέμπω Κῦρον κάρανον τῶν εἰς Καστωλὸν ἀθροιζομένων. Cf. *Anab.* i. 1, 2, σατράπην ἐποίησε καὶ στρατηγὸν δέ.

[5] Xen. *Anab.* i. 9; Plut. *Artax.* 2. See also Grote, viii. 350.

false as he might be, was a man of action and energy; and energy appealed to Cyrus. And it is possible, when one looks at what followed, to surmise that the young prince was already nursing plans of his own, which could be helped forward by a victorious and friendly Sparta, under the guidance of a man like Lysander. At all events, Cyrus threw himself on the Spartan side with emphasis—he had instructions to do so from his father, he said, who had assigned 500 talents for the war; if it was not enough, he would spend his own, even if it came to coining the throne of silver and gold on which he sat.[1] He was as good as his word, and Persian gold carried Sparta to a complete victory. The Athenian Empire fell, and the Asiatic Greeks were never to be free again. The victory of the Spartans was the triumph of Persia—what she had lost at Salamis, she regained at Aegospotami. The King was supreme in Asia and arbiter of Europe.

In the hour of triumph came the reversal—the *peripeteia*, as the Greeks called it—as impressive and as dramatic as anything in a Greek tragedy.

No Agamemnon, king of men, ever occupied such a position as that of the Persian King. "A great god is Ahuramazda," runs the inscription of Xerxes, "who hath created the earth, who hath created the heavens, who hath created man, who hath given to mankind the good spirit (life),[2] who hath made Xerxes King, the sole King of many kings, the sole Lord of many lords. I am Xerxes the Great King, the King of kings,[3] the King of many-tongued countries, the King of this great universe, the son of Darius, the King, the Achaemenian." He stood above all law—the supreme law said that the King could do what he pleased.[4] The greatest nobles of Persia waited at his gates for his bidding, whatever it might be;[5] they vowed loyalty to him,[6] they were taught to put his name in their prayers,[7] they were ready (so the Greeks said, and it can hardly be exaggeration) to lighten the ship for him in the

[1] Xen. *Hellenica*, i, 5, 3.

[2] The reader will notice a change of translation here from the similar inscription of Darius. This is quoted from Curzon, *Persia*, ii. p. 156.

[3] This title had not been used by Assyrian or Babylonian (Meyer, *Gesch.* iii. § 13).

[4] Herodotus, iii. 31.

[5] Xen. *Cyrop.* viii. 1. 6.

[6] Xen. *Cyrop.* viii. 5, 27.

[7] Herodotus, i. 132.

storm by jumping into the sea.[1] Aeschylus repeatedly calls the King the god of the Persians—Queen Atossa is spouse of god and mother of god [2]—though this language was not actually held by the Persians themselves. The King's unique position was marked out by his splendid Median dress,[3] and above all by his turban, which he alone of men wore erect.[4] Whoever entered his presence, prostrated himself to the ground; [5] where he passed, men stood with their hands in their sleeves, on pain of death.[6] In war and peace he was the one arbiter of life and death for every man and woman in his realm—his son, his slave, his wife—his subjects, his nobles, his armies—over all persons and in all causes within his dominions supreme.[7] All power, all authority rested upon him, and all responsibility.

The Persian Empire had been made by a great personality, and the whole system was organized in such a way that it depended in the last resort on the character of the King. "The greatness of the kingdom," said the friends of the younger Cyrus, "needed a King of spirit and ambition," and they were right. But Nature denied such men to the house—her revenge, one might say, for the harem system of queens and concubines and eunuchs.[8] There was generally one chief queen,[9] before whom all the members of the harem had to prostrate themselves; [10] but it did not necessarily follow that her son sat on the throne.[11] The succession depended on the outcome of the most complicated tangle of plots and intrigues,

[1] Herodotus, viii. 118, 119.

[2] Aesch. *Pers.* 157, 644; Atossa was in turn the wife of Cambyses, the false Smerdis, and Darius.

[3] Xen. *Cyrop.* viii. 1, 40; 3, 1. Ear-rings found in tomb of Cyrus, see Arrian, *Anab.* vi. 29.

[4] Aristophanes, *Birds*, 486; Xen. *Anab.* ii. 5, 23; Plut. *Artax.* 26–28.

[5] Plut. *Artax.* 22; *Them.* 28.

[6] Hands in sleeves, *Cyrop.* viii. 3, 10; *Hellenica*, ii. 1, 8.

[7] Plut. *Artax.* 23. Cf. Xen. *Anab.* ii. 5, 38, reference of the King's envoys to "Cyrus his slave."

[8] On this, Plut. *Them.* 26.

[9] *e.g.* Atossa, Amestris, Parysatis, the queens of Darius I, Xerxes I, and Darius II.

[10] So Deinon, *ap.* Athen. xiii. p. 556B.

[11] Cf. Herodotus, vii. 2; Xen. *Anab.* i. 1, 4. See also Isocrates, *Nicocles*, 41, 42, on effects of harem system.

through which no one could safely count on picking his way. Xerxes, it is said, was murdered by the man whom he had delegated to murder his own son, the Prince Darius ;[1] and Xerxes was not the only Achaemenian King to be murdered at home. The savagery and cunning of the queens stand out in the horrible story of the palace. The King, distracted with duties and pleasures,[2] the victim of his own fancies, and only too conscious of the atmosphere in which he lived, could only protect himself in one way—a clumsy way. " He suspected all the chief men ; many he killed in anger, more from fear : for cowardice in tyrannies is the most murderous thing." [3] The old Persian practice of bringing children up " to speak the truth " was as absurd in a harem as it was impossible. Artaxerxes I, Darius II, and Artaxerxes II were not men of strong character, and for a century Persia was ruled by weaklings, and the Empire felt the effects.

The reflex from this political system Isocrates sketches for us, in more than usually philosophic mood, and he does not go beyond what we learn elsewhere independently of his evidence.[4] It is " not in their institutions " to make a great general or a good soldier—how could a man be either who is " better trained to slavery than our house-servants " ? There is none of the real training of political life or freedom. Luxury and monarchy make cowards of them all—they are unmanly and protect themselves by cunning and treachery. They are forced to prostrate themselves before a mortal man, to think meanly of themselves ; and the outcome is overweening tyranny that alternates with grovelling falsity. And he turns to the records of Agesilaos' campaign to prove what he says. There is much else that confirms him.

[1] Diod. Sic. xi. 69.

[2] The luxury of the Persian court is constantly emphasized by the Greeks ; for the comment of Alexander upon it and its influence on him, see Plut. *Alex.* 20 ; Arrian, *Anab.* iv. 9, 9 ; vii. 6, 2. The transport of specially boiled water from the Choaspes, wherever the King went, was probably not luxury, but symbol or tabu. See Herodotus, i. 188.

[3] Plut. *Artax.* 25.

[4] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 150–153. Cf. the life of Datames written by Cornelius Nepos—the story of a man of spirit who has to take to treachery to save himself, and is at last destroyed by treachery.

Out of this chaos of muddle and intrigue there suddenly emerges, as we have seen, the attractive figure of the younger Cyrus. Whatever time might have made of him, had he become King, he had gifts of nature that charmed the Greeks. He was a personality at last. His military ability, too, is warmly emphasized by Colonel Arthur Boucher, after a close study of his strategy on the great expedition.[1] And it was Cyrus who in truth dealt the fatal blow to the Empire of his fathers. It was not that he intrigued and rebelled, but that he marched a body of 13,000 Greeks right into the heart of the kingdom, and with their aid ignominiously defeated the Great King in battle. Cyrus fell, but his Greek troops fought their way to the sea and got back to Greece. They brought with them a new knowledge of what the Persian Empire had become ; and the knowledge was fatal.[2]

The Ten Thousand could tell their countrymen of an Empire where government had broken down. They had been enlisted, some of them, to help the prince Cyrus to make war on another of his brother's satraps—his mother, they learnt, approved, and the Great King was well content to see his governors waging civil war in his domains.[3] They had marched with Cyrus for hundreds of miles, practically unopposed—a Persian governor, it appeared, could levy troops and march from the Aegaean to the Orontes, if he chose, to avenge an injury on a fellow-satrap (Abrokomas[4]), and no one would stop him. They had travelled through kingdoms whose loyalty to the King was patently of the slightest—Syennesis was king of Cilicia, whichever brother was Great King. They found Mysians, Pisidians, and Lycaonians, prosperous and independent, in Asia Minor itself.[5] They had heard—the Greeks had read it in Herodotus—of three satrapies on the Caspian Sea ;[6] what they found was a mountain region full of savage tribes, far more dangerous than the royal troops, and

[1] *L'Anabase de Xénophon*, pp. 86–88. See Chapter VIII. p. 246.

[2] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 138–149 ; adding with a sting, "more safely than the ambassadors who went up to the King to treat for friendship." Cf. Xen. *Hellenica*, i. 4, 4–7 ; Polybius, iii. 6, 9–13.

[3] Xen. *Anab.* i. 1, 8.

[4] Xen. *Anab.* i. 3, 20.

[5] Xen. *Anab.* iii. 2, 23 ; cf. ii. 5, 13.

[6] See Maspero, *Passing of Empires*, p. 774 ; Herodotus, iii. 94.

none with the least regard for the Great King ;[1] nay, the King had to pay the Mardians and other robber tribes toll to reach his summer palace in Ecbatana ;[2] and before long Greece had their story confirmed by rumours of the disastrous failure of Artaxerxes to reduce the Cadusii.[3] When they reached the Euxine and travelled along the North of Asia Minor, they found the Paphlagonians a strong military nation, proud of their cavalry and independent of the King ;[4] the Bithynians also independent ; and a number of Greek towns, such as Herakleia, independent too.

All this they told the Greek world, and it was true. Had they not marched where they would, defeated the Great King in drawn battle—" beaten him at his doors, laughed and come away "[5]—defied alike the cavalry of his satraps and the ambushes of the mountaineers—demonstrated in short that there were no troops like Greek hoplites—demonstrated, too, that the Persians themselves knew it and avowed it ? Why had Cyrus chosen to depend on Greek troops ? What did it mean that, now his rebellion was over, the satraps were beginning freely to engage Greek mercenaries ?[6] Was it to fight one another, or to fight their sovereign ? Again, look at the naval and military power of Evagoras in Cyprus, or at Egypt in rebellion—and Egypt was in rebellion off and on, under one dynasty or another, for half a century from the death of Darius II in 405. Was not the Empire on the verge of break-down ? A united movement in Greece, and Persia would be gone.

Not yet. For, a few years after his victory over his brother, Artaxerxes avenged himself on the Spartans who had supported Cyrus, and whom he hated. A Persian envoy

[1] *Anab.* iv. 3, 2 ; and especially iii. 5, 16, the lost army of the King in Kurdistan.

[2] Strabo, c. 524, on the authority of Nearchus, who of course may be speaking of a later development. E. R. Bevan, *House of Seleucus*, i. 77–86, suggests that the power of the government had never reached very far from the high roads.

[3] Plut. *Artax.* 24 ; Diod. Sic. xv. 8.

[4] *Anab.* v. 6, 8.

[5] The actual words used, in *Anab.* ii. 4, 4.

[6] Cf. Isocrates, *Paneg.* 134–135 ; *Philip*, 125–126. A little later among the mercenaries are Iphicrates (Diod. Sic. xv. 41), Chabrias (Plut. *Ages.* 36), and King Agesilaos himself in his old age (Xen. *Ages.* 2, 28 ; Plut. *Ages.* 36).

appeared in Greece with a subsidy, and all Greece was in arms against itself (395 B.C.). A Persian fleet, next year, though under a Greek admiral, swept the Spartan from the sea (the battle of Cnidos, August, 394). Pharnabazos was cured of all friendliness for Spartans, and, at a hint from Conon, fell back on Alcibiades' plan of getting the Greek powers on a level—and rebuilt the walls that linked Athens to the sea and made her independent. Then the Spartans themselves came to terms and asked peace, and received what posterity calls the Peace of Antalkidas but what contemporaries called, with a bitter accuracy, that heightened the shame of it, the King's Peace. This finally and definitely gave the Asiatic Greeks to the King, while it made him arbiter, manager, "quartermaster," and absolute lord of all Greece.[1] The biting words of Isocrates accentuate the complete triumph of the King.

The King had triumphed, and yet everybody knew it was a victory of the Persian kind—like the only victory Tissaphernes won over the Ten Thousand—an affair of lies and treachery and darics. The satraps knew it, and they knew the King, and protected themselves by hiring Greek mercenaries and by rebellion—like the faithful Datames, fallen on evil times and denounced by traitor tongues; they rebelled one after another; and if they were reduced, it was because they sold one another to the King.

It was seventy years after the rebellion of Cyrus before the Empire actually fell. Agesilaos had attempted to overthrow it. His wish to start like Agamemnon with a solemn ritual at Aulis [2] was a symbol of his intention to march as far up country as he could, to capture the King if he could; but the ritual and the expedition achieved nothing—nothing, unless we reckon, as we should, a second demonstration that the Persian had no troops to match against Greek hoplites and that a strong Greek force might march where it pleased in the King's country. It was Alexander who overthrew Persia, and Polybius thus sums up the causes of his expedition.[3] It was

[1] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 120, 121.

[2] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 4, 3. The Homeric touch reappears in Alexander very markedly. Cf. Plut. *de fort. Alex.* i. c. 4. *Ἀλεξάνδρου τὴν Ἀσίαν ἐξημεροῦντος Ὅμηρος ἦν ἀνάγνωσμα.*

[3] Polybius, iii. 6, 9–13.

not to avenge the wrongs Persia had done to Greece[1]—that was a mere pretext; it was that he knew the meaning of Xenophon's retreat, of Agesilaos' filibustering; that he knew Persia was weak and inefficient; that the prize was splendid and that he knew he could win it.

[1] Alleged by Alexander in his letter to Darius (Arrian, ii. 14, 4–19).

CHAPTER VIII

THE *ANABASIS*

THERE are few books in Greek, and there cannot be many in other languages, to match Xenophon's *Anabasis*. A plain tale of adventure, simply but vividly narrated, it is surprising how, as one studies it, it grows in interest and significance. The teller of the tale is a pupil of Socrates, a contemporary of Thucydides and Euripides, and yet in gifts and feelings he seems to belong to an earlier day, to be the contemporary and friend of Herodotus. Born in the same deme and perhaps in the same year as Isocrates, he is content to write naturally, to put down what comes into his head and to have no style at all—unless perhaps we hold with the ancient critic that "art is perfect when it seems to be nature." [1] He is a man who has travelled far beyond the limits of his people, who has escaped for a while from street and market and assembly, and seen a new world, and, like a Greek, found himself at home in it. He has seen new peoples—barbarians as they were called—and he has been interested in them; he has liked the men he met and enjoyed his adventures with them. And ranging beyond the common round, he has somehow dipped into the future and become the path-finder for a new age. We undervalue him in comparing him with Plato and Euripides; his greatness is not theirs, he is of another order; but like them and like the great Greek minds that made, centuries before, the Greece we know, he too showed the Greeks a new world to conquer and proved to them once more what they could do. He gave them a new sense of power. In plain language, he prepared the way for Alexander—no mean feat, when we think what Alexander did and what Hellenism has meant. And to come again to our story, he gave the world new insight into the possibilities of reflective

[1] Longinus, 22, τότε γὰρ ἡ τέχνη τέλειος ἥνικ' ἂν φύσις εἶναι δοκῇ.

warfare and demonstrated the military weakness of the strongest empire that men had known. The book is a pioneer's book—in autobiography, in travel, in military history alike, it marks an epoch ; in each it is the oldest we have, and still fresh and bright, a human-hearted book of the kind that never grows old.

Something has been said in the preceding chapter of the effect produced upon the world by the expedition of Cyrus and the retreat of the Ten Thousand—the latter in itself the most signal triumph of Greek arms between Salamis and the battle of the Granikos. Here our task is different—it is to study the book and the man who wrote it, to follow (in brief) the story of adventure, and to see something of its value. For the whole book is alive, and it is the Greek spirit within it that makes it live. Every chapter of it is a page from Greek life and illustrates for us how a Greek looked at the world, how he touched it, entered into it, and mastered it, and what every fresh contact meant. Mountain and river, city and sea, the vast spaces of Asia—and all the variety of the foreigner, from the Persian prince to the primitive savage of the highlands—and all the action and reaction of the multitudinous Greek mind, friction, co-operation, friendship, peril shared and the common enjoyment of adventure, and the great sense of deliverance and triumph—all these things, varieties of human experience that have never failed to stir the spirit and make the heart beat, as age after age men have known them in one form or another—they fill the pages of Xenophon, all living and interpreted in a dialect simple, strong and true, intelligible at once to any man who has any understanding for simplicity and truth. Wordsworth has spoken of

> the depth of human souls,
> Souls that appear to have no depth at all
> To careless eyes—

and one is tempted to put Xenophon in this class—so familiar it is by now to find him despised and ignored, dismissed as naïve and unimportant by clever persons. But for those who care to see, the *Anabasis* is one of the most wonderful and attractive pictures of Greek life that antiquity has left us. In the pages that follow some attempt will be made to indicate

some aspects of the story that bear upon our general theme of Greek movement between Pericles and Philip.

In the early centuries of Greek history we meet the soldier of fortune, often far enough afield from the Greek city on the Asian shore that gave him birth. In Egypt he carves his name on the legs of the gods; he serves under Nebuchadnezzar in Babylonia.[1] Nearer home he makes a tyrant house secure for one or two generations. And then for a while we hear less of him. The islands and the Asian cities sink into weakness and obscurity, and the great states of European Greece in their struggles against one another and against Persia occupy the attention of history, and little is heard of mercenary troops. There was, it would seem, occupation enough, and no doubt the Athenian fleet in its great days absorbed vast numbers of men. "If we borrow the money," says a Corinthian, "we shall hire away their foreign seamen with better wages. For the strength of Athens is bought rather than native."[2] It may be that we have here the explanation why the disasters in Egypt in Artaxerxes' reign had comparatively so little effect upon Athenian prosperity. Ships and citizens were losses indeed, but mercenaries lost might involve some slight compensation if the Athenian plan of paying wages well after date[3] prevailed at this period. In the Peloponnesian War we find mercenaries employed on both sides—like "the Mantineians and other Arcadians, accustomed to attack any enemy who from time to time might be pointed out to them, whoever they might be, and in this case counting the Arcadians serving with the Corinthians to be enemies as much as any other, for the sake of gain."[4] When Athens fell, and the Thirty ruled her, we find them in self-defence hiring foreign mercenaries—"whole towns full," Lysias indignantly says.[5]

After the Peloponnesian War, and indeed for the whole two and half centuries down to the conquest by the Romans, Greek warfare is more and more in the hands of mercenaries. This was due to two main causes—to the utter disorganization of Greek life, which resulted from the war and involved

[1] Cf. Chapter II. pp. 39, 40.
[2] Thuc. i. 121, 3.
[3] Thuc. viii. 45, 2.
[4] Thuc. vii. 57, 9.
[5] Lysias, xii. 60; which may be one reason why they confiscated his father's armament factory (xii. 17–19).

economic ruin and agricultural stagnation over great areas; and to the new developments that military science was showing. Greek warfare in the old days, as the Persian critic said,[1] was simple enough—a level plain, two armies, and straightforward massacre till one side gave way. The rise of light-armed forces and of cavalry, the new attention to siege operations, the possibilities of making army and navy co-operate whether close at hand or hundreds of miles apart,[2] and the conceivable combination of every method at once, made war a new thing, far outside the capacities of the political leader elected "General" for a year. It becomes a science, and we meet with men who professed to teach it.[3] Harpers and dancers learnt their trades, said Socrates, "but most generals improvise on the spur of the moment." But that day was passing or had passed. A more striking and remunerative trade than lecturing on military science was that of the man who engaged his own mercenary soldiers and then leased himself and his troop to an employer, prince, satrap, or city, and took supreme charge himself of all military operations or acted under another but in command of his own forces. Xenophon's tone rather suggests the feeling that the practical man has for the theorist when he speaks of the professor "ready to serve if any city or tribe needed a general"; but the other sort fill the *Anabasis*. Good, bad, and indifferent, like other men, Xenophon knew them, and some of them he liked. They at least—when they spoke of war—knew what they were talking about, so far as a subject always changing and developing can be known.

The *Anabasis* begins with the minimum of prelude. Darius II on the approach of death wished to see his two sons. So Cyrus went up from the coast, taking with him Tissaphernes "as a friend," and a guard of three hundred Greek hoplites commanded by the Arcadian Xenias. The presence of the "friend" was perhaps a necessary precaution, but the "friend" managed to whisper to the new King, Artaxerxes II, that Cyrus was plotting against him. This may or may not

[1] Herodotus, vii. 9, 2β. Cf. Chapter VII. p. 218.

[2] As in the reduction of Athens by Lysander.

[3] *e.g.* Dionysodorus, Xen. *Mem.* iii. 1, 1–7; Koiratadas, *Anab.* vii. 1, 33.

have been true, but Cyrus came near being killed, and when, by his mother's aid, he escaped death and regained his provinces, he at once took steps to be King himself. He began by quietly securing large forces of Greek hoplites. He had garrisons already in a number of cities, and he gave orders to the commanders to increase them with as many men as they could get, the best obtainable, preferably Peloponnesians. There were reasons for this preference — Arcadians and Achaeans, as we have seen, were in the way of serving as mercenaries; and Cyrus had already some understanding with Lysander, if not with the Spartan government, to judge from the support which it gave him with its navy. Beside increasing his garrisons, Cyrus raised troops for two or three other avowed purposes. He had a private war with Tissaphernes, which Artaxerxes would quite well understand, and was, in fact, not sorry to see, for gratitude was not an element in this King's character.[1] He also announced his intention to reduce the Pisidians, and enrolled men for that expedition. He further maintained the Spartan exile Clearchus in a sort of war with the Thracians who worried the Greeks of the Chersonnese. Clearchus seems to have been alone of them all in Cyrus' secret. He was a hard, harsh, and rather doctrinaire soldier, but somehow appealed to Xenophon as Agesilaos also did. With a subsidy of 10,000 darics from Cyrus and further sums from the cities of the Hellespont, Clearchus was able without waking suspicion to raise a large force, and when he joined at last, it was with 1000 hoplites, 800 Thracian peltasts, and 200 Cretan bowmen.[2] Yet farther afield in Thessaly, Aristippus of the noble house of the Aleuadai of Larissa was subsidized. He was engaged, it would appear, in a war against the new democracy of the town, and was bent on restoring his family; but he received instructions not to make terms with his opponents till Cyrus gave word.

At last the moment came, and the various forces began to assemble at Sardis, and their destination was revealed: they were designed for war against the Pisidians. Tissaphernes had word of all; and, "thinking the preparations rather

[1] To be fair to him, neither was unusual resentment.

[2] Cretan bowmen in the Peloponnesian War (Thuc. vi. 25).

large," he posted off with a bodyguard of 500 horse to tell the King. Cyrus advanced to Celainai, and there waited a month. At this place Clearchus joined, and Cyrus held a review and found he had about 11,000 Greek hoplites and some 2000 peltasts. The men came from all over the Greek world—even Syracuse and Thurii were represented. Amphipolis, Dardania, Oeta, Acarnania, Boeotia, Locri, Samos, and Chios appear among the native places. But we hear most of Peloponnesians and in particular of Arcadians, though even toward the end the Arcadians and Achaeans seem scarcely to number more than half of the forces. First and last we glean the names of some half-dozen Athenians beside Xenophon and "Theopompus." Spartans were few—one or two exiles, notably Clearchus, and the commander Cheirisophos, who joined with 700 hoplites at Issos, dispatched there on a fleet by the Spartan government.

What sort of men they were comes out in the story. Treachery, intrigue, dissension were not unnatural among men of such various stocks and such miscellaneous history. Women of the *hetaira* class came with them in great numbers, slave or free,—one man brought a dancing-girl whom he owned,—and shared with them their adventures in Mesopotamia and the mountains.[1] Isocrates, twenty years later, gives the numbers of the men at 6000—not men picked for valour, he says, but men compelled by poverty to go abroad.[2] Mercenaries, Isocrates says elsewhere (in 355 B.C.), speaking more generally, are "men without cities, runaway slaves, a congeries of every kind of villainy, who will always desert for more pay."[3] Xenophon gives a more favourable account of his fellow-soldiers[4]—"most of them had not sailed from home for this service for want of a livelihood, but because they had heard a good account of Cyrus; some brought men with them, and others had sunk money in the expedition;[5] others again had run away from fathers and mothers, and some had left children[6] behind them, and meant

[1] *Anab.* iv. 3, 19; v. 3, 1; iv. 1, 14; the dancer, vi. 1, 12.

[2] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 146. [3] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 44–47. [4] *Anab.* vi. 4, 8.

[5] Cf. Isocrates, *Philip*, 96, on bounties given by those engaged in ξενολογεῖν at this time.

[6] Cf. *Anab.* iii. 1, 3.

to make something and return; they had heard that the other men with Cyrus did very well for themselves." How Cyrus was recommended as a paymaster, we can see in the promise held out to Xenophon himself by Proxenos, that, if he would come, he would make him a friend of Cyrus; and Cyrus, Proxenos added, he reckoned as more to him than his country was.[1] The generosity of Cyrus is a frequent point, and there can also be little doubt that a commander of such spirit and such friendliness would attract men. Poverty there was in Greece, and it helped the recruiting officers. Long afterwards Theocritus in one of his idylls makes disappointed love turn a shepherd's thoughts to enlistment abroad.[2]

None of them knew where they were going, except Clearchus[3]—their goal, they were told, was Pisidia. It was not till they were in Cilicia that they began to suspect that the expedition was really against the King. "They were afraid of the journey," Xenophon says at a later point; "but, though reluctant, they went all the same, for shame—for shame of one another and of Cyrus; and of these Xenophon was one."[4]

The story of the mutiny at Tarsus, when they first suspected the truth, is very characteristic.[5] They said flatly they would go no farther; they had not been hired to march against the King. Clearchus, the Spartan, true to the national character and his own, tried to force them, and he came near being stoned to death. The use of stones by the Ten Thousand is very frequent, a blunter and more public way of settling accounts with an unpopular officer than the modern one of the bullet. Clearchus on this hint tried the other way—of persuasion. He called an assembly, *ecclesia*, and as ever with the Greeks the matter came to a public meeting and a vote. The modern reader will remember the storm in *Eothen*—"where was the crew? It was a crew no longer, but rather a gathering of Greek citizens; the shout of the seamen was changed for the murmuring of the people—the spirit of the old Demos was alive. The men came aft in a body and loudly asked that the vessel should be put about, and that the storm be no longer tempted. Now, then, for speeches. The captain, his eyes

[1] *Anab.* iii. 1, 4. [2] *Idyll*, 14. [3] *Anab.* iii. 1, 10.
[4] *Anab.* iii. 1, 10. [5] *Anab.* i. 3, 1 ff.

flashing fire, his frame all quivering with emotion—wielding his every limb, like another and a louder voice, pours forth the eloquent torrent of his threats and his reasons, his commands and his prayers ; he promises, he vows, he swears that there is safety in holding on—safety, *if Greeks will be brave.*" Kinglake pictures the men "doubtfully hanging between the terrors of the storm and the persuasion of glorious speech," till "brave thoughts winged on Grecian words gained their natural mastery over terror." Clearchus met his soldiers, and managed to weep before them—he threw in his lot with them, he would abandon Cyrus, and so forth. Meantime by a private message he reassured the prince, and then got the soldiers to discuss alternative plans, and so on, till by dint of fair words and half a daric more a month, the Greeks consented to march on—against Abrocomas, though they still suspected it was against the King.

At Thapsacus on the Euphrates there was another mutiny. They did not wish to take the decisive step of crossing the river, for Cyrus had now avowed his purpose. But Menon the Thessalian, who proved his gift for treachery more clearly later on, managed the matter by finesse. He persuaded his own men to cross while the rest were still debating in *ecclesia*—to steal a march on their comrades. In this way they would win extra bounties from Cyrus for being the first ; and if the rest failed to follow, then they would cross back again.

In this way the army manages its discipline—not quite as modern European soldiers would wish it. But it must be remembered that they were essentially a foreign legion and in no sense a national force. Leaders and men were much on a level, and anybody might offer a suggestion. Later on, when Xenophon was in charge, he made it known that he welcomed such suggestions—"the men all knew that they might approach him at breakfast or at dinner, and, even if he were asleep, wake him up and tell him anything any man had to say that bore on the war." Xenophon always meets mutiny halfway and disarms it by sense and good humour. He will hear what is to be said—anybody can speak ; only let them consider where they are, in what danger they stand, and how they will heighten that danger by divisions and by quarrelling. Back to the facts—all above-board—and now in good temper let us

look at the thing as it is; and he carries the men with him. Or, if he does not, well, they are still friends, and by and by they are working together again. Always reasonable, often with a touch of playfulness in his speech, he keeps his crew of shipwrecked pirates (the analogy is only too close) working together till safety is assured.[1] The more closely we study the Ten Thousand, with their natural and inevitable want of cohesion, their gusts of fury and suspicion—"all of a sudden we hear a row—'hit 'em! hit 'em! stone 'em! stone 'em!'—and next moment we see a crowd running up with stones in their hands"[2]—the more one wonders that they ever got through. "One unfortunate result," says Mr. William Miller of the modern Greeks,[3] "of this extreme democracy, so firmly engrained in the Hellenic character, is the disinclination to obey a leader and the consequent tendency to split up into cliques and groups. The Venetians truly said, 'Every five Greeks, six generals.'" Turkish discipline is better; but at what a price it is had! That the most gifted races on earth are the hardest to discipline seems a consequence from independence of mind.[4] Xenophon is all on the side of discipline,[5] but the discipline

[1] Perhaps the best speech of all is in *Anab.* v. 7.

[2] *Anab.* v. 7, 21. [3] *Greek Life in Town and Country*, p. 7.

[4] A very interesting parallel is given by Parkman in his *Oregon Trail*, ch. xxvi. In the Mexican War of 1846 the Missourians, "if discipline and subordination are the criterion of merit, were worthless soldiers indeed. . . . Their victories were gained in the teeth of every established precedent of warfare. . . . Doniphan's regiment marched through New Mexico more like a band of free companions than like the paid soldiers of a modern government. . . . At the battle of Sacramento, his frontiersmen fought under every disadvantage. The Mexicans had chosen their position; they were drawn up across the valley that led to their native city of Chihuahua; their whole front was covered by intrenchments and defended by batteries, and they outnumbered the invaders by five to one. An eagle flew over the Americans, and a deep murmur rose along their lines. The enemy's batteries opened; long they remained under fire, but when at length the word was given, they shouted and ran forward. In one of the divisions, when midway to the enemy, a drunken officer ordered a halt; the exasperated men hesitated to obey. 'Forward, boys!' cried a private from the ranks; and the Americans rushed like tigers upon the enemy," and they won a complete victory. All this—down to the eagle—is surprisingly like the Ten Thousand.

[5] Cf. *Anab.* iii. 2, 29–31; v. 7, 26–33.

he managed to attain depended more on his own personal qualities than on anything else. No wonder that, once established at Scillus, he had no wish to campaign with mercenaries again! No wonder that he writes so often, with such wistful admiration, of Spartan discipline! Yet, as Grote loved to emphasize, with all the handicaps against him, the Athenian managed things better than the Spartan with this impossible army of democrats and demagogues.

This, then, is the Army of the Ten Thousand, and with it—with only two mutinies of any account, and these not without some moral justification—Cyrus marched against his brother. Of late a military commentary upon the expedition has been published by a French soldier, Colonel Arthur Boucher, author already of works looking forward to the war of 1914–5. Colonel Boucher is strongly for Xenophon against his scholarly commentators—"in general, the classical solution, on the points where it disagrees with the text, clashes still more with the most elementary strategic necessities. The military solution, answering rigorously to these same necessities, is in accordance with the data of the text."[1] "It is with the *Anabasis*," he says, "that military history, properly so called, begins—that is to say, the technical history of a war written by a soldier. . . . The *Anabasis* permits the strategist to follow most closely the operations of the attacking commander, and on those of his opponent it gives general information of great importance."[2] Colonel Boucher's criticism of Cyrus as general is of interest. There are points in which he differs from some established authorities — he refuses, for instance, to concur with them[3] in Plutarch's censure of Clearchus in the battle of Cunaxa; "Plutarque paraît peu versé dans les choses de la guerre," is his verdict,[4] and few readers of Plutarch could question it.

In summary, then, the conclusions of Colonel Boucher are these.[5] He recognizes the able use of fleet and army in combined action which gave Cyrus Cilicia and Syria, and the monetary advantage that Cilicia meant, which enabled him to pay

[1] *L'Anabase de Xénophon*, p. xix.
[2] *Ibid.* p. xxix.
[3] *e.g.* Eduard Meyer, *Gesch.* v. § 834.
[4] *L'Anabase*, p. 131.
[5] *L'Anabase*, pp. 86–88. As I share Plutarch's disability, I prefer to summarize and not to criticize.

his Greek troops. The commissariat he commends as simple and practical, emphasizing four points: the use of waggons (of which there were still four hundred on the day of battle) to bring food from the nearest revictualling centres; the halts at such centres to rest the army and to extend the zones of requisition; the "Lydian market" allowed to follow the army; and the reserve convoy. He remarks the great rapidity of the march [1]—68 stages averaging 29 kilometres, an extraordinary figure for a march so long. Twice there were serious delays—at Tarsus, in consequence of the Greek mutiny and the non-arrival of the fleet; and at Thapsacus, for a detailed reconnaissance of the river—both involving serious consequences which Cyrus recognized. The march from Thapsacus [2] to the frontiers of Babylonia—875 kilometres in 35 days with 7 days for rest—will bear comparison with the best that history records. In short, the strategic part of the operations could hardly have been better executed. In the matter of tactics, Cyrus is open to criticism. A fixed idea of where Artaxerxes must be was the source of all his errors. "Convinced of the clairvoyance of his imagination," he advances unaware of the nearness of the enemy, only a few kilometres away. Yet his activity in disposing his troops repairs the mistake, and he is ready. In making his dispositions, he is clear that victory in the centre, *i.e.* over Artaxerxes, will be definitive; therefore the Greeks must be there to meet Artaxerxes. But the order given to Clearchus is not one that could be executed. The success of the Greeks was thus not decisive, as they left the King's division unbroken. Cyrus seized the moment, routed his brother, and then—fell by an act of rashness. Still Boucher concludes that Cyrus had in him the qualities that make a great general.

But if the First Book of the *Anabasis* permits the soldier to follow closely the military operations day by day, the mere human being has glimpses that leave him less forlorn. Xenophon is always alert for the human interest. The raising of the men, the mutinies, the desertion (at Myriandros) of Xenias the Arcadian and Pasion the Megarian on a merchant vessel, and

[1] Xenophon emphasizes this (*Anab.* i. 5, 9).

[2] The Colonel does not find Thapsacus so near Babylon as the classical atlases give it.

the camp-talk that followed—the cowards! serve them right if Cyrus catches them, and pity if he does—and the magnanimity of the prince [1]—and then the elaborate machinations of the royal family of Cilicia, through which Syennesis yields to force what his queen has arranged by diplomacy [2]—the speculation as to whether Artaxerxes would fight: "Do you think, Cyrus, he will fight?" asked Clearchus. "By Zeus," said Cyrus, "if he is the son of Darius and Parysatis, and my brother, I shall never win all this without a fight" [3]—the blunt suggestion of Gaulites, the Samian exile, who tells Cyrus that some say he won't remember his friends, and some that he has nothing for them if he does, and Cyrus' magnificent answer: "Men! the empire of my fathers reaches southward to where men cannot live for the heat, and northward where they cannot for the cold; all between, my brother's friends rule as satraps. If we conquer, then we must put our friends in possession of all this" [4]—so the tale of parasangs and stages is varied with the play and movement of human feeling, and the chance talk that breaks the march of events and reveals the characters whose interactions make the events. For the scenes of the journey, the pleasant paradises and hunting parks as well as the famous defiles, the Cilician and Syrian Gates, Xenophon has a friendly eye. He notes the sacred fish of the river Chalos, which the Syrians worship as well as the doves,[5] and the hunting in the desert by the Euphrates, where trees were none and all the herbs were aromatic, and where the Greek soldiers managed by strategy to catch the wild asses, but the ostriches beat them altogether, horse and foot—and how good the flesh of the bustards was! [6] and the date-wine remains a memory.[7]

Here and there is a touch of Persian life. The waggons stick in the mud and the men detailed to extricate them are slow—Cyrus, "as if in anger, ordered the Persian nobles around him to hurry up the waggons. And then there was a real display of what good discipline is. For they threw off their crimson cloaks just as they stood, and, as if charging

[1] *Anab.* i. 4, 7. [2] *Anab.* i. 2, 12–27.
[3] *Anab.* i. 7, 9. [4] *Anab.* i. 7, 5.
[5] *Anab.* i. 4, 9; and cf. Rendel Harris, *Letters from Armenia.*
[6] *Anab.* i. 5, 2–3. [7] *Anab.* i. 5, 10.

to victory and down a steep hill-side, they flew in their costly tunics and embroidered trousers, and some with necklaces round their necks and bracelets on their wrists, leapt into the mud, and quicker than one could have thought had the waggons high and dry." [1] Such importance did Cyrus attach to speed. At Tyriaeum, partly to please the Cilician queen Epyaxa, Cyrus held a review of his Greeks—in their crimson tunics, brass helmets, and greaves, and with their shields uncovered and ready for action.[2] He sent the interpreter to order them to charge, and they did with a shout and a run ; and the Cilician queen turned her carriage and fled, and the hucksters in the barbarian camp left their wares and fled too, " and the Greeks with laughter came to the tents. The Cilician was astonished to see the brilliance and the order of the army ; and Cyrus was delighted to see what fear the Greeks waked in the barbarians."

The battle of Cunaxa Xenophon narrates in a splendid chapter. Plutarch in his *Life of Artaxerxes* compares it with the story of Ctesias ;—Xenophon, he says, all but shows us everything actually happening before our eyes ; it is not past ; there it is, and the reader feels it all as it moves, and shares the peril, as it were, while he reads ; but as for Ctesias' account of Cyrus' death, it is " murdering the man with a blunt knife." [3] Eduard Meyer holds that Xenophon's story is in no way sufficient—a mere soldier's diary. Boucher, on the other hand, a soldier himself, emphasizes the value of Xenophon's account, and its precision, which allows the military critic to reconstitute moment by moment every feature of the action where the Greeks operate.

The book closes with the character of Cyrus ; the plundering of his camp by the King's troops ; the confusion ; the capture of the Phocaean mistress of Cyrus, " who bore the name of being sensible and beautiful," and the flight of the Milesian, naked, to the Greeks ; the return of the hoplites flushed with their victory to a plundered camp and no supper ; and their surprise at not hearing from Cyrus.

The Second Book opens with the strange situation of the

[1] *Anab.* i. 5, 7–8. [2] *Anab.* i. 2, 14–18.

[3] Plut. *Artax.* 8–11 ; Plutarch uses both accounts, and the long rigmarole taken from Ctesias goes far to justify his criticism.

Greeks, three months' march from the Aegaean, victorious but leaderless, and their negotiations, confused and hesitating, with the Persians. One moment stands out. A Greek envoy is sent by Tissaphernes to get them to surrender their arms. "Theopompus, an Athenian, said: 'Phalinus, as things are now, and as you see, we have nothing good but our arms and our valour. If we keep our arms, we think we might use our valour; but if we surrendered them, we might lose our bodies too. Do not think that we will yield you the only good things we have; no, with these we will fight you for those you have.' Phalinus laughed: 'Young man, you seem quite a philosopher, and you talk charmingly; but know this—you are a fool, if you think your valour could overcome the King's power.'" And here Theopompus perhaps drops out of the story, unless the "worse manuscripts" are right (as they often are) when they read "Xenophon" for "Theopompus"—or unless the author by the name "Theopompus" is gently allusive and means the young man whom the god sent, when he gave an oracle of which we shall hear by and by.[1] The whole uneasy book we may here pass over and take up the story after the treacherous murder of the Greek commanders by Tissaphernes.

The plight of the Greeks is vividly described by Xenophon: "The Greeks were in very great difficulties—they reflected that they were at the King's gates, surrounded on every hand by many nations and hostile cities; no one would offer them a market; Greece was not less than 10,000 stades away; they had no guide for their journey; impassable rivers lay across the homeward way; the barbarians who had marched up with Cyrus had betrayed them, too; they were alone and abandoned; they had no friendly cavalry, so that it was easy to see that, if they won a battle, they would kill no one; if they were beaten, none of them would be left. So they reflected, and they were in despair; few of them tasted food till evening, and few lit fires. Many never came to their arms all night,

[1] There is a good deal to be said for this suggestion. For instance, who but Xenophon was "Themistogenes the Syracusan," who wrote how the Greeks escaped to the sea (*Hellenica*, iii. 1, 2)? Was the Spartan admiral Samios (*Hellenica*, iii. 1, 1) or Pythagoras (*Anab.* i. 7)? Who was the shrewd νεανίσκος τις of *Anab.* ii. 4, 19–20?

but rested where they chanced to be, unable to sleep for their misery and their longing for country, parents, wives, children, whom they never expected to see again."

And now, with a Homeric simplicity and a Homeric turn of phrase, as Grote remarked, Xenophon comes into the story, in the third person. He tells how Proxenos wrote the letter in which he urged him to come abroad and promised to make him the friend of Cyrus; how he showed the letter to Socrates, and Socrates sent him to consult Apollo in Delphi; how he put the question in a way of his own, leaving the god little option but to offer some helpful suggestion in a matter already decided; and how Socrates pointed out the awkward form of his address to the god, but now told him to go—though at first he had not been sure whether the city would like him to be the friend of Cyrus, the enemy who had given Sparta such effective support in the Peloponnesian War. This doubt which Socrates felt is significant—why does Xenophon mention it? And why does he, as a matter of fact, though he is explaining his presence in the army, yet give no hint of his reasons for leaving Athens? He consulted Socrates; but, he half suggests to us, he made up his mind himself, and Socrates and the god had not much responsibility. What were his reasons? a mere fancy for adventure? For it is quite clear that this student, as he sometimes seems to us, was a spirited hunter and a real leader of men. Was it some memory of what the "young men"[1] or the knights had done—some consciousness that Athens also remembered—that quickened him to seek foreign service? Was he among those knights who were not trusted to serve Athens again, or not in the meanwhile?[2]

Whatever his reasons, Xenophon went to Sardis and saw Cyrus, who asked him to stay with them; and he stayed,[3] and went with them, but neither as general, nor captain, nor

[1] See Chapter IV. p. 111; Chapter VI. p. 187.

[2] Cf. *Hellenica*, iii. 1, 4, where he tells us that Athens sent to the new Persian War in 399 a contingent of "men who had served as knights in the time of the Thirty, thinking it a gain for the Demos, if they went away and perished." Lysias, xvi. 6, says or implies that some of them were excluded from further military service and compelled to give up their equipment.

[3] *Anab.* iii. 1, 9.

soldier.[1] On the very verge of the fatal battle, he mentions how Cyrus spoke to him again, and bade him tell all that the omens were good and the sacrifices spoke fair.[2] But till the generals were murdered, Xenophon was in the background. Now things were different; the man who could save the rest must come forward; and, stimulated by a dream, he did come forward. Modern readers, especially some of a rationalist school, have commented in an unsympathetic way upon Xenophon's dreams and omens and sacrifices. Some sweeping and perhaps swift judgment of human life lies behind such criticism; but the historian does better to judge slowly and to study with sympathy. Men so practical as Pascal Paoli and Abraham Lincoln have not disdained to notice their dreams —some dreams.[3] Few of us, perhaps, would wish to be influenced by dreams, but the recurrence of this type of great man is remarkable.

Xenophon, it is clear, changed the atmosphere from depression to hope; only that, but it was everything. "Xenophon," said Cheirisophos the Spartan, "before this I only knew so much of you, that I had heard you were an Athenian; but now I praise you for what you say and do, and I wish there were lots of you."[4] Cheirisophos died at some point on the Euxine coast of a drug which he had taken to allay a fever, but in the interval he and Xenophon worked together effectively and happily. They only once disagreed, and then about the treatment of a native guide, whom the Spartan struck in anger. It is worth recording here, too, how they chaffed one another. For such things do not receive mention in the more formal histories; but in a book of travel like the

[1] A curious addition with some purpose behind it, which I cannot clearly make out.

[2] *Anab.* i. 8, 14.

[3] Boswell, *Corsica*, p. 361, for Paoli. John G. Nicolay, *Short Life of Abraham Lincoln*, p. 531; Lincoln on the morning of 14 April, 1865, told his cabinet he had the previous night had his usual dream, which preceded great events—he had had it before Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and Vicksburg. General Grant, in his matter-of-fact way, said that Murfreesboro was no victory and had no important results; but Lincoln was sure the dream must refer to something important. That night he was shot in Ford's Theatre, and died in the house across the street.

[4] *Anab.* iii. 1, 45.

Anabasis much emerges that shows us the real texture of life. Xenophon proposes a feint—stealing a march on the mountaineers—and, with a little pun, suggests that Cheirisophos should undertake it, "for I am told that you Spartans, who are of the Peers, practise stealing from your boyhood, and there is no shame in stealing where law allows. . . . So now is the time for you to show your training, and take care we are not caught stealing up the mountain and get beaten." "And I," says Cheirisophos, "hear that you Athenians are great hands at stealing public funds—won't *you* show your training?"[1] The jests are slight, but they let us see the temper of the men in the hour of danger, and again illuminate character, and the terms on which men of different states were living.

The story of the march it is not needful to tell here, nor to discuss the routes taken. At one point there is a good deal of difficulty, but when the regions are more exactly surveyed, it may be resolved. In any case, travellers—the great von Moltke among them—bear witness to the general truth of Xenophon's descriptions. There the mountains are still, and the Kurds, and, as Tertullian says, "nothing is warm there but savagery."[2] Mountains, rivers, and natives—Xenophon watches and remembers all, and sees them again as he writes. Once more, Boucher insists on the military value of his data, and men with other interests have praise no less hearty for the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Books. For example, whether we call it commissariat or diet, taking the military or the anthropological view, Xenophon tells us things that we do not find elsewhere—things of no consequence to the "scientific" historian, it may be, but illuminative. We saw how he and his friends found fresh satisfactions on the march down the Euphrates. In the worst days after the battle, Xenophon recalls the dates they ate—"what we got in Greece, were left to the slaves, but what the masters had were selected, of a wonderful beauty and size, and the colour of *electron*"; but

[1] *Anab.* iv. 6, 15–16.

[2] Tertullian, *adv. Marcion.* i. 1: *Gentes ferocissimae inhabitant. . . . Duritia de caelo quoque. Dies nunquam patens, sol nunquam libens; unus aer nebula; totus annus hibernum, omne quod flaverit aquilo est . . . nihil illic nisi feritas calet.*

the wine made of the dates, and the "head" of the palm, though pleasant, gave you head-ache.[1] So in the underground houses of the Armenian mountains, among their village hosts and the goats and cattle and poultry, the Greeks fared sumptuously on lamb and pork and veal and so forth, with wheaten bread and barley bread, and "barley wine in bowls," which they drank native-way through straws and found "very strong indeed, unless one put water in; but it was a very pleasant drink when one learnt the way."[2] The strange honey that made the men ill, "as if drunk or mad," is still known.[3] The strangest diet of all was found among the Mossynoeci—magazines of dry bread, slices of pickled dolphin, dolphin-blubber (which they used as the Greeks use oil), boiled chestnuts, baked bread or biscuits, and a wine of "dry rough quality" which they improved by adding water.[4] The Mossynoeci were the most barbarous people they met; they were tattooed and knew nothing even of such elementary reserve as the Greeks had; they cut the heads off their fallen enemies and danced and sang as they displayed them; and they counted sheer fat a beauty—the boys of the well-to-do were plump and white and about as broad as they were long.

Perhaps the most memorable chapter of all describes the march in the snow.[5] Colonel Boucher says that "those who, in Algeria, have seen a troop surprised by a snowstorm will recognize how strikingly accurate is the story of Xenophon"; and he will use the situation to decide the reading. For the manuscripts vary as to how many parasangs the men marched in three stages—five, ten, or fifteen. Five hours' marching over snow in fair weather would be much; in a storm impossible;

[1] *Anab.* ii. 2, 15–16.

[2] *Anab.* iv. 5, 25–31. Ainsworth in 1844 and von Moltke later found the people still living underground, and Boucher, p. 217, gives a photograph of some houses of the kind. Ainsworth, *On the Track of the Ten Thousand*, p. 178, adds, "The barley-wine I never met with." Tertullian, *adv. Marcion.* i. 1, appears to refer to some of the customs of the Mossynoeci.

[3] Ainsworth, *op. cit.* p. 190, suggests the honey is probably from the flower of the rose-laurel, Nerium oleander, of the family of Apocynae. Strabo, 549, a story how it was put in the way of Pompey's soldiers, who were cut up before they recovered from its effects.

[4] Mossynoeci, *Anab.* v. 4, 1–34.

[5] *Anab.* iv. 5.

and he concludes for ten parasangs in three days.[1] As a soldier, he comments with Xenophon upon the boots of the men—Xenophon noticed that the new-made brogues of raw leather, that they were now wearing, froze to the feet, if they did not take them off at night.[2] The march in the driving snow, which kept falling till it was six feet deep, must have been appalling. Ainsworth records his experience of the difference in temperatures between the hot plains of Mesopotamia and the Armenian uplands in 1839,[3] and the Greeks had been equipped for Mesopotamia. In their distress, one of the soothsayers suggested sacrifice to the wind; and when it was done, says Xenophon, "the violence of the storm distinctly seemed to all to abate."[4] After this came other experiences, *bulimia* or false hunger, frost-bite and snow-blindness, which Xenophon well describes,[5] noting, as he goes, what remedies had been found of use. At a later stage Xenophon was accused of using personal violence to the men. It was in these days of marching through the snow that he did it—to sit and rest, he found, was dangerous, and at any cost he made the men get up and move and save themselves, against their will, from frost-bite and death. Many men and beasts, as it was, perished. The speech in which he defends himself has all his cleverness and charm.[6]

The most famous episode in the retreat is the first sight

[1] Boucher, p. 216. He, with Grote, holds that *parasang*, like the modern *farsakh*, is roughly an hour's march—not a uniform distance at all.

[2] Cf. the prevalence of frost-bite from a similar cause in the trenches in the winter of 1914–5.

[3] Ainsworth, *op. cit.* p. 173.

[4] Cf. the sacrifice by the Magians to the wind at Artemisium (Herodotus, vii. 191), and what followed. See Chapter I. p. 22.

[5] Cf. Ralph Stock, *Confessions of a Tenderfoot* (1913): "I have vivid recollections of my first experience of snow-blindness. I was riding over snow-plains that glistened and glittered like a sea of diamonds in the midday sun, when I became aware of tiny red spots floating between my eyes and the horse's ears. They grew rapidly to the size of billiard balls, and finally burst into a blood-red mist that swirled and eddied before my eyes, blotting out the world as completely as a red window-blind. My mount took me home—trust a horse for knowing his own stable—but it was three days before I came out of a darkened room with blood-shot eyes."

[6] *Anab.* v. 8, 2–26.

of the sea.[1] A guide is given them at Gymnias who undertakes to bring them in five days to a place from which they will see the Euxine; and meantime they march through the land of enemies of his tribe, burning and harrying as they go. "They come to the mountain on the fifth day, and its name was Theches. And when the men in front climbed it and saw the sea, there was great shouting. On hearing this, Xenophon and the rear-guard thought that other enemies must be attacking them in front; for people were pursuing them out of the country which was all aflame, and of these the rear-guard had killed some, and caught others alive by means of an ambush, and had taken about twenty wicker shields covered with raw hides of shaggy oxen. And when the shouting grew louder and nearer, and those who from time to time came up joined the shouters at a run, and the shouting grew in volume as more men came, it seemed to Xenophon to be something of more import. So he mounted his horse, and, taking with him Lycios and the cavalry, galloped to the rescue. And very quickly, then, they hear the soldiers shouting and passing the word along: *The Sea! The Sea!* Then they all came running, rear-guard and all, and the baggage animals were driven up and the horses. When they had all come to the height, then they fell to embracing one another, and the generals and the captains, with tears. And on a sudden, some one or other passed the word, and the soldiers bring stones and build a huge cairn. Then they hung on it a lot of raw cowhides and staves and the captured wicker shields; and the guide with his own hands began to cut up the shields and told the others to do the same. After this the Greeks sent the guide home again, and gave him gifts from the common stock, a horse and a silver bowl, a Persian dress and ten darics; and he asked for their rings and had many given him by the soldiers." What a memory to carry with one! Whenever it was that Xenophon wrote his *Anabasis*

[1] *Anab.* iv. 7, 21–27. I have deliberately tried in this rendering to keep close to the simplicity and structure of the original, but perhaps have been too bald and literal. Mr. Dakyns, to whose translations of Xenophon, with their scholarly introductions, students owe much, always seems to me to do Xenophon into English of a texture a good deal sprucer than the Greek.

—and some parts of it were written years after—the fact that stands out is his wonderful gift of carrying a scene, a great moment, a conversation, in his head; and when he recalls it, he lives it over again, and his reader, as Plutarch said, lives through it with him.

The sea was not the end of their difficulties by any means, but, instead of difficulties, let us turn to festivals. When they were first starting on their long march against the King, and had reached Peltae, Xenias, the Arcadian captain of the body-guard (who, as we have seen, deserted from Myriandros), celebrated the Arcadian festival of the Lycaea with his fellow-countrymen; there was a sacrifice, and then athletic contests, and the prizes were headbands of gold. Cyrus, we are told, went to watch, and, we may imagine, Xenophon.[1] Another festival with a sacrifice and an athletic competition was held at Trapezus under the management of Dracontius, a Spartan, a man exiled from boyhood for killing another boy. Captives took part in one race; Cretans, sixty of them, in another; there was wrestling, boxing, and the *pancration*—"a beautiful spectacle," ending with a terrific horse-race downhill to the beach and up again, with tumbles and shouting and laughter.[2] Later on, when they made peace with Corylas, the Paphlagonian chief, the Greek generals gave an entertainment to the ambassadors.[3] They had plenty of captured animals for food, they lay on truckle beds at dinner, and drank from horn-cups of the country's make. Then came the libations and the paean, and "first of all some Thracians stood up and danced to the flute, in full armour, leaping high into the air and very lightly, and used their swords; and finally one struck the other, as it appeared to everybody, and he fell with great art, and the Paphlagonians cried out. Then the man who dealt the blow stripped the arms off the fallen man and went out chanting Sitalkas (the Thracian King); and other Thracians carried out the other man as if dead, though really he had suffered nothing. Aenianians and Magnesians followed, and danced the Karpeia under arms; and this is the method of the dance. One man lays aside his arms and sows and drives a yoke of oxen, often looking round as if he were afraid; and then a robber comes, and when he sees him he snatches up his arms

[1] *Anab.* i. 2, 10. [2] *Anab.* iv. 8, 25–28. [3] *Anab.* vi. 1.

and runs to meet him and fights in front of the oxen—all in rhythm, to the flute; and finally the robber binds the man and drives off the oxen, or, sometimes, the driver binds the robber and drives him along with the oxen with his hands tied behind him." A Mysian came next, with a pantomimic dance, as if he were fighting two men at once, twirling about, with some somersaults thrown in—"a beautiful sight"—which he followed up with the Persian dance with shields, all in rhythm, to the flute. He was succeeded by Arcadians in national dances, also under arms, as they do it in procession to the gods. The Paphlagonians were surprised to see such dances under arms; so "the Mysian talked to an Arcadian who owned a dancing girl, and brought her on, after dressing her with the utmost beauty and giving her a light shield. She danced the *Pyrrhichê* very gracefully. There was much clapping, and the Paphlagonians asked if women also fought beside them in battle, and they answered that it was the women who drove the King out of the camp."

The skill with which all this gaiety, this medley of national and tribal life and character, the snatches of natural talk, are woven into the military record and the tale of adventure, makes it admirable reading and gives the book a high value. We lose a great deal by not realizing the simpler side of Greek life, and the relations of the Greek with his neighbours. No book that the Greeks have left us—not even Herodotus himself—has given us quite this full and easy range over the fringes of the Greek world; and we have yet to think of the Euxine and of Thrace.

The Greek cities of the Euxine are, in a way, a world by themselves. Stupendous mountain barriers and unconquerable barbarian tribes were a safeguard for them against the Persian Empire. It is little in general that we hear of them. Of the cities on the northern shore, among the wheat lands, we hear something—many things, indeed, incidental to the wheat trade and its control reach us,[1] but the first real picture of life in these regions is given us centuries later than our present period by Dio Chrysostom, in one of the two really charming sketches that he has left.[2] He pictures an old-world place.

[1] Some references to this in Chapter X.

[2] Dio Chrysostom, *Borysthenitico*s, *Or.* xxxvi. (von Arnim), with which Grote deals in his last chapter. The other to which I refer is

The Greek seems to have been cut off there from most of the main currents of national life and to have kept, as French Canada long kept, an air of another day. Something of this may be due to Dio's art, just as a parallel study, made three centuries later still by Synesius, of life in the back parts of the Cyrenaica, suggests the imitation of Dio himself.[1] In the fourth and third centuries young men from Pontus (as we shall see in a later chapter) came to Athens for their education, and probably did not return home quite so unsophisticated as the attractive lad with whom Dio discussed Homer. It is likely enough that they preferred not to return to Scythia at all. But the northern shore does not come into Xenophon's story.

What invasion by an army of some 10,000 hoplites, with women and children and slaves,—suddenly launched over the mountain range and rolling down upon them,—meant to these cities, we may in some degree imagine, perhaps, in the light of modern war, but the ancients were less scrupulous. *Andrapodize* is not in the modern vocabulary of warfare, in any language.[2] One can only guess at the population of Trapezus—what could it be? Twenty thousand people made a big city—Bristol or Glasgow—in the days of the Commonwealth. If Trapezus had so many inhabitants, away at the world's end all by itself, its nearest Greek neighbours many miles away, the disturbance made by the sudden advent of the Ten Thousand must have been terrible. Adventurers one and all, reckless and undisciplined, newly free from desperate perils, eager to get away to Greece and resolved never to return—there was no predicting what they might do. Murder and pillage on a small scale were very obvious; the utter sacking of the city was quite possible. What Xenophon tells us of the doings of Clearetus in the neighbourhood of Cerasus and of the disorder and danger that followed,

the *Euboicos*, vii., for which see the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco's pleasant book, *The Outdoor Life in Greek and Roman Poets*, ch. iv.

[1] Letter 148. See *Life and Letters in the Fourth Century*, p. 334. Both he and Dio speak of Homer as the sole literature of these places.

[2] Cf. *Anab.* ii. 4, 27. Tissaphernes lets the Greeks plunder the villages of Parysatis πλὴν ἀνδραπόδων—they were not to make slaves of the people.

is typical.[1] We can understand that the Greek inhabitants of the scattered cities of the coast were eager to aid their visitors in getting away—even to the extent of making roads for them for the purpose, on Xenophon's suggestion.[2] At Cotyora the soldiers were not admitted within the walls at all—not even the sick—though they lay forty-five days outside,[3] and no opportunity of a market was given them. Sinope, too, the suzerain city of Cotyora, sent to the Greek generals and warned them that, if violence were used, they themselves might be forced into alliance with Corylas and the Paphlagonians—a threat withdrawn on the expostulation of Xenophon,[4] though anxiety for Sinope was read plainly enough in the advice to them to press on to Herakleia by sea.[5] At Herakleia, at a meeting of the soldiers an Achaean proposed that, as the generals fail to secure them provisions, they resolve to demand of the Herakleots not less than 3000 cyzicenes, or darics; an amendment was accepted substituting 10,000; and Cheirisophos or Xenophon was to make the demand. Both men stoutly refused such a task—they would be no parties to such violence to a friendly Greek city. Other envoys were found, less scrupulous, who went to Herakleia with the demand, reinforcing it with a threat. Herakleia, not unnaturally, on the first word of the proposal put all her defences in order.[6] The affair had miscarried, and the Arcadians and Achaeans resolved to be done with such spiritless leaders as the Athenian and the Spartan, who really represented no numbers at all in the army. They went off in a body by themselves, till a disaster cured them of their desire for independence and reconciled them for the time to their old leaders, who, spiritless as they were, had none the less rescued them.[7] At Calpe they came into touch with Spartan authorities, and problems of another colour. But, before we consider these, there are other matters to be thought of, which will take us back to Trapezus.

When the Greeks reached the Euxine and set about considering how they were to move forward, a man from Thurii carried them all with him in a short speech. He was tired of

[1] *Anab.* v. 7, 13–26. [2] *Anab.* v. 1, 14.
[3] *Anab.* v. 5, 6. [4] *Anab.* v. 5, 7–25; 6, 3.
[5] *Anab.* v. 6, 11. [6] *Anab.* vi. 2, 4–8. [7] *Anab.* vi. 2, 9–3, 26.

it all, he said—all this life of packing one's kit, marching, running, carrying armour, tramping in line, and mounting guard, and fighting. He wanted to be quit of all this toil and sail home like Odysseus, lying full length on a ship, and so reach Greece. Every one agreed ; only there were no ships. Then Cheirisophos offered to go ahead and see Anaxibios, the Spartan navarch who was a friend of his, and get triremes and merchant vessels from him, if they would wait till he returned, and he would not be slow. So Cheirisophos was sent on this errand, which took him longer than he or any one else expected. Meantime another man, a Laconian *perioikos*, Dexippos, was sent off on a penteconter to collect ships also ; for the transport of 10,000 people, all anxious to travel like Odysseus, involved a whole fleet of one kind of ship and another. Dexippos, however, was tired of the whole thing too, and seized his chance to get clear of the Ten Thousand ; and once aboard a ship in his own charge he went away for good, sailed out of the Euxine, and left his comrades to get home as they might. An Athenian, sent on a similar errand, brought into harbour all the vessels he could get. If they were loaded, the Greeks emptied them, and set guards over the cargo. But the business of transport was going to be slow, and Dexippos represented a very general feeling.

For now it became clear that everybody had the same wish—if it were only practicable, to get away and to reach home.[1] The army was going to break up as soon as it conveniently and safely could do it ; and some of them wished to go home "with something."[2] All this meant danger—an army in fragments along such a coast engaged in looting was bound to meet disaster ; it could not "come off rejoicing."[3] Yet if they held together, what lay before them ? The Spartans ruled at that time, as Xenophon said,[4] and he was genuinely anxious as to the reception they might have from the Spartans.

Sparta's support of Cyrus had compromised her with the King, and the army of Cyrus was a force that she could neither very well do with nor do without. To enlist them would

[1] Cf. *Anab.* v. 6, 33 ; also vi. 2, 13–14. [2] *Anab.* vi. 1, 17.
[3] *Anab.* v. 6, 32. [4] *Anab.* vi. 5, 8–9, τότε is significant.

involve great expense; but why enlist so many mercenaries at all in time of peace? men would ask. It would be a menace to some state or other; and in particular the Persian King, in view of the fleet sent to support Cyrus, could only regard the enlistment of Cyrus' Greek army as a notice of some purpose to declare war upon himself or his dominions. For this Sparta was not at present prepared or inclined. On the other hand, so large a force could not safely be left to wander intact about the Greek world, and still less could it be allowed to take service with any doubtful or hostile power. Anaxibios sent Cheirisophos back to his men with nothing but a polite message and a vague promise of enlistment when they should arrive.[1] The promise, unaccompanied by any ships, could hardly be misunderstood by the leaders. The Spartans did not want them—at any rate as a body—in Greek regions; they would prefer to see them stay away or break up. But the men were all keen to reach Greece, and to break up would be ruin—as the Arcadian secession showed.

Some of the soldiers had the notion that they were strong enough to risk a quarrel with the Spartan rulers, but Xenophon assured them they were not. Look at the Athenian Empire and its fleet, compare their resources with those that Athens had —it was absurd; and he bent every endeavour to keeping the peace.[2] Even when Aristarchos, the new harmost of Byzantium, sold as slaves no less than four hundred of the Cyreians—doing it on the advice of the polite Anaxibios[3]—Xenophon, in spite of this monstrous outrage, managed to avert any breach. The act was typical in a way of Spartan rule—the extremest oppression and violence and the utter disregard of right and wrong—and Xenophon's pages make it clear, in spite of his long friendship with Sparta, how bad in every way her predominance was. His emphasis on the power of a single Spartan in a city[4] reveals to what the fall of Athens had brought Greece. There was even some danger, as Xenophon told the army, in their being commanded by an Athenian, while they had a Spartan with them.[5]

When one surveys the difficulties attending their return to Greece, the alternative plan which Xenophon was known to

[1] *Anab.* vi. 1, 16. [2] *Anab.* vi. 6, 12–16; vii. 1, 25–31.
[3] *Anab.* vii. 2, 6. [4] *Anab.* vi. 6, 12. [5] *Anab.* vi. 1, 26.

favour, becomes interesting—a plan revived and carried into execution by Alexander the Great. He reflected, he says, upon their numbers; for when they held a review at Cerasus,[1] they still numbered 8600, after losing perhaps a quarter of their forces in battle, in snow and by disease, and (here and there) by desertion. They were still a large body of men, hoplites, peltasts, cavalry, all in good training—and in Pontus, where such a force could hardly be raised at all. "It seemed to him a good idea to found a city and acquire new territory and power for Greece. It would be, he thought, a great city, when he considered their own numbers and the population on the shores of the Euxine." [2] So he consulted the gods. Unfortunately, his soothsayer had ideas of his own; a successful prophecy had won him a reward of 3000 darics from Cyrus, and he had managed to keep them through all the risks of their journey, and he wanted to get home to Greece with them.[3] So he put the story about that Xenophon wished to hold back the army, and found a city, and get himself a name and power. A Dardanian exile, Timasion,[4] who also had plans of his own and dreamed of engaging the whole army to regain his native place, and make it a centre of conquest or pillage, took pains to frustrate his chief by insinuating to the merchants of Herakleia and Sinope that, if they did not take prompt measures to help the army out, Xenophon meant to stay and found his new state, perhaps by capturing by force some existing city. The story went all along the coast, as was intended, and the intrigue prospered in the army. At last Xenophon had to defend himself. First he dealt with the prophet, and then he admitted that he might have been willing to help them to capture a city; but Herakleots and Sinopaeans were now furnishing ships, and more than one person was guaranteeing monthly pay—well, let them take the chance when it offered; the colony idea was abandoned; only let them keep together and see to it there were no desertions—which was a parting shot at the prophet.[5] Even so the matter was not settled, and Xenophon had to defend himself a little

[1] *Anab.* v. 3, 3.
[2] *Anab.* v. 6, 15.
[3] *Anab.* v. 6, 16–18; i. 7, 18.
[4] *Anab.* v. 6, 23.
[5] *Anab.* v. 6, 21–37. The prophet managed to escape on a merchant vessel when they were at Herakleia (vi. 4, 13).

later against the charge of plotting to take the whole force back to Phasis in the extreme east of the Black Sea. His speech was a clever and a witty one : Greece, they all knew, was toward the sunset ; Phasis toward the sunrise ; so there could be no mistake as to where they were going. The North Wind, as a proverb said, took you out of Pontus ; so they had only to stay ashore when the South Wind blew ; and so on ; and he passed to a vindication of himself and a plea for decent and orderly trust and co-operation. The soldiers listened, and resolved to be done with lawlessness ; to set up a regular court consisting of the *lochagoi*, or captains, which might deal with accusations made in a more orderly way than was possible with stones and shouting ; and to have the army " purified as the prophets advised." [1]

So there was to be no new colony on the southern shore of Pontus, though, when in his narrative he comes to Calpe, Xenophon looks back wistfully to his idea. It was just the very spot, midway between Byzantium and Herakleia, and not a Greek city between them—nothing but Bithynian Thracians who mishandle every Greek sailor who falls into their hands. A fine headland juts into the sea and makes a good haven ; there is room for a city of, say, 10,000 inhabitants—a good water-supply, commanded by the stronghold, shipbuilding timber in plenty down to the very beach, a fertile soil round about that will produce barley, wheat, figs, and a good wine, everything, in short, except olives. Olives, as we have seen already, did not grow round the Black Sea, but were imported. If his soldiers would not hear of a colony, some of his readers might take it up. In any case it is interesting to find Xenophon taking the lead in the matter of fresh colonization. Isocrates, as we shall see, advocated it for years as a means of dealing with Greek poverty and of getting rid of the swarms of mercenaries who infested the world. Alexander and his successors carried it into action. Once again, if Xenophon was, as we have seen he was, the real inspirer of the great retreat that proclaimed the weakness of Persia and invited the Macedonian conqueror, here again he is, in truth, a real herald of that Hellenism to which the world owes so much.

When the colony proved impossible and return to Greece

[1] *Anab.* v. 7, 1–35.

could not be managed, what with one Spartan governor and another, escape suddenly became possible in a totally new direction. Xenophon, and some large portion of the Cyreians at any rate, took service with Seuthes the Thracian prince; and once more the *Anabasis* opens for us a wholly new and unique chapter on a part of the outlying world of which we learn very little from any other author. Some tone of disappointment has been felt in this Seventh Book, which is perhaps not unnatural. But the whole goes with unflagging spirit, and for variety and freshness it is well on a level with the rest of the *Anabasis*.

Mindful of their long journey in Asia, the Greeks covenanted that they should not be taken more than seven days' march from the sea, and this part of his bargain Seuthes appears to have kept. His proposals were made to Xenophon in an interview by night. Xenophon with a small body of men left the army, and after going sixty stades came on a line of apparently abandoned watch-fires, behind which, well in the dark, Seuthes' men were watching. The interpreter goes forward; "it is the Athenian from the army;" and 200 peltasts escort them to the tower where Seuthes waited, well guarded, with horses bitted and bridled in case of emergency. They begin conversation with horns of wine in the Thracian way. After some talk Seuthes says he cannot distrust an Athenian—they are kindred of his, he knows, and friends, he thinks, on whom he can rely. His father, he explains, had been king or chief, but when "the fortunes of the Odrysians fell sick," he died (of disease) and left Seuthes an orphan, with Medokos the present king. "But when I became a youth, I could not endure to live for ever looking to the table of another. So I sat on his seat beside him as a suppliant and begged for as many men as he could give me, to do any mischief I might to the men who drove me out, and not live looking at his table. So he gave me the men and the horses you shall see at daybreak. And now I live with these, plundering the land that belonged to my own fathers; and if you will join me, I think that, with the aid of the gods, I could get my kingdom again. That is what I ask." The pay promised is satisfactory. But, if we cannot manage it, and "fear come from the quarter of the Spartans," will Seuthes receive any of them who comes

for refuge? "Yes, like brothers, and have them on my seat, to share all we can get. And as for you, Xenophon, I will give you my daughter, and if you have any daughter of yours, I will buy her in the Thracian way; and I will give you Bisanthe to dwell in, the best place I have upon the sea."

Bisanthe, the modern Rodosto, had once been the castle of Alcibiades. If not a colony, a fortress, some foothold on new territory for Greece—that seems now to be Xenophon's hope, though it is not realized.

Gomperz for the moment feels it disconcerting to find the pious pupil of Socrates and the diligent student of ethics laying Thrace waste with fire and sword, and burning villages, at the bidding of Seuthes. Long centuries after, Samuel Champlain joined himself and his Frenchmen, with their firearms, to the Hurons in a similar campaign against the Iroquois, with whom he and his had till then no quarrel; and French Canada rued it for a hundred and fifty years. Greece had learnt something already at Mycalessos of Thracian methods of warfare.[1] "Next day," says Xenophon at a stage in the campaign, "Seuthes burnt down the villages—utterly, and left no house standing, to put terror into the others as to what they will undergo if they do not submit."[2] It sounds very modern —as we have come to reinterpret modernity.

We need not follow the story of the campaign. It was severe even for the Greeks after their experiences in the Armenian mountains. "There was much snow and cold so great that the water brought in for dinner froze, and the wine in the vessels, and many of the Greeks had their noses and ears frostbitten. And then it was plain why the Thracians wear fox-skin caps down over their ears, and tunics to cover not only the chest but the thighs, and long riding cloaks down to the feet, instead of the *chlamys*, when they ride."[3]

The banquet of Seuthes is a pendant to those we have watched elsewhere in the story.[4] The guests sit in a circle, with three-legged stools in front of them, on which is piled meat and bread skewered together. Seuthes, in accordance

[1] Thuc. vii. 29: "The Thracians when they dare can be as bloody as the worst barbarians" is the historian's comment. See Chapter III. p. 76.

[2] *Anab.* vii. 4, 1. [3] *Anab.* vii. 4, 3, 4. [4] *Anab.* vii. 3, 21–33.

with the fashion, began and broke up his bread into pieces and threw the bits to whom he would, and the meat in like manner; and those who had tables by them copied him—Arystas the Arcadian excepted, who soon tired of it and fell to the steady business of dinner, too busy even to drink. "Give it to Xenophon," he said to the cup-bearer; "he's ready; I'm not." The cup-bearer understood Greek, and obeyed, amid general laughter. As the drinking went on, Thracians came in with presents for the chief, one with a white horse, which after drinking a horn of wine he gave to him—another with a slave—another with garments for Seuthes' wife. Timasion the Dardanian offered a silver bowl and a carpet worth ten minae. Gnesippos the Athenian rose and said it was a good old custom for those who had to give to the king, and for the king to give to those who had not. Xenophon was in the last case, and had nothing to give, but when the horn came to him ("he was already fairly well on in drinking,"[1] he says) he rose and made a speech, offering the king himself and his army, by whose aid he should get for himself lands and horses and men and fair women. Seuthes jumped up and drained the horn with him, spilling the last drops in the Thracian way. Music followed of the native kind on horns and on trumpets of ox-hide—music of a primeval and uncomplicated style, which made Seuthes leap up again and shout for battle, and do a war-dance in the character of one dodging a javelin, with great energy. After that came clowns and jesters, and at sunset the Greeks rose and went to their camp—Seuthes at least with no signs of drink about him.

Such is life in Thrace, but there are the beginnings of law and order and civilization, for they mark out the seashore of the Euxine with landmarks to regulate where a man may, and where he should not, loot a wreck driven ashore. For want of this, in old days, there had been robbery and fighting and loss of life. In those regions the Greeks found beds and boxes, and a great many manuscripts, and all the things that sea-captains carry in their chests.

[1] vii. 3, 29, ἤδη γὰρ ὑποπεπωκὼς ἐτύγχανεν—a phrase familiar in Aristophanes, *e.g. Peace*, 874. Perhaps the Irish distinction (which I borrow from *Some Reminiscences of an Irish R.M.*) achieves what is meant—"not dhrunk, but having dhrink taken." It is an interesting admission to find Xenophon making.

There were difficulties about the pay that Seuthes promised, which need not delay us. But by now Sparta had come to open war with Tissaphernes, if not with Persia, and the army of Cyrus was no longer a dreaded incubus but a welcome reinforcement. The Cyreians crossed once more to Asia and took service with Thibron. With them went Xenophon, and five years of desultory war lay before them, before they marched home with Agesilaos by the route that Xerxes took, with camels in their train.[1]

If I have to offer an apology for a chapter on a book so obvious as the *Anabasis*, it is a simple one. It was the first book in Greek prose that I ever read—painfully and slowly a chapter or two was crawled through, and then the book was abandoned for years. Many of my readers will perhaps have the same dreary memory of it. And then after years I found out what a good story it was, and came to see how at point after point it is not merely interesting, but illuminative—one of the very clearest and strongest interpretations of Greek life ever written.

[1] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 4, 24. Cf. Herodotus, vii. 86; Aristophanes, *Birds*, 276 f.

CHAPTER IX

THE NEW AGE

IN October 1777 the news reached London of the defeat of British arms at Saratoga. Sir John Sinclair, who is described as the prince of busybodies, heard of it and brought word to Adam Smith, exclaiming in the deepest concern that the nation was now ruined. Adam Smith was less disturbed. "There is a great deal of ruin in a nation," he said. He was right; nations are oftener ruined in the newspapers than they are in history, and if they are ruined, it takes more than a day to do it. Yet, as we have seen in an earlier chapter, a day may mark the close of one epoch and the beginning of another; it may bring home alike to contemporaries and to after generations that a new age has begun, of grandeur, it may be, or of decline. The battle of Salamis marks the beginning of a new age of the one kind, the day of Aegospotami of the other. The fourth century is quite another thing from the fifth; it is the age of Philip and Alexander, not of Pericles and Alcibiades; and by the time it ends, our thoughts are far away from the centres that held them in the fifth century, we are with Ptolemy and Seleucus, in Alexandria and Babylon, face to face with a new world, a new civilization, new conceptions of government, and new ideals of conduct. Demos of the Pnyx is an odd memory of the past; and Athens, which after all meant Greece for us—her empire is long gone, and Rhodes is capturing her trade; she is a fortress, a university, a city of monuments and tourists[1]—a sort of Oxford; and when she counts in history it is as a make-weight, *magni nominis umbra*.

With Athens, somehow, as almost every student of history feels, something else goes—

> A Power is passing from the earth
> To breathless Nature's dark abyss.

[1] Isocrates, *Areop.* 66, on the impression made upon visitors to Athens by the great buildings of the Periclean period.

As a brilliant scholar of to-day puts it: "There is something wrong with the fourth century. The greatest charm of its predecessor is too volatile for language. It is the fullness and beauty of Athenian life. After 400 B.C. that is gone. It fades out of Athens, leaving her ostensibly unchanged, just as the expression which gave all the charm to a face fades out of it without any definite alteration of the features." So writes Mr. Livingstone.[1] Julius Beloch, on the other hand, one of the freshest and most vigorous minds that have dealt with Greek history in our times, holds another view.[2] He admits that the gloomy social and political conditions of the fifty years that followed the fall of Athens give a semblance of truth to the view that the bloom of Greece is over—"yes, but for him only whose gaze is on the surface of things or who confuses Athens with Greece. For him who will go deeper, the fourth century shows another picture. He sees fresh life in all directions; and, if the nation was sick, it was really from fullness of life, struggling for expression. Never before or after did Greece produce so great a number of political and military capacities; while in literature, art, and science a forward movement reigned of the most vigorous and most rich in results."

It depends on what we are looking for, and (to some extent) where we look for it. The eighteenth century in England is a very different story from the seventeenth—no Milton, no Prince Rupert, no Pilgrim Fathers; Adam Smith seems much more characteristic of it than the Young Pretender; science and sense are in the ascendant, and poetry, apart from echo-work, there is none till the *Task* was published in 1785 and *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798. Yet England, if less interesting to the student of imaginative literature, especially if he limits himself to poetry, had in many ways never been at all so great. But there is no denying that to most human beings the century between the deaths of Queen Mary and of Oliver Cromwell means incomparably more. The parallel here suggested with fourth-century Greece may be carried further and may give

[1] In his admirable book, *The Greek Genius and its Meaning to Us*, p. 239.

[2] *Griechische Geschichte*, ii. 367. I plead guilty to compressing one sentence rather than translating it.

us some clue. Those hundred years in England are years of boundless life and energy—every man seems instinct with force, and, as suggested before,[1] every man seems to have a grip upon all life, to understand the whole ; he may see it from an angle—then every other man shall see it from that same angle too. There is clash of opinion endlessly and fiercely ; and England and the world gain by it, for, as Milton said, " opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making." There are wars for religion, with the Spaniard and the Pope abroad, with the King and the bishops and others at home—" and," as the humorous Burton sighs, " all for the peace of thee, O Zion ! " And then there is a change when Charles II comes home again. There is no longer any national glory which the King will not sell, till a new King is fetched from Holland. There is no poetry—except a couple of epics written by a blind survivor of the old days. And England wants to hear very little more about religion ; let her only have toleration and be done with the quarrels of churches. Let her get to business, and, forgoing raptures and ideals and enthusiasms, let her see facts. So to facts England turned—to trade, and built up a new commercial system, and laid the foundations of a Canadian Dominion and an Indian Empire ; to science and philosophy—and Newton and Locke taught Europe to think, and the Royal Society became an integral part of national life ; to comfort, and the nineteenth century became possible. Afterwards, because England was a nation, and not a city, other things followed. A man, according to Isocrates,[2] may escape some things because of the accidents of life, but a city has a certain immortality which makes inevitable the consequences of her acts. A man may miss much by early death, but even a city has nothing like the immortality of a nation. With this in mind we may compare and contrast the story of Athens with that of our own country.

Athens had her great century—her century of victory over Persian and islander, of empire over the sea and commerce, of leadership in everything that makes human life, in art, literature, music, all the preoccupations and interests of mind and spirit. Her huge ideals became incompatible with the peace of the world. " They are the sort," said the Corin-

[1] See Chapter II. p. 38.

[2] *De Pace*, 120.

thian speaker, " that can never have quiet themselves, nor let other men have it." [1] The weariness that came to England from civil war came to Athens from foreign war. Here perhaps it helped England that she is a nation that tires quickly of the strain of thought, in spite of Milton's glowing belief to the contrary. The day came when the foreigner imposed by force upon Athens the peace she needed. Cleon had taunted the people, who followed him into extravagance only too readily, with being " slaves of fancy," with " always seeking something different from the conditions under which we have to live "—with being idealists in short.[2] In the fourth century, in spite of the regrets of thinking people that the Demos is still at the mercy of clever demagogues and unscrupulous generals, the dominant note of Athens is the exact opposite of what Cleon said it was in his day. As far as so bright a people could, in weariness they renounced the ideal world for the actual and concentrated themselves on " the conditions under which we have to live." The sense of fact is the dominant thing in the life and thought of the whole period; and to trace its influence and its manifestations is the matter we now have in hand.

The Peloponnesian War took out of Athens far more than any modern war takes out of a modern nation. First as to losses in battle and the like, Isocrates, rehearsing the cost of the Imperial idea to Athens, passes from the old disasters of Egypt and Cyprus to the Peloponnesian War and mentions two of them. " In Sicily they lost 40,000 men and 240 triremes; and finally at the Hellespont 200 triremes. And the ships that were lost by tens and fives and more, and the men that died by the thousand and two thousand, who could count? Only this was one of the regular duties, to hold a public burial for them every year, to which many from the neighbouring cities and from the other parts of Greece used to come, not to join us in mourning the dead, but to exult together in our misfortunes. . . . The families of the most famous men and the greatest houses, that survived the revolution against the tyrants and the Persian War, we shall find, disappeared in the time

[1] Thuc. i. 70, 9.

[2] Thuc. iii. 38, 5, δοῦλοι ὄντες τῶν ἀπόπων, . . . 7, ζητοῦντές τε ἄλλο τι ὡς εἰπεῖν ἢ ἐν οἷς ζῶμεν. Cf. p. 74.

of the Empire;" and he laments that on the burgess rolls in their stead are the names of foreigners from all sorts of places.[1] So he wrote some fifty years after Aegospotami—an old man recalling what he remembered too well from boyhood and youth; and he emphasizes how near the survivors came to being sold for slaves and Athens to disappearing for ever. In the second place we have to remember the great plague in the early part of the war, which cost Athens, Eduard Meyer calculates, something like 17,000 soldiers, and cost her more still in spirit, Mr. Zimmern suggests—"the old hope and reverence and self-discipline and joy had passed away as in a dream." It may be too that in these years, as Mr. W. H. S. Jones has maintained, malaria became endemic in Greece, a constant drain on the nation's vitality.

Industry, too, on which, as agriculture declined in Attica, Athens relied more and more, was terribly affected by the long strain of the war. Everything had to be sacrificed to ship-building, and fleet after fleet was lost. The capital expended on ships must have run into thousands of talents. We do not hear in the fourth century of the great sums the city reckoned up so confidently before the war. Piracy rose as the Athenian fleet declined, and the Spartan rulers never seem to have dealt very effectively with it; it meant much less to an inland and agricultural state. The occupation of Deceleia during the last nine years of the war meant the stripping of Attica of everything that could be carried away, down to the tiles of the farm-house roofs.[2] More serious still, "more than twenty thousand slaves deserted, many of them artisans."[3] The industries of Athens and the mining in Laureion depended on slave labour. Add to all this the crowding to Athens of citizens from the lost dependencies and *cleruchies*, stripped of everything.[4]

An interesting chapter in Xenophon's *Memorabilia*[5] tells how Socrates met a friend towards the end of the troubles under

[1] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 86–89.

[2] *Hellenica Oxyrhynchia*, 12, 3, 4. [3] Thuc. vii. 27, 5.

[4] Cf. Xen. *Mem.* ii. 8, 1. "We lost," says Eutheros, "our possessions outside the country, and my father left nothing whatever in Attica. So now I am come back, I am driven to work with my hands to get food."

[5] Xen. *Mem.* ii. 7, 1–12.

the Thirty, and remarked on his gloom. Yes, he was gloomy; sisters and nieces and cousins have crowded in on him, till they are fourteen of them, free persons, at home; the enemy holds the land, and nothing comes from thence; house-property in Athens will not let—the city is empty; there is no selling the furniture, and as for a loan, "I think one would be likely to find money lying in the street quicker than to borrow it." Socrates urges him to set all these women to work; they can spin and weave, and people will buy garments. And the story ends with wool being bought, the women getting to work and brightening up, till, as Aristarchus tells Socrates, they chaff him with being the only idle person in the house. The story is interesting in several ways; for our purposes it is a little picture of the straits to which the whole nation was reduced and a hint of how it recovered. The walls were gone, but the harbours were left;[1] Athens was still in the centre of the Greek world; winds and currents remained the same; and when peace was restored, commerce began to follow its old lines and they led to Athens.[2]

Athens regained her commercial supremacy over the Greek world, but her empire was gone. She lay at the mercy of her enemies, for the long walls that linked her to the Peiraieus were destroyed, and for ten years she was compulsorily kept at peace with the world. Then Conon, after his years of exile, came back in the character of a victorious Persian admiral[3] and persuaded Pharnabazos to re-build the walls—"no heavier blow, he knew, could be dealt to the Spartans."[4] "He won the sea-battle," says Isocrates, "and hurled the Spartans from their dominion, and freed the Greeks; not only did he build the walls of his country, but he raised the city to the glory from which she had fallen."[5] So says the patriot; but it was not quite the old glory. The essential fact was that the world had

[1] In a tideless sea like the Mediterranean a harbour was a harbour and had no rival in the river-mouth that could be a harbour at high tide. Cf. Forbes and Ashford, *Our Waterways*, p. 145, on the almost incredible differences that tide makes.

[2] Isocrates, *Panath.* (342 B.C.) § 57, boasts of Athens ἐν ἐλάττοσιν ἔτεσιν ἀναλαβοῦσαν αὐτὴν ἢ κατεπολεμήθη. On commerce, see further Chapter X. generally, and Chapter XII. p. 364.

[3] Diodorus, xiv. 81, Κόνων δὲ ὁ τῶν Περσῶν ναύαρχος. . . .

[4] Xen. *Hellenica*, iv. 8, 9. [5] Isocrates, *Philip*, 64.

undergone a great change—a greater change by far than the substitution of a Spartan for an Athenian Empire. The centre of gravity had shifted, and it took time to find it. By 386, when Athens reluctantly and Sparta triumphantly signed the King's Peace, it was plain that the world's centre of gravity lay outside Greece—hundreds of miles away, in Susa. Still it was not clear that it need; for first Xenophon with the Ten Thousand, and then Agesilaos, had shown that Persia was not a strong power; and the question rose as to where the next shift would be. The city-state was not to be the centre of everything; and men somehow felt it and began to turn to what interested them more.[1] In that sentence perhaps lies the most signal change of all.

The Spartans had imposed upon Athens, as upon other places, a government entirely to Lysander's mind. But, as we have seen, the Thirty fell and Democracy on the familiar lines took their place, to hold it with a surer tenure than ever. It was not that men were necessarily better pleased with Democracy than before, but that, as it was with the Republic in France in the seventies, it was "the government that divides us least." Historians are agreed that the hopeless failure, first of the Four Hundred, and then of the Thirty, had discredited for generations every idea of oligarchy. Thirty or four hundred or five thousand—it was all one; no "Constitution," which limited or moderated or in any way tampered with Democracy had a chance. In their few months the Thirty had killed fifteen hundred people.[2] Henceforth there was no alternative to Democracy, and even moderates like Xenophon recognized the fact and accepted it.[3] That they should be hearty in their acceptance of the rule of the Ecclesia, was too much to ask in reason; they accepted it, and put up with its exactions, liturgies, trierarchies, festivals, and law-courts; but they might fairly ask to be allowed to give their minds to what interested them more.

It was long, however, before all echoes of the quarrel between the City and the Peiraieus died away. As late as 382 there are traces of it in the speeches of Lysias. Lysias, of course, and his

[1] Cf. the lines of Euripides quoted by Callicles in Plato, *Gorg.* 484E.

[2] Isocrates, *Areop.* 67.

[3] Cf. Beloch, *Gr. Gesch.* ii. 192.

family had suffered heavily under the Thirty. Anyone who wishes to realize with what Thrasybulus and the leaders of the restored Democracy had to contend, has only to read some of Lysias' speeches. They mark an epoch in the development of Greek prose. Long afterwards Dionysius of Halicarnassus set about analysing the literary gifts of Lysias—the purity of his language, his clearness—his power of being lucid and brief at the same moment—his vivid way of bringing scene and character before your eyes alive, with no loss of passion or feeling, and yet naturally and simply—" he makes things look serious and impressive and great, and yet he uses the most ordinary terms and has no hint of poetic furniture . . . he seems to talk exactly like any ordinary person, while all the time he is utterly unlike any ordinary person." With this easy style, " so free from artifice that he seems to speak without preparation and on the spur of the moment," he tells the court the tale of the Thirty, and brings out the share of Eratosthenes or Agoratos in those deeds of tyranny and murder, till the reader wonders how any Athenian court could resist the inference and the appeal that come of themselves from the facts so plainly and movingly stated ; and as he wonders there comes to him a new sense of the greatness of the achievement of Thrasybulus and his friends. " They took oaths that there should be amnesty," says Xenophon in *his* quiet way, " and to this day they live together under one constitution, and Demos abides by his oaths "—a testimony, as a German historian says, the more honourable to the Demos, the further removed the writer himself is from the democratic standpoint. The policy was sense, moderation, reconciliation ; and it was triumphant.

The two most prominent names are those of Thrasybulus and Archinos. They were together at Phyle, and they worked together in the reconstruction. To them we may attribute the resolution that the People repay to Sparta the hundred talents the Thirty borrowed for the people's undoing—a master-stroke in reconciliation, even if Spartan pressure helped it through.[1] Archinos, however, checked the plan

[1] For the hundred talents, see Demosthenes, *Lept.* 12 ; Isocrates, *Areop.* 68–69 ; Plut. *Lysander*, 21. Lysias, *Erat.* 59, says the loan was to hire mercenaries, and they hired " everybody—whole cities of them."

of Thrasybulus for enfranchising the loyal metics at once and in a block. Citizenship since the days of Pericles meant not merely service of the state but claim on the state ; and it was perhaps not wise to create too many claims in a hurry. Archinos' readiness of resource served Athens well in the critical days, and his invention of the *paragraphe* (demurrer) put an effectual check on the dangers of the law courts and helped to make the amnesty a reality. One characteristic thing that he did was the carrying of a law to substitute the Ionic for the Attic alphabet in Athenian inscriptions—emphatically, an act of common sense, and " a significant symptom of the impulse to unity, vigorous in the race." [1]

Thrasybulus is the more outstanding figure—the leader in the movement on Phyle and in the fighting in the Peiraieus —the man who brought back the people, and who led them for years, till Conon, with his victory of Cnidos, his Persian gold, and his restoration of the walls, outshone him. He had undergone heavy losses in the bad days, and he knew who were responsible for them, yet, as Isocrates points out in 401 B.C., for all his power in the city he respected the amnesty, and did not ask more than any other citizen.[2] But the extremists did not like him. Lysias, writing for Mantitheos, just after the battle of Corinth (394 B.C.), represents his client, in spite of the losses to his tribe and the many killed, as " retreating *after* the impressive Steirian, who taunts everybody with cowardice." [3] There was another rather conspicuous Thrasybulus of Collytos,[4] so the demes had to be used to distinguish them ; but the omission of the statesman's own name and the addition of the adjective show malice. There was plenty of malice, though perhaps it was not always so silly as when " another Dionysius " was detected in Thrasybulus—a tyrant of the Syracusan type in the liberator ! [5] His last great service to Athens was the naval expedition of 389, when he set up a democracy in Byzantium, and made allies of Chalcedon

[1] On the work of Archinos, see 'Aθ. Πολ. 40 ; Isocrates, 18, *c. Callim.* (a speech on a *paragraphe*, explaining and illustrating it admirably) ; Aeschines, *c. Ctes.* 195 ; Demosthenes, *Timocr.* 135. The alphabet, Theopompus, *Frag.* 149, and Beloch, *Gr. Gesch.* ii. 526–527.

[2] Isocrates, 18, *c. Callim.* 24.

[3] Lysias, 16, *pro Mant.* 15.

[4] Lysias, 26, 23 ; Xen. *Hellenica*, v. 1, 27.

[5] Cf. Aristophanes, *Eccles.* 203, *Plutus*, 550.

and Mitylene, beside reconciling Seuthes the Thracian King and Amedokos the Odrysian to each other, and making both friends of Athens. And then he was killed in his tent by night in some quarrel of soldiers. Meantime the extremists had deposed and recalled him, and superseded him with Agyrrhios, the democrat hero of the three obols.[1] "He did well to die so," cried Lysias, "for it was not fitting for him to live with such designs as his on foot, nor to die at your hands in view of the good he appears to have done you in old days." It is such utterances that make Athenian democracy of this period repulsive and serve to explain why people went abroad or kept aloof from national life. Thucydides indeed makes it quite plain that generosity to those who served it and who failed had never been a mark of the Athenian state. Still, injustice so flagrant as this to Thrasybulus was a new thing—if we may leave the case of Themistocles undecided. It is Xenophon who keeps the fame of Thrasybulus alive for ever, and here his quiet word suffices: "so died Thrasybulus, a good and great man by all admission—*ἀνὴρ ἀγαθός*."[2]

With Thrasybulus was associated Anytos.[3] Isocrates praised them together for their disinterested patriotism in 401; whether he would have done so a few years later is another question. For Anytos is known to history as the man who prosecuted Socrates on the charges of not accepting the gods of the city, of introducing other new gods, and of corrupting the youth. Posterity has been unanimous in condemning the successful prosecutor and the court that voted for the death of Socrates, so that it is of more importance to try to see their grounds of action. Of the various books written by Socrates' pupils upon the case, Xenophon's *Memorabilia* perhaps helps us best to understand the action of Anytos and his people, for it grapples most closely and sympathetically with the actual prejudices that influenced the verdict. The Athenians were a pious people in their way—which was not our modern way, nor the way of Socrates; and

[1] The *τριώβολον* for attendance at the Ecclesia; Aristophanes, *Eccles.* 102, 186, 307; *Plutus*, 329. See Demosthenes, *Timocr.* 134.

[2] *Hellenica*, iv. 8, 31. Grote echoes his praise, and Meyer and Beloch both remark, with sympathy, upon the sentence of Xenophon.

[3] Anytos and the corn trade (Lysias, 22).

Xenophon in the first book of his memoirs devotes himself to showing how pious and god-fearing Socrates really was in all the conduct of his life, not merely in a higher or esoteric sense, but in the ordinary sense of the words. He emphasizes how Socrates sacrificed to the gods of Athens, how he believed in divination, how he taught his pupils to worship and trust the gods and to sacrifice to them—*καδδύναμιν δ' ἔρδειν.*[1]

This was very well; but contemporaries who did not understand Socrates—and who did?—might be forgiven for thinking that the conduct and careers of the most conspicuous of Socrates' pupils were very strong evidence that Socrates was anything but a moral teacher. Aristophanes long ago had shown up Socrates in his *Clouds*, and the play was remembered;[2] and time had shown that the comic poet was not very far wrong when he drew the son of Strepsiades. Alcibiades and Critias were two of the cleverest young men in Athens and of the best families; they consorted with Socrates; and what did they learn of him?[3] They had wrecked the Empire, ruined Attica, upset the Democracy, established a tyranny, and been the death of hundreds and thousands of Athenians. Xenophon replies that, so long as they went with Socrates, they conducted themselves aright. But they were men of great ambition; they frequented Socrates' company not to learn his self-government and self-restraint, but to acquire the arts of speech and of public life, and they left him—"leapt away from him"—as soon as they thought they were equal to political careers. Exactly; and when in later years Plato's dialogues appeared, there were disastrous admissions about this training. Socrates there figures as a master of dialectic, sly, ingenious, ironical, full of twists and turns and cleverness, an adept at tripping up common-sense people and making ordinary experience, the practical, perhaps unreflective, wisdom of daily life, look absurd. "They find themselves shut up at last; for they have nothing to say in this new game, of which words are the counters; and yet all the time they are in the right."[4] The young men learnt the tricks of Socrates,

[1] *Mem.* i. 3, 3. See Chapter VI. p. 183.
[2] See Plato, *Apol.* 18B, C–19C.
[3] Aeschines, *Timarch.* 173.
[4] Adeimantos in Plato, *Rep.* vi. 487B.

and used them freely ; [1] and it led to family divisions, and to ill-feeling wherever they went. The Athenians knew as well as we do that of all types the most unsufferable are clever youths and advanced women ;—even Euripides disliked them. But to go deeper than mere tricks of speech and bad manners, there was a strong feeling that Socrates unsettled men. I do not know whether Anytos ever read Plato's *Apology* ; if he did, he might well have urged that there could be no more damaging admission than the famous sentence, " the unexamined life is un-live-able for a human being " ; [2] it was the very charter of the individualist and the anarchist ; it meant the unsettlement of everything, and implied the reference of everything in state and life and religion, of the whole body of human relations, to the individual judgment.[3] Alcibiades' whole career was a commentary on that principle. There never was any Athenian who had exercised an influence so subtly destructive of Democracy as Socrates. Even Plato represents the personified laws of Athens, reminding Socrates how he had always praised Sparta and Crete as well-governed.[4] His emphasis on the opinion of the expert was obviously anti-democratic. As for Socrates' piety, there was that poem of Critias on the origin of the gods, which he traced to the happy thought of a cunning fellow who invented an invisible police to quench secret lawlessness [5]—a fine outcome of religious guidance by Socrates.

Still the hemlock-cup was a blunder ; it did nothing to check the tendencies of the modern culture, nothing to consolidate the state, nothing to counteract the spread of individualism. It alienated thoughtful people from the

[1] See the dialogue of Alcibiades and Pericles (Xen. *Mem.* i. 20, 40–46) referred to in Chapter IV. p. 116.

[2] Plato, *Apol.* 38A. I find it very hard to get any clear idea of the dates of Plato's works.

[3] This is always the conservative argument ; it meets us again in Plutarch in another connexion. Invariably futile as it is, it has a certain obvious sense about it, but what those who use it fail to see is the fundamental unbelief that prompts its use.

[4] *Crito*, 52E.

[5] *Ap.* Sextus Empiricus, *adv. Math.* ix. 54. One feature of the rule of the Thirty noted by Isocrates (*Areop.* 66) is their contemptuous treatment of the temples, built with such splendour by the Democracy (*κοσμήσασαν τὴν πόλιν*).

Democracy. They did not renounce it; they only left it alone the more, so far as they could, and turned to what had more interest for them. What this attitude means in a modern community, whether state or municipality, we are beginning to realize. Where state and municipality are one and the same, and when "some lofty soul born in a mean city, the politics of which he contemns and neglects," some pure-minded man, who "will not join in the wickedness of his fellows, but neither is he able singly to restrain all their fierce natures," comes to the practical conclusion that, as he cannot be of use to the state, he will hold his peace, and go his own way, or, like a traveller in a dust-storm, will shelter under a wall, content to live his own life and to be innocent [1]—state and man suffer perhaps even more than they do with us.

The city-state in the fourth century has lost the "integrity" or "unity" which it had in the age of Pericles. The stress is shifting more and more to the individual—a movement that had begun indeed long before, but was now more evident. The whole sophistic *Aufklärung*, the teaching of Socrates, the attitude of Euripides to life, tended to make "man the measure of all," [2] to emphasize the individual; and the individual always likes to be emphasized. The Peloponnesian War itself contributed in the same direction. The art of war was not the same thing at the end of it as at the beginning.[3] The career of Demosthenes the general changed many things and suggested many—a new value, for instance, for light-armed troops; and the hapless end of Cleon was a forcible illustration of the fact that to lead an assembly and to lead an army demand different gifts. The length of the war and of the several campaigns in it made it clear that finance was too serious a matter to be entrusted to an official elected by lot, as under the constitution of Cleisthenes. Thus, as national life grew complex, functions were specialized, and in the fourth century we find financiers, demagogues, and generals in different classes. A demagogue and a general

[1] Plato, *Rep.* vi. 496.

[2] Adam, *Gifford Lectures*, p. 274, emphasizes that Protagoras meant *not* "universal man," but man as the individual and not the genus. He cites *Theaetetus*, 152A, and refers to Nestle's criticism of the other view in his *Euripides*, p. 406, *n.* 12.

[3] See Chapter VII. p. 218.

might work together, and a financier with them; but, just as it appears that in modern athletics Greeks never do so well in a team as Turks and such races,[1] because every Greek must play for himself, so in the fourth century political alliances were unstable combinations. The group would be dissolved, and the men in it would be hand and glove with their bitterest enemies of yesterday against their former colleagues. Timotheos swears publicly that he will prosecute Iphicrates for being an alien — and then they seal a partnership with a betrothal of their children. And what became of the state meanwhile? When it began to be tiresome, the great general coolly went away and lived in Lesbos. So much for the outcome in actual life of the insistence of Socrates upon the expert. The expert becomes inevitable; and then, as we find to-day, some one else will pay more for him, and he goes.

In every field of life the expert and the individual had a new predominance. In the old days of the Persian War they put up no bronze statues in honour of Themistocles or Miltiades, nor did they call the sea-fight at Salamis Themistocles' battle but the Athenians', and the fight at Marathon was the state's, not Miltiades'; but nowadays most people, continues Demosthenes,[2] say that Timotheos took Corcyra, and Iphicrates cut up the Spartan *mora*, and Chabrias won the sea-fight off Naxos. Statues of individuals were multiplied past counting. "If," writes Dr. Ernest Gardner,[3] "there is one characteristic which, more than any other, marks the distinction of Greek art of the fourth century from that of the fifth, it is the greater prominence of the individual and personal element, alike in employer, in artist, and in subject." He points out how, apart from statues of victorious athletes, almost all the chief works of art of the fifth century were public dedications, made at the expense of the state, and recording the triumphs of the people, or giving expression to its religious aspirations. In the fourth century the private dedication is more prominent. The individuality of the various masters seems to assert itself more strongly. Portraits

[1] Pears, *Turkey and her People.*
[2] Demosthenes, 23, *Aristocr.* 196–198.
[3] *A Handbook of Greek Sculpture*, pp. 350, 351, 450, 363.

are made with realistic exactness—Lucian tells how Demetrius of Alopece made one of the Corinthian generals, Pellichos, "high-bellied, bald, his clothes half off him, some of the hairs in his beard caught by the wind, his veins prominent," and Dr. Gardner contrasts it with the bust of Pericles by Cresilas. "The Aphrodite of Praxiteles had as great an influence on later art, and represents as essential a part of Greek religion as the Zeus or Athena of Phidias. But alike the choice of the subject and the manner in which it is treated belong not only to a different artist but also to a different age." It was said in antiquity that the model for the Cnidian Aphrodite was Phryne, and whether this is true or not, Praxiteles left two other statues of her. She too represents an aspect of the individualism of the new age; she and her profession have as individuals a far larger place in literature and biography.

Biography is one of the features of the new century. Ion of Chios, with the sketches in his *Epidemiai*, is a forerunner, but the greatest and most obvious contrast lies between Thucydides and Xenophon. Xenophon indeed in the *Hellenica* tries to follow the Thucydidean model, but there are always happier moments when he lets himself go in accord with his own instinct and writes of his hero or the scene he has witnessed with his own eyes—of Agesilaos on the frontiers of Boeotia, or in parley with Pharnabazos, or arranging a marriage for an ally.[1] Alcibiades comes again into history, but rather as a controversy in biography. Plato's characters in his dialogues speak aloud of the age. There is Anytos sensible, pragmatic, impossible, with his idea that any Athenian *kalos kâgathos*—"gentleman," let us say, and be democrats with him—would be a better instructor of youth than any sophist; and if we ask, how or where this gifted Any Man learnt what he has to teach? why, where but from the "gentlemen" of his father's generation? Of course Anytos is right—

ducimus autem
hos quoque felices qui ferre incommoda vitae
nec jactare jugum vita didicere magistra.

[1] This contrast between Xenophon trying to write in the style of Thucydides and writing in his own is brought out by Ivo Bruns, *Lit. Porträt*, p. 38.

Life is the best of teachers, even when we only take her as a companion or a taskmistress; but when once her authority is challenged, what has she to say—or Anytos? But Plato has achieved here a portrait—doubly or trebly significant; it is not a parody—Anytos would admit that; but it is a fatal criticism all the same; and that such portraits are made is a sign of the times, a new thing. Callicles in the *Gorgias* is an even greater triumph—he is so tremendously right and sensible—and hopeless, and never sees it. There is nothing in Aristophanes to equal either of them. The later years of the century see *Characters* written with great wit and penetration by Theophrastus, but far from rivalling the intensely individual portraits of Plato.

Portraiture and biography are manifestations of that triumph of the sense of fact which we noted as the mark of the age. Philosophy is another and a greater, and like biography it implies prose. The old philosophers had used verse, but for analysis prose is the true medium. Verse had done its utmost for analysis and criticism in the hands of Euripides, and now prose began to take its place. Poetry was of course written—it always is; but the ode on *The Persians* composed by Timotheos in the first decade of the new century is tiresome and empty; as an exercise in metre, we are told it is perfect, and, no doubt, it went well to its music; it was good enough if you did not care about the words sung. Prose prevailed, and the century gave Greece some of its greatest masters in prose. No one by now, if he wished his book to be read, would take Herodotus as a model, nor, as a rule, Thucydides. But from the very close of the war we have three of the greatest of Greek prose writers rising steadily to the height of their powers. Enough for the present has been said of Lysias, the first to emerge. For narrative Greek literature has few to match Xenophon, and no one in dialogue to approach Plato. Isocrates had an enormous influence on Greek style right down into the days of the Roman Empire—not greatly for the gain of readers in after days. Demosthenes was yet to come. Names such as these go far to show that there was still abundance of life in the Greek stock, if it needs to be shown. An age that teaches mankind to think, and gives it a speech adequate to render its thought, is a great age, even if empire is gone and

greater changes are coming. The fact and the individual, criticism and independence—one does not need to repeat that here also they mark the period.

And what became of the state meanwhile, as we asked a few pages back? Individualism, though the ugly abstract term had not appeared, was the prevailing philosophy of street and market, unconscious as such potent philosophies generally are. When Apollodorus told the Athenian court of his troubles with the crew of his trireme, he explained that the rowers, whom he had got from the roll provided by the authorities, waited with him on the ship till they should come home in due course, but they were poor workmen; "my own rowers had confidence in themselves and in their powers of rowing, and they deserted and went wherever they thought they would once more get the highest pay, reckoning the present advantage to outweigh any future dangers, if ever I caught them again."[1] Years before the end of the Peloponnesian War this very habit of desertion had paralysed Athenian fleets again and again; and we can hardly blame the sailors, for there is a limit to the service one will render to a state that provides neither pay nor rations. When a state either will not or cannot provide these for its men, it is teaching them to think for themselves and of themselves. The same weakness tells upon every naval and military endeavour of Athens and most other city-states during the fourth century.

Xenophon gives us a conversation between Socrates and the younger Pericles which anticipates or recalls features of a later day; Athenians will not drill (they ridicule the idea of it); they will not obey magistrates, and they will not agree.[2] Isocrates complains that they will not face the enemy even in front of their own walls;[3] and the demand of Demosthenes that Athenians should serve in person is famous. No doubt the change was due to several causes; the state in peace had to pay for ordinary services in law court and ecclesia, and it was only reasonable to expect it to do so for military service in war; but there were other reasons. A commercial and industrial

[1] [Dem.] 50, *Polycles*, 16. This may explain the Athenian practice in an earlier day, mentioned to Tissaphernes by Alcibiades, of *not* paying the rowers up to date (Thuc. viii. 45, 2).

[2] Xen. *Mem.* iii. 5, 15.

[3] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 77.

people cannot suddenly leave all its business for an indefinite time, as a nomadic or (to some extent) a farming community may. So the states had recourse to mercenaries, and for one cause and another there was abundance of these "wandering men," as Isocrates again and again points out, his explanation being that it is due to poverty. It may be also that Greece was over-populated again.[1] Slave-labour at all events was a factor in driving freemen abroad. But it was not only poor men who went wandering off as soldiers for hire, or deserted their ships to seek better wages ; we find the habit of foreign travel established. Actors went from city to city, and came to be trusted as international agents. Physicians apparently were also a wandering race from Democedes downwards. According to Aristophanes, about 388 Athens was without a physician.[2]

> CHREMYLOS. Is there a doctor now in all the town ?
> There are no fees and therefore there's no skill.
> BLEPSIDEMOS. Let's think awhile.
> CHREMYLOS. There's none.
> BLEPSIDEMOS. No more there is.

Thus sailor and soldier, physician and philosopher, were content to lack a country, to live abroad and be comfortable. If Athens had abundance of foreign merchants domiciled in the Peiraieus, we may well suppose that foreign ports had Athenian residents. Plato and Xenophon illustrate how readily men of culture were content to be citizens of the world. One inference may be drawn at once—that, in spite of wars and jealousies between the governments of states, ordinary people were beginning to realize that one part of the Greek world was very like another ; and when this sort of feeling begins to be general at any period of history, it is a sign of further changes.

If it meant the decline of the city-state, or even its disappearance—why not ? The question was already beginning to be asked. In the *Gorgias* Callicles goes back to the old sophistic distinction between Nature and Convention, as anyone must who has travelled the world and has any strong

[1] This is a guess merely. Most of the estimates of population at this period which I have seen appear to me to be rather too conjectural.

[2] *Plutus*, 407.

sense for fact. Polus has challenged Socrates on the case of Archelaos the Macedonian usurper, and sarcastically dilated on his " misery," [1]—and has suffered the natural consequences of an argument with Socrates. Callicles sees that Polus tripped over Nature and Custom ; so he joins in and maintains that, if we stick to what clearly is Nature, and will be done with Convention, we shall get a grip of realities. Nature shows that it is right that the stronger should have the advantage—shows it in the case of animals, and of mankind too ; in states and races the stronger rules, and ought to rule. Of course, society, to protect itself, weaves spells around the strong from the very cradle—instilling conventional notions about " fair " and " just " ; but when a really strong man rises up and flings off all this nonsense, all our prescriptions, and enchantments, and laws *contrary* to Nature, lo ! and behold, we find we have a Master, and there is real natural Justice all ablaze and plain to see.[2] Real natural beauty and justice require that a man, who is to live the really right life, should allow his desires to grow to the utmost and *not* repress them, but be able by his manhood and his general sense to gratify them to the full whatever they are. Of course, in his turn Callicles is tripped and tangled by Socrates ; but, all the same, he is not convinced. The supposed date of the dialogue is a little before the end of the Peloponnesian War. If the impulsive Callicles overstates things in his generous indignation, the principle which he lays down is one supremely operative in the period that follows. Not everybody tried to play Archelaos—far from it ; but men sat loose to the traditions of race and state, and if the state suffered, well ? What did Nature say ? If Nature did not speak in Callicles' emphatic way, she said very much the same things, and plenty of people thought with her. To a certain extent they were right ; the city-state was not everything ; perhaps we all of us overestimate the significance of any and every state. Euripides in the previous generation had challenged the moral right of the state to play with human life. The new challenge threatened the very existence of the state.

One feature of the new age is the massing of wealth in a few hands, and the employment of it for pomp and enjoyment.

[1] Plato, *Gorg.* 470, 471. [2] *Gorg.* 483, 484.

Timotheos, Chabrias, and Meidias are mentioned as building themselves sumptuous palaces—Timotheos even included a tower in his design.[1] "Some people," says Demosthenes, indicating the political leaders of the day, "have provided themselves with private houses more imposing than our public buildings; and the lower the fortunes of the city have fallen, the higher theirs have risen."[2] Xenophon describes the views of Socrates on house-building, perhaps with more than a glance at his later contemporaries; "pictures," he says, "and decorations take away more enjoyment than they add."[3] In the grand old days of Athenian greatness, so Isocrates tells us in 380 B.C., men did not despise the common good; "they neither enjoyed it as if it were their own, nor neglected it as if it were other people's"; they did not judge happiness by a money standard; their only rivalry was to be the first to do the state a service.[4] Five-and-twenty years later, in 355, he returns to the contrast of past and present with a still gloomier feeling. In the old days they did not count expensiveness piety, nor keep extraneous festivals, which involved banquets, on a sumptuous scale, while they sublet to contractors the holiest sacrifices. Sacred embassies were not managed in a spirit of wanton extravagance, but sensibly; and happiness was not measured by processions or by rivalries in equipping choruses for tragedy. You would not have seen the many in those days dependent on the chance of a ballot at the law-court door for their daily bread, "nor dancing on the stage in gold and going through the winter in what I will not describe."[5] In those days the poor did not envy the rich, nor the rich despise the poor; no, wealth succoured need.[6] Country houses were better then than those in the town; many people never came into town even for a festival —they preferred to celebrate it at home.[7] Well-to-do young men were compelled to spend their time in riding, in the gymnasium, in hunting, and in philosophy; they did not pass

[1] Timotheos' house (Aristophanes, *Plutus*, 180; Athenaeus, xii. 548A), Chabrias' (Hypereides, *Frag.* 137), Meidias' (Demosthenes, *Meidias*, 158).
[2] Demosthenes, *Olynth.* iii. 29.
[3] Xen. *Mem.* iii. 8, 10.
[4] Isocrates, 5, *Paneg.* 76–79.
[5] Isocrates, 7, *Areop.* 29, 30, 53, 54.
[6] Isocrates, *Areop.* 31, 32.
[7] *Areop.* 52.

their days, as they do now, in gambling-houses and among flute-girls; they avoided the *agora*; there were traditions of good conduct and modesty; and as for eating or drinking in an inn (*ἐν καπηλείῳ*)—why, not even a decent slave would have done it.[1] The very soul of a city is its constitution;[2] all depends on that, and in Athens the constitution is ruined. Multitudes of laws there are—endless minutiae—a sure sign of bad government, Isocrates maintains; good government depends not on porches full of laws inscribed, but on righteousness in the individual souls of men.[3] His only hope would seem to lie in the restoration of some effective powers to the Areopagus.

These preterites of Isocrates point to the present rather than to the past. The state in the early years of the century was in desperate need of money, and so were the citizens; and, if we may believe Isocrates, the poverty of the lower classes remained a permanent factor in the Athenian situation—in all Greece, in short. Slave-labour was one of the main causes, but little, if anything, was done to meet this; even the great philosophers recognize slavery as a natural institution—some men and nations are "slaves by nature." The slave competed against the free labourer, and the slave-owner grew rich, while the free labourer continued poor, and clamoured for state pay, and voted (when he got the chance) for the condemnation of the rich man on trial and the confiscation of his property. "You must reflect," says a speaker, whose speech Lysias is supposed to have written,[4] "that you have often heard these men tell you that if you do not condemn whom they bid you condemn, there will be no state pay for you." The people live on such state pay, says Isocrates, and are grateful for prosecutions and impeachments.[5]

The maintenance of fleets, the levying of war, the festivals of Dionysos—everything was laid on the rich. What Plato emphasizes as one of the prime defects of Oligarchy seems to be shared by fourth-century Democracy—"the inevitable division; such a state is not one but two states, the one of

[1] *Areop.* 45–49.
[2] *Areop.* 14, *ἔστι γὰρ ψυχὴ πόλεως οὐδὲν ἕτερον ἢ πολιτεία.*
[3] *Areop.* 39–41. [4] Lysias, 27, 1; cf. Meyer, *Gr. Gesch.* v. § 871.
[5] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 130.

poor, the other of rich men; and they are living on the same spot, and always conspiring against one another." [1] "What they consider," says Isocrates, "is not how to provide a livelihood for those in need, but how they may level down those who seem to have something to those who have nothing." [2]

Every man for himself—artist, general, sycophant, or juryman—we seem a long way from the glorious Athenian Democracy described forty or fifty years ago by Pericles, a thing of soul and spirit, instinct with the most generous ideals, existing for one consecrating purpose—the general uplift of all human life. In this fourth century there seems a universal want of ideals in the state. "You must reflect," says Lysias in 402,[3] as if stating an axiom which everybody will admit, "that no man is by nature an oligarch or a democrat; not at all, but whatever form of constitution suits his individual interests, that is the form he wishes to see established"; and he illustrates his axiom from the careers of Phrynichos and Pisander—"many of the Four Hundred returned with the Peiraieus party, and some of those who turned out the Four Hundred were themselves among the Thirty." Fifty years later Isocrates says much the same [4]—"let us leave off thinking that sycophants are democrats"—and better democrats if they are drunken [5]—"that gentlemen are oligarchs, and let us recognize that by nature nobody is either the one or the other, but in whatever constitution men are honoured, that they wish to see established." The verbal similarity is striking, the more so, when we remember that it is not a quotation. The state is a club, in fact, or a benefit society, and the best state is that which costs least and yields the largest dividends in comfort or in cash. In the old days the state ran the Empire as a trade, some critics tell us; it was a business, an industry, that supported so many hands afloat in triremes, and so many ashore in law courts. Athens has lost that industry, but the idea survives; the state exists to maintain the citizens. It is of the essence of a club or any such society to provide the maximum of comfort for every member and to secure that all are equally comfortable. In Athens,

[1] Plato, *Republic*, viii. 551D.
[2] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 131.
[3] Lysias, 25, 8.
[4] Isocrates, 8, *de Pace*, 133.
[5] *De Pace*, 13.

it was plain to everybody, there was abundance of comfort and luxury for a few, and none at all for most; it was a Democracy without equality.

In such a world Aristophanes produced his *Ecclesiazusae*, or Women in Parliament—a play which lacks some of the features of his earlier comedies, but hardly their wit and invention. He describes a meeting of the Assembly, and how

> Evaeon, smart accomplished chap,
> With nothing on, as most of us supposed,
> But he himself insisted he was clothed—
> He made a popular democratic speech.
> Behold, says he, I am myself in want
> Of cash to save me; yet I know the way
> To save the citizens, and save the state.
> Let every clothier give to all that ask
> Warm woollen robes, when first the sun turns back.[1]
> No more will pleurisy attend us then.
> Let such as own no bedclothes and no bed,
> After they've dined, seek out the furriers, there
> To sleep; and whoso shuts his doors against them
> In wintry weather, shall be fined three blankets.
> BLEPYROS. Well said indeed; and never man would dare
> To vote against him, had he added this:
> That all who deal in grain shall freely give
> Three quarts to every pauper, or be hanged.[2]

But the great achievement at the Assembly, in which this democratic speech was delivered, was the transfer of every power in the state to the women. We need not dwell on the trick by which it was done, but consider at once the main features of the new feminine government, remembering at the same time that parody is nothing unless it parodies. Praxagora shall set forth her schemes herself (with the aid of Mr. B. B. Rogers [3])—

> The rule which I dare to enact and declare,
> Is that all shall be equal, and equally share
> All wealth and enjoyments, nor longer endure
> That one should be rich, and another be poor,
> That one should have acres, far-stretching and wide,
> And another not even enough to provide

[1] The winter solstice, 21 December.
[2] Aristophanes, *Eccles.* 408–425.
[3] Aristophanes, *Eccles.* 590 ff.

Himself with a grave: that this at his call
Should have hundreds of servants,[1] and that none at all.
All this I intend to correct and amend:
Now all of all blessings shall freely partake,
One life and one system for all men I make.
BLEPYROS. But how will you manage it?
PRAXAGORA. First, I'll provide
That the silver, and land, and whatever beside
Each man shall possess, shall be common and free,
One fund for the public; then out of it we
Will feed and maintain you, like housekeepers true,
Dispensing, and sparing, and caring for you.

Blepyros sees how land can be put into a common stock, but a man, he thinks, might conceal his money, silver currency and gold Persian darics. Well, he won't be allowed to. But if he does all the same? It won't matter;

Now each will have all that a man can desire,
Cakes, barley-loaves, chestnuts, abundant attire,
Wine, garlands and fish: then why should he wish
The wealth he has gotten by fraud to retain?

But how will all this bear on marriage, for instance?

All women and men will be common and free,
No marriage or other restraint there will be.

Blepyros sees difficulties, but Praxagora sweeps them aside with a magnificent inconsequence.

No girl will of course be permitted to mate
Except in accord with the rules of the State. . . .

A nice democratic device, she says; and, as a result, if no one knows who his father is,

All youths will in common be sons of the old.

Here we are reminded of Plato's *Republic*; and the question rises as to which comes first in order of time, Praxagora's or Plato's. Some scholars hold that Aristophanes is parodying ideas of Plato, which he knew before the publication of the *Republic*. If the precedence is the other way, it makes Plato's idea the stranger. Could he seriously have meant it, with the

[1] Slaves, in the original.

comedy before him? Further advantages Praxagora has to unfold: there will be no lawsuits, when there is no private property. (That, thinks Blepyros, will hit a lot of people.) There will be no gambling; and the law courts will be turned into dining-halls; and free women shall be rid of the competition of slave *hetairai*. And so the Chorus appeals to the judges for the prize for comedy—to the wise for the wisdom of the play, to those who love laughter for its fun, and to all for the oath's sake, seeing they have sworn to judge aright.

The motive of the *Plutus*, the last play of Aristophanes, is again economic. The hero has always been virtuous and luckless, while temple-thieves, demagogues, sycophants, and rascals generally are rich; so he goes to consult the god at Delphi as to whether his son would do better to turn knave. The oracle bids him take home the first man he meets, and it proves to be the blind god, Plutus. The proposal is made to get his eyes cured, so that he can see what he is doing and give prosperity to the deserving. Poverty appears in person on the scene, and carries on a long argument to show that all industry depends upon Wealth *not* being equally distributed, and that industry is the mainstay of comfort. She convinces nobody; and the god is taken away to "incubate" in the temple of Asclepios, and he recovers his sight. The results that follow fill the rest of the play, which (like so many) ends with a series of episodes illustrative of the new situation. The last is the arrival of the priest of Zeus the Saviour; he is starving, for no one needs to pray for wealth now. For our purposes the play is of less significance than its predecessor, with its new socialist commonwealth, its feminine government, and its abolition of marriage—parodies all of them of the naturalistic notions of the day.

But the crowning comedy came not from the theatre but from the philosophic schools, and not quite at once.

Towards the end of the Peloponnesian War there was in Athens a man called Antisthenes.[1] He was said to be a bastard, born of a Thracian woman, and at that time most Thracian women in Athens were slaves. However, as he said, the

[1] In dealing with Antisthenes, I have drawn, of course, from Diogenes Laertius, vi., and found much help in E. Caird's *Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophies*, vol. ii., and Gomperz, *Greek Thinkers*, vol. ii.

Mother of the Gods was a foreigner too, and Phrygian at that; while, as for being earthborn like the Athenians, the snails and the locusts shared that high origin. He became a pupil of Gorgias of Leontini, and to some purpose; for grammarians of later days reckoned him one of the masters of Attic prose.[1] Later on in life—for Plato calls him a "late learner,"[2] and he had already pupils in rhetoric—he fell in with Socrates and came under his influence. The simplicity, the plain life, the independence and self-mastery of Socrates made the deepest impression on him, and he walked up to the city from the Peiraieus every day to hear him. The words of the teacher and his character were to him a call to emancipation from the false standards of the day—to return to Nature. He would examine life; and he did, and his report upon it tended to immense simplification.[3] He too became master of a school. "What shall I need?" asked a Pontic youth who wished to study with him. "A little book—and sense; a pencil—and sense; a little tablet—and sense," he said. Xenophon draws him in his *Symposium*, and he is one of the striking figures there—with his sturdy sense, his shrewd and incisive criticism, and his speech blunt to rudeness. When the question goes round, "On what do you plume yourself?" he answers, "On my wealth," and it proves that his wealth is the faculty of seeing how little one needs, of being able to go without things.[4] "Better madness than pleasure—*μανείην μᾶλλον ἢ ἡσθείην*," his biographer tells us he would say. "If I caught Aphrodite, I would shoot her, for she has spoiled many beautiful and good women for us."[5]

"Back to nature" and "freedom from illusion" (*ἀτυφία*) were his watchwords—a freedom which he held that Plato did not know. Virtue is sufficient for happiness, by itself, without any addition, unless it be the strength of Socrates;—virtue is a matter of deeds, and needs no words; and the wise man is sufficient to himself. He was an individualist,

[1] A love of assonance and antithesis is to be seen in his recorded sayings.

[2] Plato, *Sophist*, 251C.

[3] It may not be quite fanciful to compare Francis of Assisi and his "marriage to poverty."

[4] Xen. *Symp.* 4, 34–44.

[5] Clement Alex. *Strom.* ii. 20, 107, 485P.

in logic and in life. He wrote a great deal; in a political dialogue he ran down all the democratic leaders of Athens; in his *Archelaos* his old teacher Gorgias; in his *Aspasia* the sons of Pericles and Aspasia.[1] He attacked Plato and the "ideas," for the one thing real was for him the individual. State and family seem to be improvements on nature, additions, conventions, mistakes;—he avowed himself a "citizen of the world," κοσμοπολίτης. He was the founder of the Cynics, a school which in its way did a good deal for mankind. They were a challenge that could not be ignored—a provocation to Plato and Aristotle as much as to the vulgar new citizen with his big house and his big meals. Above all from them came a nobler school, who did more for mankind, who captured the best of the Romans and exercised an influence on some of the greatest teachers of the Christian church—the Stoics.

It was Diogenes of Sinope,[2] the follower of Antisthenes, who carried his ideas to a further point, but, while he preached virtually the negation of all human life, tempered his Nihilism with a touch of comedy. There is an air of conscious advertisement of himself and his views that pervades the many stories told of him—the tub, the lamp at midday, and the like. He was ready to talk with anybody; he was brilliant, paradoxical, charming, unexpected, and invincibly cheerful. "He used every place for every purpose," we are told, and we are given details; and one may surmise that some of the things he did were done simply to startle and to shock. "So he spoke and so he acted, in very truth 're-minting the currency,'[3] never conceding to custom what he did to nature, claiming that he put the same stamp on life as did Herakles, and setting nothing before freedom. . . . Everything, he said, belonged to the gods; the gods are friends to the wise; all things are in common between friends; therefore all belonged to the wise. . . . Good birth and glory and the like he derided, as mere trappings of wickedness; the only real state was the cosmos. Women should be common, he

[1] Athenaeus, v. 220.

[2] Here I overstep a little the limits of our period. The source is again Diogenes Laertius.

[3] νόμισμα παραχαράττων—a very famous phrase of Diogenes himself.

said; marriage he never named, but as one persuades or the other persuades. Children would be common to all. There was nothing out of the way in taking anything from a temple or eating the flesh of any animal; nor was there anything impious in eating human flesh, as the customs of foreigners proved. . . . Music and geometry and astronomy he neglected as useless and needless."

Such a school could not fail to have an effect—an effect not lessened by the deliberate absurdities of Diogenes. A strong shock was given to old opinions; individualism received a new and tremendous emphasis. Plutarch is credited with remarking that Alexander realized the Cynic ideal on its political side by the foundation of his world-empire. Diogenes was certainly a contributor to the making of the new world which Alexander brought about—a world where the city-state hardly counted, where there was neither Greek nor barbarian, where nations were lost and races fused, and the West married to the East, Europe to Asia. Once more, what was parody in the play of Aristophanes is serious thought with Antisthenes and his school, and it militates of set purpose against every tradition and every ideal of which the Greeks were conscious.

Side by side with Cynicism, another great influence was working for the obscuration of the city-state. To study philosophy and rhetoric men forsook home and country. The intellectual interests prevailed, and men left the state on one side to follow what interested them more. The Greeks had always been wanderers, but wanderers with a passion for home; now that passion was weakened. Rhetoric and philosophy began to prove themselves international forces working for the breakdown of barriers. Isocrates was an Athenian, proud of Athens. After the great Funeral Speech of Pericles stands his *Panegyric*. Athens had been the saviour of the weak in Greece, of Greece itself; she had from of old fought the barbarian, she had driven back the Persian, and received the Empire of the Sea as her reward, given her by the Greeks at large. She had taught the Greek world the arts of peace, of government, of life. She had led the way in colonization. She had been a city of refuge, an emporium for the world, an age-long festival and reunion for mankind. "So far behind has our city left all others in thought and

language, that her pupils are the teachers of the world, and she has made the name of Greek seem no longer a badge of blood but of mind, and men are called Greeks more because they have a part in our culture than because they come of a common stock." How much Athens had meant to the world was shown when Sparta took her place and the Peace of Antalkidas was made—violence in the cities, the betrayal of the Greeks of Asia to the Persian, the triumph of Artaxerxes, and the humiliation of all Greece together.

Isocrates cannot be accused of want of patriotism, but he too could learn from life. He saw how much better Evagoras of Cyprus had managed in his terrible struggle with Persia than either Athenian democracy or Spartan oligarchy; and the lesson was not lost on him. He lived in Athens, and he slowly turned against the great Athenian *nostrum*, this equality which was not equal. "There were two equalities," he wrote,[1] "and of these one gave the same to all and the other what is fitting to each; and they [of old] recognized which of the two is preferable. They rejected that equality that counts good and bad worthy of the same; and they chose that equality which honours each according to his deserts. With that equality they lived in this city, not filling their magistracies by lot from all, but choosing for each task the best men and the most fit." It was the more truly democratic way; but it has passed. And it comes to this, that neither Athens nor Sparta is equal to the task of saving the Greeks now from the troubles upon them; Empire has in turn undone both of them—for heaven's sake let Athens at least be done with it; and for the great crusade, for the overthrow of the power that overshadows and ruins Greece, for the relief of all Greek troubles, for reconciliation among the states, and for the colonization of the eastern world anew with fresh Greek cities—Isocrates turns to Philip of Macedon. It is not a failure of patriotism; it is a recognition, almost prophetic, of a new order of things, of a world where Greece shall do everything but govern, and do it better unencumbered by the fatal gift of empire.[2]

Of all critics of contemporary democracy the most im-

[1] *Areop.* 21, 22; a document of the year 355 B.C.

[2] More upon all this in Chapter XII.

pressive and significant is Plato.[1] It does not come under our present purpose to attempt to discuss the greatest of Greek thinkers, nor even his ideal *Republic*. Great men and great books call for great treatment. It is not enough to say that Plato's ideal state is communistic and minutely regulated, that it virtually prolongs slavery and even extends it,—for most people in it seem slaves in mind and body ; they must mate and think and worship as directed,—that it abolishes marriage and the home, and prescribes the orphanage as the finest upbringing for children. Such criticism would put the *Republic* of Plato on a level with those of Praxagora and Diogenes—who also wrote a *Republic* of his own. Perhaps as often as not the great mind's contribution is to be found not in its ideas but in its outlook on life at large and its treatment of its own ideas and other men's—breadth of handling, insight, sympathy and stimulus. Here our concern is with Greek democracy, and if we go to Plato for his view upon it, we may find at last that he does not share to the very utmost the views of his characters. When Socrates criticizes Pericles because, as he hears, Pericles has made the Athenians idle and cowardly and talkative and so forth, the criticism is intended to stir up Callicles ; however much it is meant in fact, its design is to provoke.[2] So in the *Republic* some part of Plato's purpose may be by over-statement to set thought in motion. For his real feeling—so great a man has many real feelings. " My friend, I said, do not attack the multitude ; they will change their minds, if, not in an aggressive spirit, but gently and with the view of soothing them and removing their dislike of over-education, you show them your philosophers as they really are, and describe as you were just now doing their character and profession, and then mankind will see that he of whom you are speaking is not such as they supposed. . . . Who can be at enmity with one who loves them ? who that is himself gentle and free from envy will be jealous of one in whom there is no jealousy ? Nay, let me

[1] Dr. Adam held that " Plato's whole account of democracy and the democratical man, in spite of manifest exaggerations, brings Athens nearer to us than almost any monument of ancient literature, Aristophanes alone excepted " ; on *Rep.* viii. 557A.

[2] See Chapter IV. p. 111.

answer for you, that in a few this harsh temper may be found, but not in the majority of mankind. . . . And do you not also think, as I do, that the harsh feeling which the many entertain toward philosophy originates in the pretenders, who rush in uninvited, and are always abusing them and finding fault with them, who make persons instead of things the theme of their conversation ? and nothing can be more unbecoming in philosophers than this." [1]

At the beginning of the Seventh Letter, Plato—or some imitator or compiler writing for him—describes his youth: how among the Thirty were kinsmen and acquaintances of his own ; and how, as was natural with a young man, he supposed they would mend national life and bring it in line with justice ; and how " in a short time these men made the former constitution look golden " ; and how he was repelled by their deeds ; how the Thirty fell and the Democracy came back, and, though many things were not quite to his mind, in the main there was moderation ; and then how the judicial murder of Socrates led him to feel the difficulty of political life. Whoever wrote the passage, it represents the experience. Plato was of aristocratic origin, and his heart was engaged with the Thirty and with Socrates, and what befell in Athens might well (in the phrase used by Wordsworth in describing the events of 1793) throw him out of the pale of love.[2] But there was much, there always will be much, in democracy to shock or disquiet a thoughtful spectator—too much impulse, change of mind, headlong fickleness, too much of the spur of the moment.[3] Pericles had glorified the Athenian amateur in his Funeral Speech—his readiness, his adaptability, his gay capacity for every phase of life. Plato finds in Athenian democracy a darker strain—it is essentially absence of principle made into a principle.[4] But, as the Greek orator says, there is nothing like hearing the man himself.[5]

Democracy comes into being after the poor have conquered

[1] *Rep.* vi. 499D–500A (Jowett).

[2] *Prelude*, xi. 176.

[3] Paraphrasing Polybius, vi. 56.

[4] Nettleship, *Lectures on Plato's Republic*, p. 310. See also the interesting chapter on Plato in Mr. Livingstone's *Greek Genius*.

[5] What follows comes from *Rep.* viii., especially pp. 557, 558, 562–565. I have compressed, and omitted the interlocutor with his " Certainly " and " Yes," and used Jowett's translation.

their opponents, slaughtering some and banishing some, while the rest they admit on equal terms to citizenship and magistracies; and as a rule their magistrates are elected by lot. Now what is their manner of life, and what sort of a government will they have? For man and constitution will resemble each other, and both be democratic. They will be free; the city will be full of freedom and frank speech, and full of liberty to do whatever one pleases. So there will be in it the greatest variety of human natures; and, it would follow, it ought to be the most beautiful of all states—like an embroidered robe made gay with every kind of flower. This liberty to do whatever one chooses will mean a complete assortment of constitutions; anyone who (like ourselves) wants to found a state, has only to go to a democratically governed city, and there he will find a whole bazar (*παντοπώλιον*) full of constitutions, where he can pick what he pleases and have patterns enough. There will be no necessity for you to rule or to hold office in this state—no, not even if you are fit for it; no necessity for you to be ruled, if you don't want to; nor to go to war, when your fellow-citizens go to war; nor to be at peace when the rest are—unless, of course, you feel like it; even if some law forbids you to be a magistrate or a dicast, that is no reason for your not being either, if you have the fancy;—really, isn't such a way of life divinely pleasant for the moment? Then think of Democracy's forbearance,—there is nothing small about her,—her contempt for all our fine talk about the special training of the ruler; no matter what a man's equipment may be, if only he says he is a friend of the many! It will be a charming commonwealth, anarchic and polychrome, with equality for all, equal and unequal, whatever they are.

And now for the Democratic man and his mind. His mind will be swept clear of modesty, which would be called silliness, of temperance,—mere unmanliness!—of moderation, as being boorish and illiberal; these are oligarchic elements in his nature, and they are expelled by a rabble of useless appetites. "And when they have emptied and swept clean the soul of him who is now in their power and who is being initiated by them in great mysteries, the next thing is to bring back to their house insolence and anarchy and waste and impudence in bright array, having garlands on their heads,

and a great company with them, hymning their praises, and calling them by sweet names." He believes in a true democracy of inclinations; they are all alike and must be equally honoured. So he plunges through life from one thing to another—drink, music, water-drinking, gymnastics, philosophy, politics, war—

> Myself will to my darling be
> Both law and impulse—

a jolly life, a generous life, motley and manifold—an epitome of all sorts of things, real happiness!

Such is the progress of Democracy. She drinks too deep of the strong wine of freedom, and then, if her rulers will not give her more still—they are cursed oligarchs. The same spirit pervades the whole state—the home, the schoolroom, the very stables—master and pupil, the old man and the young so pleasant and witty together, the sexes of course equally free, and the bought slave as good as his buyer or her buyer. It does not even stop there—the bitch is as good as her mistress (as the proverb says), and the horses and the donkeys march the streets with a very free spirit and a very dignified gait, and you will please make way for them. Everything ready to burst with liberty.

So this is Democracy drawn for us by a man of genius in "one of the most royal and magnificent pieces of writing in the whole range of literature, whether ancient or modern" [1] —"a land of Hedonism, peopled by Anarchy and Waywardness, and darkened by the shadow of the Tyranny to which at last it must succumb." [2] Is it a true picture?

First of all, there is a reply on the philosophic side, the classical example of which is Milton's *Areopagitica*. We must have freedom if we are to grow. Out of the disorder and the challenge of Athenian democracy grew Plato. In Plato's Republic, it has been pointed out, Socrates' shrift would have been short; there is to be little intercourse there with men of other minds, little travel, "and when they come home, they will tell the young that the customs and constitutions of other men are inferior to ours"—like Englishmen who visit America and the Colonies.

[1] So Adam, on Plato, *Rep.* 559D.

[2] Adam on 557D.

We can feel for ourselves how Greece began to decline when she took to thinking she had nothing to learn from the barbarian; how the later Greeks fall below the people of Herodotus; and how the men stand out who, like Xenophon and Alexander, consorted with the foreigner and learnt his mind and respected him and grew by it. Plato's ideal state would have been more stifling than the later Athens, or any other known example of insular life. A state or a constitution may be judged from many points of view, but it is at least arguable that that state is best which offers the most varied stimulus to each citizen to think, to explore, to be to the utmost. If this is true, then there is something more to be said for Athens than Plato allows in this "most royal and magnificent" of travesties.

But in so saying we move on to a further point. Does Athens in fact merit this brilliant description, does she deserve the censure? It is quite clear from the history of our period, and, still more, of the generations that follow, that Democracy as conceived by the Athenians had played its part in the world, and that it was becoming obsolete. It was not so much that Democracy itself was outworn, but that so far no system had been successfully thought out for the application of Democratic principles to any state much larger than an ordinary Greek town.[1] The hour had come when all was to depend on national powers of larger dimensions, and for them no scheme had yet been achieved that would make Democracy possible. In world-politics, therefore, Democracy was to recede. But if we study Athens even in this century when she is falling into the background, do we find that Plato's censures apply to her? There is, of course, endless variety of mind and thought in Athens—it is a bazar of opinion, outlook, principle, and everything. Yet government is stable, and life and property are secure. If we except, as we have to except, the government of subject provinces, which was now no part of the duties of the Athenian people, every other function of government is managed better than in any other state of the day of which we have any knowledge. Athens is still the pleasantest place in the world, and her citizens, despite all their genius for variety, as reasonable and as obedient to law as those of any

[1] The Achaean League was not really very democratic.

other state. She offers the surest and the happiest home for genius still. Human life was still possible in Athens, as it could not have been possible in a land of Hedonism, peopled by Anarchy and Waywardness—human life, too, that was more truly and fully human than anywhere else. Greece had still abundance of life—life enough to quicken the nearer East ; to learn of Persia, of Syria, and of Egypt ; to make all that imperishable contribution to mankind which is summed up in the history of Hellenism and of Constantinople ; and Athens was still the very heart of all Greek life.

" There is a great deal of ruin in a nation."

CHAPTER X

THE HOUSE OF PASION

I

SOMEWHERE about the year 395 a young man arrived in Athens from the Black Sea. He had always been hearing about Greece, above all (as he politely tells the Athenians) about Athens, and he had conceived very naturally a young man's desire to travel. So his father gave him some considerable sum of money, and sent him off in charge of two shiploads of wheat "to trade and to see the world"—*κατὰ ἐμπορίαν καὶ κατὰ θεωρίαν.*

He reached Athens at a very interesting moment. Great movements were in the air. It looked as if at last, under the stimulus of Pharnabazos the satrap of Daskyleion and Conon the Athenian exile, the King of Persia was really meaning to do something with the fleet which had been so long building in the Eastern Mediterranean. Athenian embassies had from time to time been sent to Susa to make it clear to the King that it was neither just nor expedient that one city, viz. Sparta, should be mistress of the Greeks;[1] though the ambassadors did not always reach Susa, for on one occasion at least they were caught by a Spartan admiral, sent to Sparta, and there put to death.[2] But by now apparently an ambassador had come from Asia. A Rhodian, by name Timocrates, had been sent by the satrap Tithraustes, with a substantial guarantee of Persian intentions. With silver to the value of fifty gold talents he had been moving from one city to another, where there was ill-will to Sparta; he had seen the leading statesmen; and the result of his mission was a new confidence that Persia was in earnest and that it would be safe to take steps long contemplated. For the moment Sparta was

[1] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 68. [2] *Hellenica Oxyrhynchia*, 2, 1.

still supreme, but she was not to be so for very long. The battle of Haliartos in the autumn of 395 was made a decisive one by the death of Lysander under the city wall and the extortion of a truce from King Pausanias for the recovery of his body. The moving spirit of Sparta was gone—the mind and character that had finished for her the long Peloponnesian War with an unequalled triumph and had won her an undreamed-of empire. The Spartans sent to Asia to recall King Agesilaos, and before he reached the borders of Boeotia the battle of Cnidos had been fought and won by Conon in his capacity of Persian admiral, and the Spartan sea-power was ended (August 395).[1]

For the son of Sopaios—in the absence of his own name we have to use his father's—as for all others who travelled by sea for trade and to see the world, all these international relations were supremely relevant. But for our present purpose high policy and great armaments must be mere background, felt but not emphasized. He does not, like other Pontic youths in Athens, bring us among the philosophers.[2] Our interest is rather in the world of commerce and finance in which the young man moved, and in the people we meet there—in their personalities as far as we can distinguish them, in their concerns and outlooks, and at last in the fortunes of one household—a family group outstanding and significant.

"My father," says the young man, "is Sopaios, whom all who sail to the Pontos know to be so intimately associated with Satyros, that he rules a great deal of his country and is in charge of all his powers." Satyros, as he says, bore a very well-known name—so familiar that he needs explain no more to an Athenian audience.

At the entrance to the Sea of Azov, on or very near the site of the modern town of Kertsch, stood the city of Panticapaeum, or Bosporos, as it was often called.[3] A Milesian settlement, and

[1] The battle is dated by the fact that Agesilaos heard the news of it on the Boeotian frontier on 14 August (eclipse of the sun).

[2] See Diogenes Laertius, vi. 1, for several of them. One of them promised Antisthenes fine things, "when his ship of dried fish should arrive." Diogenes, the Cynic, also came from Pontus, the son of a banker at Sinope.

[3] What follows comes from Strabo (cc. 309–311) in the main. Polybius, iv. 38–42, has a long discussion as to the effects of the great rivers and their silt in the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea.

built all over a hill twenty stades round, it had a harbour for thirty ships. Between it and Theodosia (still so called) lay good wheat lands, some five hundred and thirty stades in length, dotted with villages, and also a town and harbour called Nymphaion. Theodosia, another Milesian settlement, could accommodate a hundred ships, and commanded a further plain of good land. The region was ruled by a dynasty, which came into possession of it about 438 B.C., and held it down to the days of the great Mithradates—" rulers " they were called in formal documents, " tyrants " or " dynasts " in common speech, but most of them were admittedly wise and moderate sovereigns. Satyros was the fourth of his house, it appears, and succeeded his predecessor in 407. At this time it seems likely that Athens held Nymphaion, for Aeschines says that the maternal grandfather of Demosthenes, Gylon by name, an exile under impeachment, betrayed it to " the tyrants " and received a reward in land, " the so-called Kêpoi," and a Scythian wife, whose daughter afterwards bore Demosthenes, " Scythian on his mother's side, a barbarian, who speaks Greek, but whose villainy is not native to us." [1] As Satyros was definitely in friendly relations with Athens " before the disaster in the Hellespont," [2] and remained so afterwards,[3] and as all chance of holding foreign dependencies was swept away from Athens by that event, the betrayal of Nymphaeum to the friendly neighbour was probably not an unpatriotic act.[4]

From of old the Pontic wheat trade had been of the highest importance. Herodotus tells us of Scythians somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Borysthenes (the Dnieper) " who till the ground and sow corn not for food but to sell," and he describes how Xerxes at Abydos saw wheat-ships from Pontus sailing through the Hellespont on their way to Aegina and the Peloponnesos.[5] Athens, above all peoples, lived upon imported wheat, as Demosthenes more than once points out.[6] Socrates bears witness to the energy and spirit of the corn trade : " the dealers are lovers of wheat ; for, you know,

[1] Aeschines, *c. Ctesiph.* § 172.
[2] Cf. Lysias, *Mantith.* § 4.
[3] Isocrates, *Trapez.* § 57.
[4] Schaefer, *Dem. u. seine Zeit* (ed. 1), i. 237 f.
[5] Herodotus, iv. 17, and vii. 147.
[6] Demosthenes, *Lept.* 31 ; *de Cor.* 87.

through their extraordinary love of wheat, wherever they hear it is most abundant, they go sailing off for it—over the Aegaean, across the Euxine, across the Sicilian Sea. And then, when they have got as much as ever they can, they bring it over the sea—yes, and keep it with them on the ship they are sailing on themselves. And when they need money, they will not unload it at haphazard, in any place wherever they may happen to be, but wherever they hear it stands highest [τιμᾶσθαι, a play on "honour" and "price"], wherever men set most store by it, they bring it and hand it over to these people. Your father was just as fond of agriculture. You're joking, Socrates, said Ischomachus." [1] It was no joke. King Agis, during the Peloponnesian War, looked from Deceleia and saw wheat-ships in great numbers running into the Peiraieus, and realized that it was useless to ravage the land if food came from the sea, and sent Clearchus off to Byzantium.[2] Five years later when Lysander captured the Athenian fleet in the Hellespont, the wheat-ships came no more, and Athens fell. Fifty years later Philip again saw that to deal with Athens he must hold Byzantium.[3] Still later [4] Polybius emphasizes the importance of Byzantium—"by sea it so completely commands the entrance to the Pontus that no merchant can sail in or out against its will. The Pontus is rich in many things which the rest of the world requires for the support of life . . . those commodities which are the first necessities of existence, viz. cattle and slaves, are confessedly supplied to us by the districts round the Pontus in greater quantity and better quality than from elsewhere; and for luxuries, they supply us with honey, wax, and salt-fish in great abundance; while of the commodities that abound with us, they take oil and every kind of wine. As to corn, there is interchange, in good seasons they export it, sometimes they import it." [5]

Miletus had once ruled the trade in the Crimean region, but she had fallen to the Persian, and her heir was Athens. When one reflects that oil stood for the Greeks in the place held among us by butter, soap, and electric light, and that the olive does not grow in Southern Russia, the exchange of grain for

[1] Xen. *Oecon.* 20, 28.
[2] *Hellenica*, i. 1, 35, 36.
[3] Demosthenes, *de Cor.* 87.
[4] About 150 B.C.
[5] Polybius, iv. 38.

wine and oil grows more significant ; and we may remember, with a new pleasure in it, the corner which the philosopher Thales is said to have made one good year in oil presses.[1] Solon had turned Athenian attention to the commercial importance of the olive, and Peisistratos to that of wine ; and archæologists tell us of the widely found remains of Greek wine jars of the sixth and fifth century all over the Mediterranean. The trade between Pontus and Greece was very great, concerned as it was with the foundations of life. Grain was raised on the southern shore ; round Calpe, for instance, we saw how Xenophon noted a good soil that produced barley, wheat, and other cereals—" everything except olives." [2] We learn, however, from Theophrastus that the corn grown on the northern shore, though inferior in quality to that of the southern, bore exportation better and could be kept for a longer time.[3]

All through the fourth century the friendliest relations were maintained by Athens with the dynasts of Bosporos. Compliments, immunities, statues—every kind of honour was paid to them ; and they deserved their honours. For it appears that the export duty of one-thirtieth levied on exported wheat at their ports Leucon, the successor of Satyros, remitted to Athenian traders [4]—a remission which must, as Grote says, have thrown into Athenian hands almost the whole exporting trade. The son of Sopaios, when he comes before the Athenian court, makes the most of Athenian privileges at Bosporos—" it is fit," he says, " that you should think of Satyros and of my father, who always make more account of you than of the rest of the Greeks, and many a time before now have from the scarcity of wheat sent the ships of the other traders away empty and given you freedom to export it ; yes, and in private contracts, of which they are judges, you get not merely what is fair and right, but more than that."

The young Bosporan then got his two ships loaded with wheat and set sail. Neither he nor his advocate thought about

[1] Cf. Chapter II. p. 41. See the address of Mr. J. L. Myres on " The Geographical Aspect of Greek Colonization " in the Proceedings of the Classical Association, 1911.

[2] *Anab.* vi. 4, 6 ; and vi. 6, 1.

[3] Theophrastus, *H.P.* viii. 4, 5.

[4] Demosthenes, *Lept.* 31.

posterity, and they have left us no account of the voyage. A hint escapes when another transaction is mentioned. It is alleged that he borrowed money of a certain Stratocles, and he explains that he did so to draw as much as he could of his property from home ; Stratocles was to pay down 300 staters in gold and draw on Sopaios when he reached Bosporos; and the object was to avoid risk, " especially as the Spartans were at that time rulers of the sea." [1] For, as Isocrates tells us, speaking more particularly of the years between 386 and 380, under Spartan rule " the seas are infested with pirates." [2] We come on various instances, in the Greek speeches that survive for us, of men being captured by pirates, and held to ransom, or dying of their wounds. Curiously enough, in attacking the corn-dealers, Lysias speaks of these risks. The dealers " are so glad to see your disasters, that they are the first to hear of them from others or they make them up themselves—that the ships in the Pontus are wrecked, or taken by the Spartans just as they set sail, or that the marts are closed, or the treaty is to be renounced . . . so that sometimes even in time of peace we are besieged by them."[3] The son of Sopaios, however, and his ships escaped all these perils, passed Byzantium and the Hellespont, picked up the three islands and Euboea, then Sunium ; and then, if we may imagine it to be morning and borrow a description from the year 387, we can picture him amid " fishing-smacks and ferries full of men from the islands," and " merchant-vessels laden some with wheat and others with merchandise "[4] sailing down into the very centre of the world's commerce, the Peiraieus.

It might be possible to conjecture some of his adventures there—his engagements with the Pentecostologoi and other harbour officials, and then with the dealers, metics mostly,[5] who bought his wheat in such lots and parcels as the law allowed, if they were being watched, or, otherwise, as they could. It is easy to suppose him impressed with the variety and the business of the place—ships in and out every day, loading and unloading every kind of cargo. Two things

[1] Isocrates, *Trapez.* 35, 36. [2] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 115.
[3] Lysias, xxii. 14—Wilamowitz dates the speech 386.
[4] Xen. *Hellenica*, v. 1, 23.
[5] Cf. Lysias, xxii. 5 ; and [Dem.] xxxiv.

appear to stand out, viz., that a very large part of the carrying trade of Greece was in the hands of Athenian citizens or metics, and that the Peiraieus, in spite of wars, though empires fell and war fleets were sunk, was and remained the great place of exchange for the world's business. A moment's reflection on such things as the place once held in Europe by the great fairs, the difference made in commerce by railways [1] and commercial travellers and the swift transit of goods in sample and in bulk, and the large percentage of British imports that come in to go out again very quickly, will suggest the significance of a place to which all ships came. The Athenian oligarch, thirty years before, had spoken of the gathering of imports from all the world, from Sicily to Pontus and Egypt, and we have seen the list the comic poet made of them in 428.[2] Corinth had learnt to the full the meaning of Hippias' words, that a free Athens would be her undoing. What is more, they that take the sword perish with the sword, and thirty years of war had injured Corinth even if Sparta came out mistress. In these very years (393 or 392) Corinth was united with Argos —amalgamated in some way, very galling to the national feeling of a section of the community, whose views Xenophon represents in vigorous language.[3] Athens, as Isocrates boasts,[4] stood open, a hospitable city for the prosperous and the unfortunate, the most delightful of resorts for the one, and for the other the safest of refuges ; " and furthermore as no people has a land wholly self-sufficient, but some things fall short of what is needed, and of others more than enough is produced, and there rose great difficulty as to where to send the over-produce or to make good the deficiency, she came to their aid in these difficulties too. For she made the Peiraieus a mart (*ἐμπόριον*) in the very midst of Greece, so that the commodities which it is hard to gather from the rest of mankind, one thing from this people and

[1] Railways make and unmake ports. London, thanks to railways, has killed a good many of her rivals of earlier days. Cf. Sir Douglas Owen, *Ocean Trade and Shipping*, p. 9.

[2] Hermippos, in Chapter II. p. 45.

[3] See Chapter XII. p. 391. Xen. *Hellenica*, iv. 4, 6. The eventual rival of Athens for Mediterranean trade was Rhodes, and Rhodes was scarcely twenty years old, as a single united city.

[4] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 41, 42.

another elsewhere, it is easy to obtain one and all from her." [1]

The same point is made by the author of the remarkable little tract on Revenues (πόροι), which belongs to the first half of the fourth century—perhaps, though this is doubtful, from the pen of Xenophon. One might reasonably think Athens the very centre of Greece and of all the world; whoever would go from one extreme end of Greece to the other must pass by Athens or sail by her (1, 6).[2] Athens is the pleasantest and most profitable city in the world for trade (3, 1); her haven is easily made whatever wind blows (1, 7), and it is convenient when you get there (3, 1). In most places when a ship discharges she has to wait till she can get a return freight, for their local currencies are not serviceable elsewhere; but in Athens, there are return freights of every kind to be had—everything that man needs, in short—and moreover her currency is good everywhere, so the ship can unload and be off at once with cargo or cash, as the merchant pleases (3, 2).[3]

Athens ought, the writer holds, to pay special attention to her metics, to abolish all unprofitable limitations and disqualifications put on them, to do honour to traders and ship-captains, whose ships or wares are remarkable, and to build (virtually) hotels for them near the docks, and exchanges for their business in suitable places, which might at once be ornamental and useful. For it is clear to him that the more people frequent the place and settle, the more will be the imports and exports,

[1] See Aristotle, *Pol.* vii. 6, 4, 1327*a*, on a city's needs of exports and imports for herself; "those who make themselves a market for the world only do so for the sake of revenue."

[2] Strabo, c. 286, claims this centrality in a later day for Italy; the civilization of Gaul and Spain shifted the world's commercial centre Westward, as the rise of the West Indies and America did it again in the sixteenth century.

[3] Cf. Sir Douglas Owen, *Ocean Trade and Shipping*, p. 11: "Glasgow, like Liverpool, is in a favoured position among the great cargo ports—as compared, for example, with London—owing to the volume of her export trade; for a port which can supply an unladen ship with an outward cargo, instead of sending her away in ballast to seek elsewhere, is a port which appeals to owners." On the previous page he shows how London, on the other hand, is what Isocrates would call the ἐμπόριον for the tea trade, and supplies Glasgow and Liverpool with their tea.

and with them public revenues and expenditure—blessings for everybody. Metics might be relieved from serving in the army with citizens, partly because they would prefer the release, and partly—a touch of Greek feeling and a curious revelation of how mixed the population was growing—" it would be better if the citizens served with one another, and did not have ranked with them, as now, Lydians and Phrygians and Syrians and all sorts of barbarians ; for such are many of the metics " (2, 3). " Athens above all cities in the world is that which in the nature of things grows by peace ; if she were at peace, who would not need her, beginning with ship-captains and merchants ? " [1]—and he mentions people who are well supplied with grain, wine, sheep, financiers, craftsmen, sophists, philosophers, and poets (5, 2, 3). And this brings us back to the boast of Isocrates that Athens is the mistress who has taught the teachers of all the world, till " Greek " is now a term that connotes culture as much as race.[2] A later age was to see almost every philosopher of note leave his native place and make Athens his home. One of the greatest of them came, it was said, in charge of a cargo of purple—the Phoenician Cypriot Zeno.[3]

A community, that draws to itself the commerce and the culture of all the world, will soon feel special needs and develop specialized industries and professions to meet them. The one that at present most concerns us is banking. The bankers began as money-changers—an expert business in itself, as we can realize, when we remember that there were five main standards in currency among the Greek states and endless local varieties, some, as we have seen, unnegotiable a few miles away from the mints.[4] Sparta still had iron " spits "—she had plenty of the gold once forbidden and was quite eager for more, though she did not coin it. At the other end of the scale at Bosporos, where gold was cheap and came freely from Colchis and Armenia, gold staters were struck on a high

[1] On the other hand, Aristotle (*Pol.* vii. 6, 1, 1327*a*) discusses a question of old standing: Is a city benefited in the direction of good order by communication with the sea, by a crowd of merchants coming and going ?

[2] *Paneg.* 43.

[3] Cf. E. Bevan, *Stoics and Sceptics*, p. 15. Diogenes Laertius, vii.

[4] G. F. Hill, *Manual of Greek and Roman Coins*, pp. 33–42.

standard.[1] "Many cities," again, as Demosthenes says, "use money quite openly debased with brass and lead;" [2] and we learn that the tyrant Dionysius, like Polycrates before him, and like Napoleon after him with forged Russian bank-notes, tried this discreditable device.[3] One of the difficulties, with which Athens had to cope in her days of Empire, was the restriction of the liberty of free coinage among her subjects. The Persian Empire, as we have seen, had its own currency; the daric went everywhere. But there were also Persian varieties. Pharnabazos, we learn, about this time was issuing staters with a fine portrait of himself and his name in Greek characters, perhaps from the mint of Cyzicos.[4] This city's own gold staters were one of the best known and most widely accepted currencies.

The money-changers were a necessity, and their tables stood about the market—good centres, it appears, for idlers and other students of human nature. Socrates on trial will use, he says, the same sort of language "which I have been accustomed to speak in the market at the tables, where many of you have heard me." [5] The Man of Petty Ambition, who, according to Theophrastus,[6] has his hair cut very frequently and keeps his teeth white, and affects other forms of dandyism, frequents the tables of the money-changers in the market-place, and buys things on commission for friends abroad—pickled olives to go to Byzantium, and Laconian hounds for Cyzicos. By and by the money-changers began to attract to themselves a business which the temples had so far had[7]—they began to take money and other things on deposit; and this enabled them to pursue money-lending on a larger scale and a broader basis. Banking began in earnest, with all the apparatus of elaborately kept books, even down to something very like letters of credit.[8] It was not everybody who took in the system

[1] G. F. Hill, *Manual*, p. 33. [2] Demosthenes, *Timocr.* 214.

[3] Aristotle, *Econ.* ii. 2, 20, 1349*a*; Herodotus, iii. 56; and G. F. Hill, *Manual*, pp. 16, 17.

[4] See Chapter VII. p. 222; G. F. Hill, p. 96.

[5] Plato, *Apol.* 17c.

[6] Theophrastus, *Characters*, 7.

[7] Xenophon left his share of the loot of the Anabasis in the temple of Artemis at Ephesus (*Anab.* v. 3, 6).

[8] The desire to avoid shipping of money (Isocrates, *Trapez.* 36).

at a flash; for, when Apollodorus prosecuted Timotheos, he took care to explain to the court how it was that he could know so exactly the dates and details of the transactions he was to unfold; how bankers keep memoranda of the sums they pay out and enter such items as for what this or that is paid, and to whom and on whose account, so that they may know what is drawn and what deposited when accounts are made up.[1] The explanation, and the need for it, are interesting. Some people knew all about it quite well—Theophrastus' Boastful Man will stand in the Deigma (a bazar in the Peiraieus) talking to foreigners of the great sums which he has at sea; he will discourse of the vastness of his money-lending business and the extent of his personal gains and losses; and, while thus drawing the long-bow, will send his boy to the bank, where he has a drachma to his credit.[2]

II

The son of Sopaios came to Athens, as we have seen, with a good deal of money and two cargoes of wheat. It was the natural thing for him at once to look out a banker, and he says that Pythodorus, the son of Phoenix,[3] recommended Pasion to him, "so I used his bank." The bank was an old-established one, as banks went, and was very widely known throughout the commercial world. It was in the Peiraieus, as one would expect, and it had been the property of two men, Antisthenes and Archestratos, who had retired, though Archestratos still lived and lent his successor in the business the guarantee of his name, as we shall see. The successor had been, as very usually was the case, a servant of the bank—in plain words, a slave—who had given good proof that he was honest and capable. "And," adds Demosthenes,[4] "in the commercial world and the money market, that a man should have a reputation for business faculties and should at the same time be honest is considered a very remarkable thing." Pasion had,

[1] [Dem.] *Timoth.* 5. [2] Theophrastus, *Characters*, 6.

[3] Isocrates, *Trapez.* 4. Pythodorus *may* have been a Phoenician and not the son of Phoenix. His own Greek name does not prove him a Greek. χρῆσθαι is the technical term for being a client of a bank.

[4] Demosthenes, *pro Phorm.* 44.

in the phrase of the day, presided at the table and managed [1]—he had been chief clerk, slave as he was. For, as will appear, a banker was much more master of his own business when his employés were his slaves. If litigation arose, the Athenian laws of evidence, with their markedly different treatment of slave and free, sometimes left a loophole for a speedy manumission, which might save the bank-clerk from torture and his employer from loss, while for business purposes their relations would be very little changed. A good business man, even if he were a slave, was a valuable and important person ; [2] and we can well believe that even before Pasion was manumitted he was a well-known figure in commercial circles, whose features and whose mind would be familiar to merchants and sea-captains all over the Greek world. What is more, his knowledge of these men and his gift for divining or knowing their characters and financial stability were among the most valuable assets of the bank. The man was trusted far and wide, at once for his judgment and his honesty ; he was set free in due course, and at last succeeded his masters as banker himself. Politically he ranked with the metics as a resident alien.

So to Pasion the son of Sopaios went and used his bank ; and his transactions, he tells us, were on a large scale. He managed to get into difficulties with the state in the matter of a merchant vessel, on which he had lent a good deal of money ; for it was denounced as belonging to a Delian, and therefore liable to confiscation as the property of an alien enemy in a time of war. He was foolish enough to try to have the ship launched and away, and then found himself in imminent risk of being put to death without trial. An old friend of his father's, whom he called in, refused assistance ; but Pasion helped him out and produced Archestratos to be his surety in a sum of seven talents. From the fact that he mentions the matter before an Athenian court, we may deduce that the case was settled in his favour, but we may draw other inferences from the episode than those he wishes.[3] Against this we can set a

[1] [Dem.] *Steph.* A. 33, καθήμενον καὶ διοικοῦντα ἐπὶ τῇ τραπέζῃ ; and *Timoth.* 17, ὁ ἐπικαθημένος ἐπὶ τῇ τραπέζῃ ; and Isocrates, *Trapez.* 12.

[2] The manager of the elder Demosthenes' sword-factory was a freedman (Demosthenes, *Aphobos*, A. 19).

[3] Isocrates, *Trapez.* 42, 43 ; Meier-Schömann, *Der Attische Process*,

small service rendered by him, he says, to Pasion.[1] *Eisphora* was required—the special war-tax levied on property and paid by citizen and metic alike—and *epigrapheis*, who seem to have been assessment commissioners, not exactly state officials, were appointed. The son of Sopaios says he was one of them, and interceded with his colleagues on behalf of Pasion. The occasion must have been when Athens in autumn 395, though still without walls, made her bold alliance with Thebes and sent her contingent to Haliartos, or when next year she sent her troops to take part in the unhappy battle of Corinth.[2] Both episodes are mentioned by the son of Sopaios to prove that he really was possessed of large sums,[3] and was therefore worth robbing; and this brings us at once to his quarrel with Pasion. What follows is merely the Bosporan's narrative as set out for him by Isocrates, who had lost all his property in the Peloponnesian War and was at present writing speeches for litigants.[4]

He begins by explaining to the court that it is his name and credit that are at stake, for, great as the sum in dispute is, he has plenty of property beside it. He further warns the court that a case against a banker is always a difficult one, for banking transactions are made without witnesses, and the great bankers have great influence, and their profession seems to guarantee their honesty. Then he sets about telling his tale, and explains how he came from the Pontus and began to deal with Pasion. Some time later, he continues, there was a difficulty with Satyros; Sopaios was denounced to him as plotting a revolution, and his son in Athens as consorting with Bosporan exiles, who in the nature of things were available for any conspiracy of the kind. Satyros at once arrested Sopaios, and sent word to his subjects resident in Athens to seize what property the son of Sopaios might have and send himself home at once a prisoner.—We may remark that the sending of such orders to Athens shows how secure Satyros felt his relations with the Athenians to be.—The son of Sopaios in this moment of difficulty turned to his banker, in whom he

p. 298. The independence of Delos at this time is confirmed by an inscription of 403 (see Hicks and Hill, *Greek Hist. Inscr.*, No. 83).

[1] Isocrates, *Trapez.* 41. [2] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 5, 16; iv. 2, 10–23.
[3] Isocrates, *Trapez.* 41. [4] Isocrates, 15, *Antidosis*, 161.

had implicit trust ; and they devised a plan. Such property as was too conspicuous to be concealed, was handed over to the agents of Satyros, while the Bosporan denied that anything stood to his credit in Pasion's books, and alleged that, on the contrary, he owed money to Pasion and to others. The device worked well enough with the prince's agents ; but by and by, when the young man proposed to get away to Byzantium,—a town outside the range of Athens or Satyros, and under the government of a Spartan harmost, and therefore a safe place for him and not so very far, in case of need, from home,—Pasion, on being asked to hand over the money, denied point-blank that there was any deposit at all. For the banker knew that the Bosporan's denial had been heard by many, and he expected that, if the young man lingered in Athens, his surrender to Satyros' people was certain ; if he returned to Pontus, that meant death as certainly ; and if he chose to go anywhere else—let him go ; Pasion was rid of him, and kept the money. The young man reflected that, if he denounced Pasion openly and proclaimed the deal they had made, he would only involve himself and his family the more, and he would not be any nearer the recovery of his own.

Then the situation was suddenly and startlingly reversed. News came that Satyros had been satisfied, and, in token of his reconciliation, had advanced Sopaios to more important duties and had taken his daughter to be wife to his own son. (One can only wonder whether this son was Leucon, who succeeded his father the next year.) Pasion saw what would follow, and promptly " vanished " his slave bank-manager, Kittos, who knew too much about the transaction. The Bosporan and his friend Menexenos came to the bank, and, as Pasion expected, demanded the surrender of Kittos for examination ; and he was ready for them. He alleged that the pair of them had corrupted Kittos, obtained six talents out of the bank through him, and then " vanished " him themselves ; and he had them off, there and then, " grumbling and weeping " as he went, to the polemarch to give sureties for those six talents. The Bosporan went away to the Peloponnese to look for Kittos, but meanwhile Menexenos found him in Athens ; and then fresh shuffles began. Pasion first declared Kittos was a free man ; and then he changed tune

and offered him for torture. "So we chose our torturers and met him in the temple of Poseidon ;[1] and I demanded that they should flog Kittos and twist him till he seemed to them to be telling the truth." At that Pasion changed again, and there were arguments. The torturers joined in the discussion, and refused at last under the circumstances to torture Kittos (which was prudent, if his status was doubtful), but they recognized that Pasion had handed him over. Pasion now began to edge towards paying the money. A meeting in another temple followed,—with tears and entreaties on Pasion's part,—an arrangement, another meeting, and an agreement, which was put in writing and the document given to a Pheraean, Tyro. Meanwhile Menexenos brought a case against Pasion, and began to demand Kittos on his own account ; and Pasion came to the Bosporan in a very humble strain to get that matter settled. Then he suddenly regained his old confidence, and it proved that he had bribed Tyro's slaves and secured the agreement, and substituted for it a full discharge given to him in writing by the son of Sopaios. After that the matter came before Satyros, who heard both stories, Kittos appearing for Pasion in the character of a free man and a citizen of Miletus. Satyros would pronounce no decision, for he saw Pasion would pay no attention to it in Athens, but he recognized that injustice had been done, charged the ship-captains to help the son of Sopaios, and himself wrote a letter to the Athenian state, which, however, has not come down to us. This is the plaintiff's case.

What the defence was, and what the verdict, we do not know. It looks as if the plaintiff had learnt at the *anacrisis*, or preliminary hearing, that Pasion would urge that the whole thing was a trumped-up affair and that the plaintiff was not a person of substance at all. At least, the repeated insistence on his means suggests so much. But we have not Pasion's side of the story ; and stories told to Greek law courts vary wonderfully as one hears them from one side and the other. Nor can we guess the verdict. Leucon succeeded Satyros next year, and, even if he married the daughter of Sopaios, it did not interfere with his maintaining the friendliest relations

[1] The scene and the purpose and the personnel of the meeting strike a modern rather oddly.

with Athens through a long reign.[1] Still we can deduce nothing from the hypothetical indignation of a prince over the wrongs of a possible brother-in-law, whom in any case he had never chosen. On the other hand, Pasion for nearly a quarter of a century lived and managed his bank in the Peiraieus with credit and success. He had among his clients some of the first names of Athens, and if the speech of Isocrates had not survived no one would ever have guessed that such scandals could possibly have been alleged against the head of the banking profession. We can conjecture nothing from the survival of the speech; it is hard enough to guess why many extant speeches should have survived at all, or who could have wished to keep or transcribe them. Isocrates, it is true, set a value on his speeches, but he is emphatic in his preference for themes of national interest.

There were in Athens and elsewhere bankers who failed and went bankrupt, to the indignation of the public.[2] But Pasion prospered and won the goodwill of the Athenians. As he was a metic, he could not invest his gains in land until he was made an *isoteles*; so he started a shield-factory, which throve, as we shall see. It is interesting to find a decade or so earlier another shield-factory in the Peiraieus owned by another famous family of metics—the household of Cephalos, the friend of Socrates, and father of the orator Lysias—who under the Thirty lost 700 shields and 120 slaves, and were ruined.[3] Pasion's reflections on the fact that he, once sold and bought as a slave, was now owner of perhaps a hundred fellow human beings, might have been curious, if he reflected at all. The father of Demosthenes (one of Pasion's clients at the bank, though he prudently dealt with two banks) owned a sword-factory, where very fine swords were made with ivory handles,[4] the sort of thing that Alcaeus' brother two hundred years before

[1] See Demosthenes, *Lept.* 29 ff., especially § 32, where he says Athens annually has from Leucon 400,000 *medimnoi* of wheat (*medimnos* = 1½ bushels).

[2] [Dem.] *Timoth.* 68. Various names of bankrupt bankers survive; cf. *pro Phorm.* 50, 51; *Steph.* A. 63, 64; *Apatur.* 9, Heracleides who absconded and hid.

[3] Lysias, *c. Eratosth.* 17–19.

[4] Demosthenes, *Aphobus*, A. 10, 20, 30, 31.

had brought from the far East.[1] Aristophanes held that the influence of these makers of warlike implements, like that of the manufacturers of armour plate and gunpowder in modern times, was used against peace ; and he curses them—may the shield-dealer be caught by pirates and made to eat raw barley.[2] Whatever Pasion's own views, he knew and met the opinions of the Demos. " My father," says his son, " gave you a thousand shields ; he was serviceable to you in many ways, and of his own accord he volunteered to give you and did give you five triremes, and himself supplied them with crews, and was trierarch too." So successful and prosperous every way was this former slave turned banker.[3] Plato has a savage word for this type of man—" a shabby fellow, who saves something out of everything and piles up a treasure-hoard (*θησαυροποιὸς ἀνήρ*) ; and the mass of men positively praise them for it." [4]

Pasion had his reward, for " the Demos of the Athenians voted that Pasion be an Athenian, and his descendants also, for the good services he has done the city," [5] " for his good manhood shown to the Demos." [6] His son not unreasonably magnifies the gift. There were others who thought the Athenians far too apt to give it away to anybody and everybody. Theramenes spoke of democrats who thought there would never be a fine democracy till they had made citizens of every slave in the place and every beggar that from very poverty would sell the city for a shilling.[7] We have seen how Archinos blocked the generous proposal of Thrasybulus to enfranchise all loyal metics.[8] Isocrates, fifty years later, laments the ease with which the citizenship was given.[9] " We plume ourselves and think much," he says, " of our being better born than other men, yet we are more ready to share this nobility of ours with anyone who likes than the Triballians and Lucanians their lowly birth." In wars and in other ways the famous and great houses of old have become extinct, and the *phratries* and rolls are full of people

[1] See Chapter II. p. 40.
[2] Aristophanes, *Peace*, 447.
[3] *Steph.* A. 85.
[4] Plato, *Rep.* viii. 554A.
[5] *c. Neaeram*, 2 ; *c. Nicostr.* 18.
[6] *c. Neaeram*, 89.
[7] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 3, 48.
[8] Ἀθηναίων Πολιτεία, 40.
[9] *De Pace* (355 B.C.), 50, 88, 89.

who have no connexion with the city. "Yet we should count happy, not the city that lightly herds together a mass of citizens from all mankind, but that which guards more than any other the race of them who founded her in the beginning." Yet he too would wish (it appears from the same pamphlet) to see the city full of merchants and foreigners and metics. Pasion, no doubt, had meant all along to achieve the citizenship and was glad to have it. It was of value to a banker in various ways. His business involved a good deal of risk, and it was well to have friends—especially to have the state as a friend.

One thing that strikes a modern reader of the speeches that survive of those delivered in commercial cases is the high rates of interest. A dowry is owed at the rate of 10 per cent per annum,[1] or even 18 per cent.[2] Apollodorus mortgages a lodging-house at 16 per cent.[3] Chrysippos lends a man 2000 drachmas on a voyage to Bosporos and back at 30 per cent ;[4] but here we touch the sea and the risks to ships sailing without chart or compass over unlighted waters, with the constant dangers of piracy and war. The understanding in such cases was that if the ship went down, the loan was lost. In the speech against Zenothemis we have a story of an attempt to scuttle the ship to be rid of the liability, while the borrowed money was safe in another direction, and the goods, on which it had been borrowed, had never been in the ship at all. International loans were not yet invented ; few people would have taken the risk—governments[5] were too unstable, and to raise a tax to pay interest to a foreigner in another city would have been to invite trouble. Where state and municipality tended to coincide, municipal loans did not occur. When Athens wanted a war-tax in a special hurry, she raised it by *proeisphora*—by making the richest

[1] Demosthenes, 30, *Onetor.* A. 7.

[2] Demosthenes, 27, *Aphobus,* A. 17. I am told that in the East generally interest is much higher to this day than anything great commercial countries are accustomed to. It depends entirely on available surplus. Ten per cent for money is quite common in Russia now.

[3] [Dem.] 53, *Nicostr.* 13.

[4] [Dem.] *c. Phorm.* 23.

[5] Not "governments" in the modern sense of "ministries," of course.

men in the various demes pay *eisphora* for the whole deme, and permitting them, indeed assisting them (if they preferred unpopularity), to recover from their neighbours. A banker might, indeed, have foreign business of a semi-political sort, as when Phormion's ships were held up and Stephanos was sent off to Byzantium, to negotiate for them.

Pasion numbered among his clients some of the best known people in Athens—the financier-statesman Agyrrhios, apparently, before he reached the top of his fame ; Callistratus, conspicuous at home and in exile ; and (for our purposes the most interesting of them) Timotheos the general, the son of the more famous Conon. Timotheos, like some other great adventurers, lived a life that was almost as courageous and various in its finances as it was in war and politics ; and Pasion stood by him again and again. For instance, in 374, Timotheos was on the very verge of setting sail with a fleet from the Peiraieus, and found himself in want of money. In a hurry he came to Pasion and begged a loan of 1351 drachmas, 2 obols—and would Pasion please pay it to his agent Antimachos. Antimachos sent his clerk Autonomos for the money ; and Phormion, the manager, paid it, making a careful note of the date, the names, and the whole transaction. Next year the situation was desperate. Timotheos was deposed from his command, and was on trial, with Antimachos (who was actually put to death) ; his property was all mortgaged, and he had borrowed from a man 1000 drachmas to pay debts to a number of Boeotian trierarchs whose evidence he wanted at the trial—and so on ; and to Pasion he came again for money to settle with this creditor. Two great foreigners came to plead for him at his trial, one being Jason, prince or dynast of Pherae, a very great figure in the history of this period ; and they had to be entertained. A hundred drachmas were needed for this, which he had from the bank, along with some tapestry (which was duly returned) and two silver bowls (never returned, though they belonged to another client of the bank, to whom 237 drachmas had to be paid in lieu of them).[1] Timotheos was acquitted, but he

[1] Theophrastus (*Characters*, 18) says that the suspicious man, when he lends a cup, prefers to have a surety for its return.

was still in such difficulties that the old Pasion did not press him, but next year advanced a further 1750 drachmas to discharge the freight of a cargo of logs from King Amyntas of Macedonia, which Timotheos used, when he got home again, to build his house,—he had already a fine one with a tower of which Aristophanes made fun.[1] He was an expensive and sumptuous person, and there is an anecdote that, dining with Plato one day, he gracefully indicated to his host that in preparing the menu he had chiefly thought of the morrow.[2] The aged Isocrates twenty years later told how this high-mindedness, suitable as it might be for a general, told against his popularity, and how he himself had urged Timotheos to adopt a more gracious and conciliatory manner—"and he said I was right, but he could not change his nature. Still he was a gentleman indeed, and worthy of the city and of Greece."[3]

At the time of the last loan to Timotheos, Pasion was beginning to feel his age—"he found a difficulty in walking up to Athens, and his eye was betraying him." (It is such passages that bring home to a modern reader how few of our ordinary conveniences of life the ancients had—when Socrates went down to the Peiraieus, or Pasion up to the city, it was on foot.[4]) He fell ill, and he transferred the bank and the shield-factory to his freedman[5] Phormion on a lease—the rent to be two talents forty minae per annum, the factory yielding a talent and the bank the rest. Phormion, as we have seen, was already manager of the bank, and, it appears, was as good a servant to Pasion as Pasion had been to his owners thirty years before. Phormion was, of course, a metic. Among the liabilities of the bank were sums amounting to eleven talents which had been lent out on real estate, on which Phormion as a foreigner would not be able to distrain. This amount of mortgages, it appears, Pasion took over himself, and was entered as owing the total eleven talents

[1] *Plutus*, 180; Athenaeus, xii. 548A; *Timoth.* 36.

[2] Athenaeus, x. 419. [3] Isocrates, *Antid.* 129–138.

[4] Diogenes Laertius, vi. 2, says that Antisthenes, the Cynic, lived in the Peiraieus and "every day walked up the forty stades to hear Socrates"—about five miles.

[5] *Phorm.* 4, ἤδη καθ' ἑαυτὸν ὄντι—his own master.

to the bank. From now on his health declined. The Greeks thought meanly of trades that kept a man sitting, and indoors all the day; "they effeminate the body, and make the soul much weaker still."[1] Business, it seems generally agreed, does not let a man have much exercise; but Pasion's faculties remained pretty clear, though it suited his son later on to say that he lost them. He was able, however, to give a fair account of the moneys owing to him—as Timotheos was to find.[2] In the year 370 Pasion died.

The Athenians took a good deal of interest in the estates and wills of their fellow-citizens, but, as Lysias says,[3] "you have often been mistaken as to men's property. . . . For instance, there was Ischomachus; while he lived, everybody, so I hear, supposed he would have more than seventy talents; but when he died his two sons did not get as much as ten talents each"; and so on through a gossiping list, which may be of more value to the modern reader than to the orator's contemporaries. For one thing, it serves to emphasize the shifting of wealth from the great families of the fifth century to new ones. Nicias and Callias had been supposed to be worth a hundred and two hundred talents, but their descendants were possessed of scarcely a year's interest on such sums. After all this, it is remarkable to find that the ex-slave Pasion actually did leave seventy talents, which his children and his wife inherited. By way of comparison we may recall that the father of Demosthenes left quite a comfortable fortune of fourteen talents, and Onetor thirty.[4] Pasion's will has features which strike us strangely, but in reality it was drawn up on quite conventional lines.[5] The law of Solon secured equality of treatment for all acknowledged legitimate sons;[6] and here there were two, Apollodorus aged twenty-four and probably already married, and Pasicles aged ten. The elder had the

[1] Xen. *Oecon.* 4, 2. [2] *Timoth.* 42. [3] Lysias, xix. 46–52.

[4] Demosthenes, *Aphobus*, A. 5; *Onetor*. A. 10.

[5] For a delightful parody of the laws of inheritance see Aristophanes, *Birds*, 1641, on the prospects of Herakles in case of Zeus' death—very slight, for as he has not been enrolled among the *phratores*, uncle Poseidon will succeed, and Athena will be the *ἐπίκληρος*. Solon's law is cited.

[6] The crucial case is that of Mantias and Plango's false oath (Demosthenes, xxxix. 6; xl. 48).

eldest son's complimentary portion—a lodging-house in this case. The lease of bank and factory was to continue in Phormion's hands till Pasicles came of age (at eighteen) ; Phormion was to be one of his guardians and was not to start a bank on his own account without leave of the two brothers. The widow Archippe, with a dowry of three talents forty minae, was to marry Phormion.[1]

The last clause annoyed Apollodorus exceedingly, both at the time and afterwards. But Demosthenes has no difficulty in showing that it was a thing very usually done among bankers.[2] Bankers were not yet gentlemen—they were mostly manumitted slaves, and after all one was as good as another—and the arrangement was generally a satisfactory one. It secured the manager of the concern for the family, and in this case the manager was a man of proved capacity.[3] What the widow thought, no one seems to have inquired, but the feelings of widows, heiresses, and girls generally were not much consulted in Athens as to such matters as marriage. It says a great deal that the marriage of an heiress might be settled by a legal action between two competitive kinsmen.

III

So Pasion was gone, and the destinies of his house, his bank, his factory, and his fortune generally were committed to Phormion.

Phormion's advent to the family is described with savage particularity by Apollodorus. Pasion bought him in the regular way at the regular place, the Anakeion or temple of the Heavenly Twins. He might just as well have been bought by a cook or anybody else, in which case he would have been taught the cookery trade or whatever trade it might have been ; and he never would have become a great banker at all. When he was brought home, Archippe (this is just an amiable

[1] These details are collected from *Phorm.* 8–10, 34 ; *Steph.* A. 28, 32.

[2] Beloch, *Att. Pol.* 29, compares the passing of Aspasia to Lysicles on the death of Pericles.

[3] Demosthenes, 36, *Phorm.* 30. Demosthenes' own father left his widow by will to the guardian, who took the dowry but did not marry the lady (Demosthenes, 27, *Aphobus*, A. 5).

conjecture by her son) showered the figs and cakelets over his head as he stood by the hearth—a curious little ceremony of welcome for the newly bought, more welcome perhaps to his fellow-slaves who scrambled for the sweetmeats than to himself.[1] Phormion was a barbarian, as Apollodorus takes pains to emphasize—apparently not a Syrian, but of what race we are not told.[2] Pasion made a Greek of him, and taught him letters and a banker's business,[3] but he was never able to give him a good Greek accent[4]—any more than he was able to give his own son good business qualities or a good character, as Demosthenes suggests.[5]

Archippe is to us a dim figure. Nobody knows how Pasion came by her. A careless phrase of the scholar Libanios (about 380 A.D.) suggests that she may have been his mate in his days of slavery, but this is only a guess, and at best it is perhaps open to doubt on physiological grounds, as there were twenty six or seven years between the births of Apollodorus and her youngest child, and Pasion was already a free man, a metic, and a banker of high repute when Apollodorus was born. To suit his own purposes, Apollodorus tried some years after her death to make out that she was an heiress, which she certainly was not in the Athenian sense of the word. No relatives of hers are alluded to in any of the speeches,[6] and all that she inherited was the gift of her first husband. It is doubtful whether she was an Athenian citizen at any stage. Pasion was made one, and his sons by her were included in the decree of the people, but this hardly covered Archippe, for in that case she surely could not have been bequeathed to Phormion.

Phormion let a year or two pass, and then in 368, when Apollodorus was away with the Athenian fleet as trierarch, he married Archippe. What followed the return of Apollodorus, he shall tell us himself. "When I sailed home and realized it and saw what was done, I was highly annoyed and took it

[1] [Dem.] 45, *Steph.* A. 91; cf. Aristophanes, *Plutus*, 768 (and the scholiast's note) and 798.

[2] *Steph.* A. 30, 73, 81, 86. [3] *Steph.* A. 72, 73.

[4] *Steph.* A. 30; cf. *Phorm.* 1. Derision of some one's pronunciation, Plato *Comicus*, *Frag.* 168 (Kock), 7 (Pickard-Cambridge); he failed to talk Attic, and would say ὀλίον for ὀλίγον, like many copyists of MSS. in later days.

[5] *Phorm.* 44. [6] Apollodorus expressly says she had none (*Steph.* B. 19).

very much amiss. I could not bring a private suit against him—there were no trials of private causes at that time, you had adjourned them all because of the war [with Thebes]; so I entered with the *thesmothetai* a *graphe hybreos* against him [*i.e.* made a criminal instead of a civil charge of it, though the grounds are obviously very vague]. But as time elapsed, and the case was put off several times, as the courts were not sitting, my mother had children by him. And after that (for the whole truth shall be told you, gentlemen) there were many kindly overtures from my mother, as well as entreaties from Phormion here—a great deal of talk, very moderate and very humble. But to make a long story short," he abruptly skips perhaps eighteen years and reaches the present time. Apollodorus is a clumsy speaker, who handles grammar awkwardly, lets his sentences straggle, and repeats himself; but his public career had taught him it was well to avoid the weak points of a case, and there were a good many weak points in his quarrel with Phormion.

The character of Apollodorus stands out very clearly. Demosthenes speaks of his "shouting and shamelessness" [1]—which is an opponent's harsh way of describing personal defects admitted and lamented—"For my part, men of Athens, what with the nature of my countenance, and my quick walk and loud voice, I do not count myself among those who are lucky in their physical endowment. These things do me no good, and they annoy people, and injure me." [2] The Athenians disliked a quick walk—it was, according to one of their poets, the mark of a vulgar mind to walk unrhythmically in the street,[3] and Aristotle himself says that the high-minded man moves slowly and has a deep voice [4]—there is nothing shrill or excited about him. (All the same, Phormion need not sneak about the streets as he does, hugging the wall, with a sour look on his face—it does not prove him modest—only a hater of men.[5]) Apollodorus swaggered round in a *chlamys* (a woollen

[1] *Phorm.* 61. [2] *Steph.* A. 77.

[3] Alexis, *ap.* Athen. i. 21, ἐν γὰρ νομίζω τοῦτο τῶν ἀνελευθέρων εἶναι, τὸ βαδίζειν ἀῤῥύθμως ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς.

[4] Aristotle, *Ethics*, iv. 8, 34, p. 1125*a*.

[5] *Steph.* A. 68. Cf. Plato's picture, drawn quite independently (*Rep.* viii. 555E). "The men of business, stooping as they walk, and

cloak—the sort of luxury affected by Alcibiades and Meidias [1]), with three attendants at his heels [2]—even passers-by could read dissipation in his face.[3] He was a spendthrift and a braggart, who, so his enemies maintained, wasted his money on *hetairai* and extravagance and gold paint, while he talked loud of his services to the state. The last touch was true—Apollodorus is quite definite about his liturgies, his trierarchies and eisphora, and the magnificent outfit of the trireme committed to him, and its seaworthiness and efficiency ; [4] but he thought he was " moderate in all his personal expenses." [5] On this point one curious detail may be noted which suggests that he was not Pasion's son for nothing ; he kept accounts, and did it with great method and particularity, giving date and place and currency and rate of exchange.[6]

He married the daughter of a man called Deinias, and we gradually pick up some acquaintance with his wife's relatives. The last we see of him is in a lawsuit, in which he and his brother-in-law are engaged in indicting an enemy for an outrage on propriety and religion.[7] His wife's cousin, Stephanos, was so unnatural as to side with Phormion in the great suit, and was therefore capable of every iniquity. In his early married life Apollodorus lived in the country,[8] but he had no luck in his neighbours, whom he befriended—even ransoming one from pirates, though he had to mortgage his lodging-house to do it.[9] All the reward he got was treachery [10]—a false summons involving him in a heavy fine—his orchard plundered and the vines and olives mutilated—a small Athenian boy sent into his garden to pick the roses (they hoped that Apollodorus would catch him and thrash him and lay himself open to a

pretending not even to see those whom they have already ruined, insert their sting—that is, their money—into some one else who is not on his guard against them, and recover the parent sum many times multiplied into a family of children : and so they make drone and pauper to abound in the State.—Yes, he said, there are plenty of them—that is certain " (Jowett).

[1] Plut. *Alcib.* 23 ; and Demosthenes, *Meidias*, 133.

[2] If he had had the luck to live a generation later, one at least of them would have been a negro (Theophrastus, *Characters*, 7).

[3] *Phorm.* 45. [4] *Phorm.* 39, 45 ; *Polycles*, 34, 7 ; *Steph.* A. 78.
[5] *Steph.* A. 77. [6] *Polycles*, 30; 65. [7] *c. Neaeram.*
[8] *Nicostr.* 4. [9] *Nicostr.* 6 ff. [10] *Nicostr.* 13–17.

charge of assaulting a citizen)—and, finally, it came to fisticuffs by the quarries as he walked up from the Peiraieus late one evening. To his wife, he assures the court, he was deeply attached,[1] and he was very anxious as to the welfare and dowries of his daughters.[2] It was horrible to think they might go undowered and unmarried, when Stephanos could marry off their cousin and give her 100 minas as her portion.[3] One of them, however, found a husband in her mother's brother, Theomnestos.[4]

But with all his virtues and his neat account-books he failed to impress his father's executors, Phormion and Nicocles, and in 368, on his return from the trierarchy, they insisted on the division of the estate in the interests of the younger brother. To this Apollodorus agreed. Phormion still held a lease of the bank and the factory, so the total rent of the two was each year divided between the brothers, till Pasicles came of age (in 362) and the lease ran out. Phormion received a complete discharge from all his liabilities to the pair of them, and with it permission to have a bank of his own.[5] The brothers divided the last of the property, Apollodorus taking the factory though it produced only a talent per annum against the bank's one talent forty minae, but, as Phormion pointed out, it was the safer business.[6]

Meantime, in spite of the friction about Archippe's marriage, Apollodorus, with the aid of Phormion and the bank books, was busy in the law courts pursuing his father's debtors,[7] and he was very successful. He recovered some twenty talents, Phormion says, but Pasicles never had his full share ;[8] which may be a suppressed reason for Apollodorus taking the factory instead of the bank. He acquired a strong taste for litigation, which he indulged. He did not limit himself to private cases of his own, but embarked on public prosecutions, of which Demosthenes mentions five and hints at more.[9] He certainly did not lack courage.

The Athenian court was substantially a mere section or panel of the sovereign people—so many hundred of them, with an odd one added to prevent an equality of votes, for

[1] *Polycles*, 61.
[2] *Steph.* A. 74.
[3] *Steph.* A. 66.
[4] *Neaera*, 2.
[5] *Phorm.* 10.
[6] *Phorm.* 11.
[7] *Phorm.* 20, 21.
[8] *Phorm.* 36.
[9] *Phorm.* 53.

every one had to vote and no one could avoid voting. There was no trained president—the magistrate in charge was selected by lot; and there was no consultation before the vote was taken, there could not well be.[1] Quick and intelligent as the Athenians were, their impatience of "the strait-waistcoat of a legal formula," their want of legal training, and the universal instinct for equity, whatever the law says, might lead to gross injustice—as gross perhaps as any of which the purely legal mind is capable. Law, fact, justice, scurrility, pathos, trierarchies, and dying mothers—anything might come in. In spite of the assurance offered to the court that, while men will readily lie to an arbitrator, it is not the same thing to do it "looking in your faces,"[2] false witness and lying abounded; and when even false witnesses failed, we read that the regular thing was to assure the court that "you all know it," whatever the doubtful point might be.[3] Appeals to popular passion and political feeling could not in the nature of things be excluded. The law might become "dangerously volatile." Again and again a speaker has to plead for the maintenance of the law as the safeguard of everybody's liberty. Some friends, says a litigant about 400 B.C., advised me not to go to law, "not even if I have every confidence in my case; for, said they, many things happen in the law courts contrary to what a man would expect, and there is more fluke than justice in your decisions."[4] Sir Henry Maine once wrote—and not without warrant—that "neither the Greeks nor any society speaking and thinking in their language ever showed the smallest capacity for producing a philosophy of law." Yet the Greeks—and by Greeks we chiefly mean the Athenians—were the first people who conceived of a society based on the art of ruling by law, a society that should in every detail rest on the idea of justice, equal and free; and with all that has to be said on the other side, Athens went a long way in achieving this ideal.

In many ways the most interesting and satisfactory of the surviving speeches of Apollodorus is the one he delivered

[1] The utmost was a few words with the people on the nearest seats; cf. *Polycles*, 3.

[2] [Dem.] *c. Phorm.* 19.

[3] Demosthenes, *Boeot.* B. 53.

[4] Isocrates, 18, *Callim.* 9, 10.

when he prosecuted Polycles to recover the costs of five months' trierarchy. Here he makes the minimum use of laws, of clap-trap appeals, and of those deductive arguments which the rhetoricians called *tekmeria*. He tells a plain story, which is most illuminative upon naval matters, life at sea, personal character, and Athenian ways generally.

In September 362 news reached Athens of a conjunction of doubtful and threatening circumstances in the North Aegaean; in particular the merchants and sea-captains were about to sail out of the Black Sea with their freights of wheat, and the Byzantines were beginning to hold them up, wheat was growing scarce in the Peiraieus, and the price rising. So the proposal was carried in the Assembly that the trierarchs fit out a fleet for Thracian waters. Among the trierarchs was Apollodorus.

The duties of a trierarch were very extensive. In theory the state provided the ship, her tackle and equipments, sails, rope, and the like;[1] it furnished the crew of rowers (*ναῦται*, *ἐρέται*, *πλήρωμα*, or *τριηράρχημα*) and supplied wages (*μίσθος*) and rations (*σιτηρέσιον*) for them. It also paid the marines (*ἐπιβάται*) about ten in number. The petty officers—stewards, boatswains, carpenters, and above all, pilots and steersmen—the trierarch found for himself and paid them himself. A crown was sometimes offered to the trierarch who first had his trireme in order and at the quayside.

But much, which the state was required by the laws to provide, it was the experience of trierarchs that they had to see to for themselves; and so Apollodorus found. For example, a good deal might depend on the age of the ship. Ships were built of timber not quite seasoned because of the difficulty of bending it to the needful curves.[2] The ship was given some time to dry and her timbers to settle, and then the seams had to be calked. The trireme went a good deal out of repair if she were long afloat or long laid up.[3] What amount of

[1] [Dem.] 51, *Cor. Trier.* 5; *Euerg. et Mnes.* 26. Cf. *Polycles*, 34; Dittenberger, *Sylloge*², No. 153.

[2] Cecil Torr, *Ancient Ships*, p. 34.

[3] Cf. the venomous attack of Lysias on Thrasybulus for sailing to the Hellespont in 389 with old ships, "the dangers to be yours, and the profits to come to his friends" (Lysias, 28, *c. Ergocl.* 4).

cleaning the bottoms needed, how much new timber, calking and repairing generally might have to be done, no man could well predict; and I do not know whether the trierarchs or the superintendents of the docks had to do this work. In any case the trierarch had to sail on the ship—"taking the risk of sailing on her in person"[1]—and this would tempt him to see for himself that she was in good condition. The same applied to the sails and ropes—the trierarch had better look well after them himself, as Apollodorus did. Here is his story. "When the rowers enrolled by the demesmen did not come to me, or just a few and those incapable, I sent them away, and mortgaged my property and borrowed money, and so was the first to have my ship manned with the best rowers I could get, by giving bounties and advance pay to each of them on a large scale. Moreover, I fitted out the ship with my own tackle, etc., from end to end, and took none of what the state supplied, and I decorated it with the utmost possible beauty, more expensively than the other trierarchs."

He was never done with trouble with his rowers. He treated them well, but twice over almost the whole crew of them deserted, especially when in the course of duty he was sent back to the Peiraieus (§ 11). His own high-class rowers were not so keen on staying with him as poorer hands; they were everywhere sure of a job. The successor appointed to take over his ship refused to do so for five months, in spite of appeals and demands. Polycles on one occasion talked to Apollodorus about the way in which he had managed his ship—"Have you so outdone everybody in wealth that you alone of the trierarchs must have your own tackle and gold decorations? Who could put up with your lunacy and extravagance—a crew utterly spoiled, accustomed to no end of advance pay, to immunities from the ordinary ship duties, and to washing in a bath—marines in luxury, and the ship's servants too with full pay? You've taught the whole expedition bad ways, and you're very largely to blame for the soldiers being worse behaved with all the other trierarchs; they want the same as yours." Apollodorus answered with spirit and moderation that if Polycles did not like his men, if he would only take over the ship (as he was legally bound to do) he might find his own rowers,

[1] *Polycles*, 59.

marines and all, if he liked, who would sail with him for nothing. "But in any case take over the ship."

The service was very hard, and he draws a striking picture of his work in convoying wheat-ships across open sea, "about the setting of the Pleiades." One night especially he describes, which they spent riding at anchor (instead of being beached) without food or sleep, expecting to be attacked; and on top of all there was a gale with thunder and rain.[1] He found the government careless, the allies helpless, and the generals unsound. He was detailed, for instance, to go to a certain port; but he learnt on the way that it was to pick up an exile—an illegal act—and he refused. There was remonstrance, but he was backed up by his steersman who would take orders from nobody else—"Apollodorus is the trierarch and is liable for all he does; I get my wages from him, and I'll sail where he tells me."

The expense was enormous. Lysias tells us of trierarchs whom it cost 80 or 100 minas.[2] Apollodorus was kept short—once for eight consecutive months—of the men's pay, and had to pay them himself as best he could. His voyage is punctuated with borrowings and mortgages for the purpose. In this he says he was much helped by being known to be the son of Pasion.[3] His story serves to explain why the rich felt so bitterly about these state-services or liturgies. Lysias mentions a man who was seven times trierarch, several times had to furnish a tragic chorus, and often to pay *eisphora*—the expense running up in all to nine talents two thousand drachmas.[4] Isocrates declaims on the misery of life involved by the multitude of commands and liturgies and all the troubles involved by them.[5] The oligarch in Theophrastus' *Characters* (29) cries out: "When *will* they be done ruining us with these public services and trierarchies? How hateful the whole breed of demagogues is! Theseus was the beginning of the city's troubles, when he made one city out of twelve and let down the monarchy. And it served him right that he was their first victim!" Another type of oligarch took another line and would say at every public Assembly, and in every other place too: "We are the people who perform the public services,

[1] *Polycles*, 22, 23. [2] Lysias, 19, *Aristoph.* 42, 43. [3] *Polycles*, 56.
[4] Lysias, 19, *Aristoph.* 57, 58. [5] Isocrates, 8, *de Pace*, 128.

we are the payers of *proeisphora* for you, we are the rich!" But Theophrastus' Boastful Man (6) did better still; he would reckon up in public how much he spent in relieving distress during the famine (330–326 B.C.), and "add that he does not count any of the trierarchies or public services he has performed."

When Apollodorus reached Athens after his seventeen months of the fleet, he found his mother dying. Six days later she was dead, and troubles with Phormion began again. Apollodorus made certain demands; four private arbitrators were chosen to go into them; and Phormion paid what was asked for the sake of peace. Apollodorus for the second time gave his stepfather a full discharge. He also accepted a fourth share of Archippe's estate, and thereby admitted the legality of her second marriage and the legitimacy of his half-brothers. Phormion received the citizenship in 360, and for some years he was left in peace by Apollodorus. With Pasicles he seems always to have managed very well.

Apollodorus was already a public character,[1] and it was apparently now that he prosecuted the generals he had discovered to be "unsound." One of them was put to death. In 350 he did the state a more useful service. He was a member of the Boule or Council, and as such he carried first the Boule and then the Assembly with him in a resolution that the Demos should decide whether the balance of money in the hands of the administration should go to the Thêoric fund or to the War chest. It was the policy of Demosthenes that the War chest should come first, and the Demos voted so. Apollodorus had as councillor sworn to take the best counsel for the Athenian Demos, and he supposed Demos was entitled to do as Demos pleased with his own. But an informer, Stephanos by name, prosecuted him on a charge of illegality, producing false witness to a long outstanding debt to the Treasury, and pleading for a fine of 15 talents. Apollodorus' whole fortune

[1] Cf. the picture drawn by Plato of the democratic man (*Rep.* viii. 561D): "Often he is busy with politics, and starts to his feet and says and does whatever comes into his head. . . . His life has neither law nor order. . . ." All this description was written before the *floruit* of Apollodorus, but his life was "motley and manifold and an epitome of the lives of many."

at the time was only about three, so that it was indeed fortunate that the court was content to fine him one talent only; that was serious enough. Pasion's seventy talents—or Apollodorus' share of them—had sadly diminished in twenty years.

It was now that Apollodorus committed the crowning folly of his career. He saw Phormion prosperous, and he conceived the notion that there was something wrong in the slave doing so well, while things went ill with the master. In an evil hour he brought an action against Phormion to recover twenty talents—the property of Pasion left in the bank and unclaimed, or at least unrecovered, these twenty years and more. By this time Phormion was tired of his stepson, and he turned to Demosthenes. The law permitted a special form of plea, a demurrer (*παραγραφή*), to bar the action, and on this *paragraphe* the defendant had the first word. Phormion mounted the *bêma* and said something or other, concluding very much as Dionysodorus did in another case: "I have said all I can. I should like one of my friends to speak for me. This way, Demosthenes." It appears from Aeschines that such a call for Demosthenes was liable to be echoed by the whole court.[1]

As a great deal of this chapter has been drawn from the speech Demosthenes wrote for Phormion, there is no need to go over the facts again. The speech was a short one. "Pour out the water," says the speaker at the end, indicating that the water clock (*clepsydra*) allowed more time than the case needed. On two main legal points the defence rested—a twenty years' interval exceeded by fifteen years the period within which such an action as Apollodorus' was legal—a technicality perhaps. Very well, then: twice over Apollodorus had given Phormion a full discharge. On either point Apollodorus was wrecked. But an Athenian court did not care for law so abruptly used, so the orator went over the facts of the case with a masterly lucidity and force, demolishing as he went what he knew would be the case of the plaintiff. Pasion's papers had been destroyed? But Apollodorus accepted them when the estate was divided; he allowed them to pass when Pasicles came of age; he used them in all those

[1] Aeschines, *in Ctes.* 203: "Let no one count it a merit to himself, if, when Ctesiphon asks whether he shall call Demosthenes, he is the first to shout, 'Call him! call him!'"

many lawsuits ; and Pasicles, the other brother, is entirely satisfied. The marriage of Archippe ? It was the usage of bankers, and Apollodorus by accepting a fourth part of her estate had admitted it was right. Pasion's will a forgery ? Then how came Apollodorus by the elder son's *presbeia*, the lodging-house ? For twenty years the will has been accepted. No, the real ground of the action is that Apollodorus is a waster and means to blackmail a man who owes his position to his character, his industry and integrity. The speech is, as Schäfer says, a masterpiece with its portrayal of character and its ethical warmth.

The court, despite the heliastic oath to hear both sides alike, refused to hear Apollodorus at all. He was met with shouts of *κατάβα*—the famous cry that Philocleon uses in the *Wasps* [1]—and he came down. He did not carry a fifth of the votes, and so became liable to a penalty, payable to Phormion, of an obol on the drachma, a sixth of the sum claimed, which on twenty talents came to three talents forty minae. Whether Phormion ever got it, or how he got it, we are not told.

Apollodorus, however, was not yet done. He prosecuted one of Pasion's witnesses for perjury, a man called Stephanos, but not the Stephanos of the prosecution of 350. How his conviction could materially have affected the main issue it is hard to see. But Apollodorus does not confine himself to Stephanos ; he takes his chance of explaining to a law court his case against Phormion, and it is a very bad one. The will was a forgery, because to make such a will Pasion must have been mad, and a madman could not make a valid will. He uses an absurd verbal juggle hard to represent in English : an adopted son was in Attic Greek called *made*, and a man so *made* had some limitations of freedom in making a will ; Pasion was a *made* citizen—made so by law. Archippe, he maintained, was an heiress, which was untrue. A pitiful set of sophistries takes on a still more unpleasant character when he accuses Phormion of having seduced his mother, and dismisses Pasicles from consideration by the surmise that Pasicles may prove to have been the first of Phormion's sins against the family. After this one loses sympathy for Apollodorus.

We are not told how the case ended, but we can surely

[1] Aristophanes, *Wasps*, 979.

guess. And here Phormion goes out of our story. An inscription relative to docks, which is dated by Dittenberger between 334–3 and 331–0, mentions an Archippos, son of Phormion of Peiraieus ;—the names strongly suggest a son of Phormion the banker in the Peiraieus and his wife Archippe. We know no more of them.

Of Apollodorus we hear again. A few years after his failure against Phormion he brought an action against a certain Neaera, alleged to be the wife of the Stephanos who had prosecuted him for illegality. But wife of an Athenian she could not be, for she was an alien ; and for passing herself off as wife of a citizen, she is liable to be sold as a slave ; and for that Apollodorus pleads. She was, he says, a foreigner and a *hetaira*, and her daughter another of the trade, twice palmed off on citizens as an Athenian girl and twice repudiated. He goes relentlessly through the whole story of the wretched women, from the purchase of Neaera, with six others, by a woman skilled in these matters, emphasizing point after point, shame and sale and shame again, bringing in well-known names as he goes, Lysias and Chabrias for instance, and citing witnesses for each squalid episode. State religion is involved too, for Phano, the daughter, had been the wife of the King Archon (till he found her out and drove her off), and as such she had performed the sacred rites of the Queen on the city's behalf. The speech ends with evidence to a challenge made to Stephanos to submit Neaera's slave-women to torture on the point of the parentage of Stephanos' children, and a final plea to the court to remember that the gods—" those gods against whom the defendants have sinned—will see how each man of you votes ; so vote justly, and avenge the gods and yourselves as well." How this case ended, we have to confess, as in so many instances, we do not know. With it Apollodorus passes out of history.

It is not perhaps very often in history that we are able to follow the fortunes of a single family with much detail over fifty or sixty years. Yet when we can, what light may be thrown on the society whose history we are studying ! None of the leading figures in this chapter is of any great importance, yet their story takes us into the streets and bazars and courts and counting-houses of Athens, and gives us a new background

and a new sense for the world in which those greater figures moved whom we know elsewhere as framers of a great language and makers of history. In this city Socrates and Plato lived, and when Plato spoke and wrote of the money-making man, and his aims and spirit and influence, it is far from inconceivable that some of his impressions, some of the impulses that drove him to think of the matter, came from this house of great bankers, whose son and stepson may in his turn have contributed something to the picture of the Democratic man. But we must be just to Apollodorus, for he was public-spirited and had enough intelligence to share some of the ideals of Demosthenes. If his life was disorderly and his spirit quarrelsome, metic as he was by origin, he was a true Athenian in these matters, and better than most in his readiness to serve the country of which he was "a citizen by public vote." Perhaps they were not far wrong who held that the more metics Athens drew to herself the better. At all events, it was of such men that the great cities of the following age were formed, and Alexandria, Pergamus, and Antioch have made gifts to mankind too great to allow us to dismiss them with the easy contempt of an Athenian gentleman.

CHAPTER XI

COUNTRY LIFE

WHEN Xenophon left Athens for the camp of Cyrus, it was probably with little thought that he was bidding farewell to his country and his people for ever.[1] Yet, as we have already seen, the death of Cyrus left him with the rest of the Ten Thousand stranded in the heart of the Persian kingdom ; and, when at last the way to the sea was found, he felt himself still involved in the fortunes of his fellow-soldiers, and so he passed with them into the service of Sparta, then at war with Persia or with one Persian satrap and another. So far there was little to provoke much comment in Athens. He had not exactly been a soldier in the army of Cyrus as he says, and when Agesilaos started for Asia, Athens and Sparta were nominally at peace. But in 395 the chance came to be independent of Sparta, and the Athenians, though at great risk, took it and joined in an alliance with Thebes. Before long the European situation was such that the recall of Agesilaos was inevitable. He brought back with him what still held together of the Ten Thousand ; and the former " commander of the Cyreians " [2] had nothing to do but go with them. Under this modest phrase (in a story of the year 398 B.C.) it has long been understood that Xenophon indicated himself. Even if he were no longer their commander, his position was a very difficult one—he was by now a personal friend of Agesilaos, but the king was coming home again to fight Athens among the allies of the Thebans. At Coroneia in August, 394, Agesilaos defeated the Thebans and their allies in battle, and Xenophon,

[1] It has been discussed whether he may have paid a visit to Athens between leaving Seuthes and serving under Thibron. If he did, it was a mere passing visit, but even so the evidence for it is very slight, if it is more than mere surmise.

[2] *Hellenica*, iii. 2, 7.

it would appear, was present. He had never had any liking for Thebes, and it would have seemed natural to suppose that he fought as usual at the head of his Cyreians, but that he expressly states that "Herippidas was in charge of mercenaries."[1] The phrase may seem ambiguous, though perhaps to a close reader of the story it should be quite explicit. Whether we take it as a small piece of tacit defence or not, for the rest he maintains complete silence about himself till we find him an exile at Scillus. The date and the grounds of his being exiled are alike unknown to us. Perhaps he was already an exile.[2] But even so, the verdict of a sympathetic French critic will appeal to many: "however it be, even if we eliminate the aggravating circumstances which are neither proved nor probable, the mere fact of his presence at Coroneia remains to revolt our conscience and our reason together."[3]

In any case, the Athenians seem to have had some such feeling about him, and they passed a decree of exile against him—a fact which, I think, tells against the sceptical opinion held by some modern readers that Xenophon was not really a conspicuous figure in the great march to the sea. It would be difficult to blame them for this step if Xenophon really fought at Coroneia. Even if the decree preceded the battle, it was not altogether unnatural in view of what we surmise of Xenophon's antecedents[4] and of his very prominent and outstanding position in the story of the last seven years' relations between Greece and Persia. At the same time, when we consider the feeling of the Greeks and what they tolerated in exiles, who fought and intrigued savagely and relentlessly against their native cities,—as in the case of Alcibiades, to look no further,—Xenophon, if he had fought against Athens at all, might have claimed the pardon of his contemporaries with some title to it—in which case posterity would have, I think, to be slow in giving judgment against him. But it is

[1] *Hellenica*, iv. 3, 15, *ἐξενάγει ξενικοῦ* (no article). Plutarch definitely says Xenophon *παρῆν αὐτὸς τῷ Ἀγησιλάῳ συναγωνιζόμενος* (*Agesil.* 17), *i.e.* fought in the battle.

[2] Grote, viii. 478, believes decidedly that Xenophon was banished after Coroneia. Croiset has the same view.

[3] A. Croiset, *Xénophon*, p. 120.

[4] His very moderate friendship for democracy, and the possibility of his service under the Thirty. Cf. Beloch, *Gr. Gesch.* ii. 472.

not proved that he fought against his country; and in any case, whether he was or was not as yet an exile, his position, due to no very clear fault of his own, was embarrassing and ambiguous. However, like Thucydides, he was to be an exile—and posterity in both cases has been the gainer. Xenophon mentions the fact twice—once in describing Scillus, where he lived an actual exile, and once in speaking of his preparations to leave Seuthes, when he says definitely that he was not yet an exile.[1] This last fact is surely fatal to the theory of later Greek writers that he was exiled for taking part in an expedition against the Great King.

Throughout Greek history, at least till Alexander threw open the East and the new cities rose, it is plain that an exile was committed to a very difficult and insecure life. Brilliant as his career had been, Athens had discarded Xenophon, and Sparta did not care for foreigners. From his own narrative it is plain that he must have had enough of mercenaries. So a military career was closed to him, even if he wished it, and when we next find him, it is settled in some contentment in a village of Elis on an estate of his own. When he describes his abode and its surrounding country, he says the Spartans gave him the place. They apparently took it from the Eleians during or after the campaigns described by Xenophon in the *Hellenica*,[2] which are dated variously between 401 and 398. More strictly speaking, Sparta secured "autonomy" for the Triphylian towns, but in any case Elis was dispossessed of the land, and by and by Xenophon was settled there.

Xenophon lived at Scillus, it would appear, for rather more than twenty years. Then the battle of Leuctra shook the Spartan power to pieces, and Messenians, Arcadians, and Eleians came by their own again. Xenophon and his sons, according to one story, had to fly, and found refuge in Corinth;[3] but guides in Elis told Pausanias[4] that Xenophon appealed

[1] Xen. *Anab.* v. 3, 7; vii. 7, 57. Pausanias, v. 6, 4 (for the expedition against the friendly Persian King); Dio Chrysostom, vii. 1; Diogenes Laertius, ii. 6, 7, § 51 (for Laconism). It may be noted that there are those who think Thucydides, already an exile, was present on the Spartan side as a spectator at the battle of Mantineia, August, 418; cf. Grundy, *Thuc.* p. 38.

[2] *Hellenica*, iii. 2, 21–31.

[3] Diogenes Laertius, ii. 6, 8, § 53.

[4] Pausanias, v. 6, 4.

to the Olympic Council and, " obtaining forgiveness from the Eleians, lived without molestation in Scillus," and in fact died and was buried there. But perhaps the guides were more eager to keep a literary celebrity than contemporaries a hunting gentleman who was conspicuously a friend of the Spartans.

Xenophon makes a very happy digression in the *Anabasis*, when he is speaking of the division of spoils, to tell us how he managed about that part of the tithe for Apollo and Artemis which was entrusted to him. Artemis' portion he left for the time with her temple-keeper Megabyzos at Ephesus. Afterwards, he says,[1] " when Xenophon was in exile and was living by now at Scillus near Olympia, settled there by the Lacedaemonians, Megabyzos came to Olympia to see the festival, and handed over to him his deposit. Xenophon took it and bought for the goddess a plot of ground where the god indicated. A river called Selinus, it happened, ran through the plot, just as at Ephesus a river Selinus runs by the temple of Artemis. In both streams there are fish and shellfish. On the estate at Scillus there is hunting of all the beasts of chase there are. He built an altar and a temple with the dedicated money, and ever after tithed the fruits of the land and made a sacrifice to the goddess, and all the citizens and neighbours with their wives took part in the festival. The goddess herself provided the banqueters with meat, loaves, wine, and sweetmeats, with portions of the victims from the sacred pasture and of the animals killed in hunting. For Xenophon's boys and those of the other citizens made a hunt for the festival ; and grown men, too, who wished, joined in. The game was taken partly from the sacred ground itself and partly from Pholoe, boars and gazelles and deer. The spot is on the road from Lacedaemon to Olympia, about twenty stades (two and a half miles) from the temple of Zeus in Olympia. In the dedicated ground there is meadow-land, and hills covered with forest, well fitted to rear pigs, goats, cattle, and horses. Even the sumpter animals of the visitors to the festival have their entertainment. Round the temple is a grove of fruit trees planted. The temple is modelled after that in Ephesus—a small copy of it ; and the image is a copy in cypress-wood of the golden one in Ephesus. Beside the temple

[1] *Anab.* v. 3, 7–13.

is a stêlê with these words : ' The place is sacred to Artemis. He that holds it and enjoys the fruits thereof shall sacrifice the tithe of it year by year. From the residue he shall keep in order the temple. If any man fail in this, the goddess will look to it.' "

The passage shows us the man—with his piety—his gift for arrangement and love of order—his interest in hunting—his neighbourliness—and, perhaps one might add, his attention to diet, ample but not luxurious. " So there," says Diogenes Laertius,[1] " he continued—hunting and entertaining his friends and writing history " ; and there can be little doubt that with these and other interests, hardly less keen, he must have enjoyed life. And yet, there is a touch of the tragic in it.[2] It is not the life he had chosen. The great career in the East with Cyrus for his friend is gone. He will not see the Attic deme of his boyhood again, the hills where he first hunted, the fields where he learnt to love farming. Sparta took little notice of foreigners or their admiration. So a man who had dreamed of doing great things himself has to settle down to picture them—great deeds done by others, by heroes he has known in the body, by dream-heroes he has fashioned in his brain. But perhaps even so he was doing more than he thought or hoped ; for not every writer of books could boast of having set on fire with a passion that never died while life lasted, such men as Zeno and Alexander.

A modern traveller will tell us more of the outward scene.[3] " On emerging from the defile, a new extent of low country presents itself, richly wooded and well watered. This is the vale of the Alpheus. We coast for some distance along the northern base of the same mountain, the declivities of which on this side are of the finest description of rock scenery, beautifully clothed with forest-trees and evergreens. Every half-mile gushes a copious fountain of pure water from the roots of gigantic planes, forming so many tributaries to the sacred stream that flows in the vale below. The features of

[1] Diogenes Laertius, ii. 6, 8, § 52.

[2] On this see Ivo Bruns, *Lit. Porträt*, p. 414.

[3] W. Mure, *Journal of a Tour in Greece*, vol. ii. p. 273 (1842). E. N. Gardiner, *Greek Athletic Sports* (1910), p. 36, says that in old days the vegetation was far more luxuriant than now.

the landscape now gradually undergo a complete change. The common deciduous oak gives place to the ilex, and soon after to the black round-headed pine, which covers the country on each side of the river in scattered groups, to some distance north of the plain of Olympia. The soil becomes sandy, and the hillocks and rocky eminences which enliven the surface of the valley assume a variety of fantastical forms, often presenting so close a resemblance to ruined forts or towns that the illusion is scarcely dispelled till the traveller reaches the spot. This region is described by Pausanias as precisely similar in character in his own age. In the midst of it, on the left bank of the river, a few miles to the east of Olympia, was Scillus."

Such was the place—a little out of the world in general, but at festival-time a centre of life, a centre where there gathered Greeks of all sorts from every Greek land and settlement, men with every kind of interest from athletics to politics and philosophy — two or three miles only from Xenophon's home.[1]

What that home was like—or what he wished it to be—we can read in his little book the *Oeconomicos*—a work with a charm of its own, and unique in being the one presentment that we have of country life in Classical Greece. It has never lacked admirers. Cicero did it into Latin, Ruskin (with the co-operation of two friends) into English. It was the foundation on which Ruskin built all his studies in Political Economy, his biographer and editor tells us.[2] It shows " the ideal of domestic life."

The fabric of the story is simple. Socrates, after some talk with Critobulus, tells him how he met a real *kalos kâgathos*, and then narrates their conversation. It was not otherwise known that Socrates had so much interest in fields and farms and their cultivation, and most readers feel that for the larger part of the book the real Socrates is a far-away memory, though there are flashes of some one very like him from time to time. The centre of the book is the *kalos kâgathos*, Ischomachus, and he is led on to do most of the talking, never dreaming it was all to be reported. He is, as

[1] Cf. Grote, viii. 480.

[2] Collected Works, vol. xxxi., Bibliotheca Pastorum.

Grote says, translating the word of Socrates, "the model of an Athenian gentleman, and the life he lives"—"it is the life of an English lord," cries a French critic.[1] Perhaps he is a little like Sir Roger de Coverley, but of a more robust intelligence. While Xenophon regrettably has to live in Elis, Ischomachus has his home in Attica, and his biographer has his eye on his own country. What is more, he means his book to be read there, and in his own perfectly clear but unobtrusive way he calls attention to certain matters of importance.

The father of Ischomachus was a man of the same sort as his son—"he would never let me buy a farm in good condition; but if he chanced on one idle or unplanted either through the neglect or the incompetence of the owners, he would advise me to buy it. A cultivated estate, he said, cost a lot of money and allowed of no improvement; and that took away the pleasure, for he held that to see whatever you owned steadily improving was a great joy." He made big profits out of it, and besides it was his hobby—it gave him something to do.[2] The same interest Ischomachus had, and it was perhaps to his passion for agriculture that he owed a good deal of his health and energy, for he lives a strenuous life.[3] Socrates remarks that at one and the same time he manages to combine a *recipe* for health and strength with efficiency for war and the advancement of his fortune. This is true, for Ischomachus says quite frankly he wishes to be rich—it is a pleasant thing to be able to honour the gods in the grand style, to help a friend in need, and "so far as lies in my power, not to leave my city unadorned with anything wealth can supply."[4] He is always master of the situation —never bullies, is never worried—but by a kind of dogged gentleness and persuasiveness he carries his point. He has a knack of being obeyed and of being obeyed intelligently; he makes his people see what is wanted, he treats them as reasonable creatures, and makes them think. If he has a defect, it is that, in M. Hémardinquer's phrase, he is "un peu trop sermonneur"—"the Greeks," he says, "and Xenophon above all, cannot bring themselves to be right and to be done

[1] Hémardinquer, *La Cyropédie*, p. 116.

[2] *Oecon.* 20, 22–25: ὅπως ἔχοι ὅ τι ποιοίη ἅμα καὶ ὠφελούμενος ἥδοιτο.

[3] *Oecon.* 11, 14.

[4] *Oecon.* 11, 9.

with it." [1] Sometimes the people round him must have found him a shade too improving, and done absurd or silly things just as relief from being so steadily reasonable.

We have seen already that there actually was a historical Ischomachus who might have talked with Socrates, of whom Lysias tells us in a speech, dated 387, that as long as he lived everybody reckoned he must be worth more than seventy talents, but when he died his two sons hardly inherited ten talents apiece.[2] But Xenophon seems to have taken his name for his own purposes, and made an ideal figure of what he would have wished himself to be. There is no dark line in the picture, and he has all the good qualities we recognize in Xenophon—order, piety, control, persuasion, kindness, and sweet temper—and perhaps some of his foibles. Ischomachus, we might even say, is Cyrus—the Cyrus of the *Cyropaedeia*—in domestic life—a republican Cyrus who has gone back like a Washington to his Mount Vernon.

More interesting in some ways than Ischomachus is his wife, for here we are given a glimpse inside a real Athenian home of what we might call the upper middle classes. The age saw woman given a new place altogether in Tragedy, but neither there nor in Comedy could we expect to see the real domestic life. Aristophanes has many allusions to the daily round, the baby, the Thracian " slavey," the drinking habits of married women, and much that is vulgar and worse :

> They dye their wools
> With boiling tinctures, in the ancient style.
> You won't find *them*, I warrant, in a hurry
> Trying new plans. . . .
> They roast their barley sitting, as of old :
> They on their heads bear burdens, as of old :
> They keep their Thesmophoria, as of old :
> They victimize their husbands, as of old :
> They buy themselves sly dainties, as of old :
> They love their wine unwatered, as of old : [3]

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[1] Hémardinquer, *La Cyropédie*, p. 114.

[2] Lysias, xix. 46 ; Meyer, *Gesch. des Alt.* v. § 872. Dakyns, vol. iii. p. li, cites Plut. *Moralia*, iii. 1, p. 79 (Wytt.), for a chance meeting between Ischomachus and Aristippus at Olympia, and a discussion about Socrates, which led Aristippus to go to Athens. Cf. p. 322.

[3] *Ecclesiaziusae*, 215, tr. B. B. Rogers. The point about carrying things on their heads was that men did not. Cf. Herodotus, ii. 35, on

and so on. He gives, when it suits him, the vulgar, popular, comic view of married women, and sums it up in a proverb : " Neither with them—hang them !—nor without them." [1] Apollodorus—not one of the finer spirits of Athens—reminds a popular court of the distinctions they all drew : " *Hetairai* we have for pleasure, concubines for daily bodily comfort, wives for the production of legitimate children and in order to have a reliable guard of one's belongings." [2] In the great Funeral Speech Pericles gives his ideal for the Athenian matron in a sentence : " If I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of you who will henceforth be widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition : To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or evil among men." [3] And then he leaves the subject. It was the popular view, but everybody knew that it did not represent the ideal of Pericles himself. " Silence," said Sophocles in the *Ajax*, " is a woman's glory " ; but, adds Aristotle, " this is not equally the glory of man." [4]

Girls' education hardly existed in the honest homes of Athens. " You married your wife," says Socrates to Critobulus, " didn't you ? when she was a very young girl, and had seen and heard the very least that was possible ? " [5] And Critobulus admits it. " What chance had she of knowing anything," says Ischomachus a few pages later of his own wife, " when she was not yet fifteen when she came to me, and all her life before the utmost care had been taken of her, so that she might see as little as possible, hear as little as possible, and ask as few questions as possible ? Don't you think one should be satisfied if all her knowledge consists in knowing how to take wool and make a garment of it, and if she has seen how the spinning tasks are assigned to the slave-women ? For, as regards the belly and so on, Socrates, she had been very well trained—and I think that means a great deal in training man or woman." [6] " How could I help you ? "

the contrasts of Egypt, where this is reversed. Cf. p. 17. For this general character of women, cf. the speaker in Plato, *Laws*, 781A, B, stealth and dishonesty.

[1] *Lysistrata*, 1039, οὔτε σὺν πανωλέθροισιν οὔτ' ἄνευ πανωλέθρων.

[2] *Neaera*, 122.

[3] Thuc. ii. 45 (Jowett).

[4] Sophocles, *Ajax*, 293 ; Aristotle, *Pol.* i. 13, 11, p. 1260*a*.

[5] Xen. *Oecon.* 3, 13.

[6] *Oecon.* 7, 5, 6.

the poor child asks him, " what power have I ? No, it all depends on you. My business, my mother said, was to be modest." [1] It seems a limited training, even if in addition she did pick up a few notions about paint and cosmetics.

Aristophanes lets us see that sometimes a girl of good family came out of doors at one or another public religious function, taking part in mysteries she did not understand, and sometimes perhaps had better not :

> Bore at seven the mystic casket ;
> Was, at ten, our Lady's miller ;
> Then the yellow Brauron bear ;
> Next (a maiden tall and stately
> With a string of figs to wear)
> Bore in pomp the holy Basket.[2]

Ischomachus says nothing of all this—indeed implies that in the case of his wife there had been none of it.

But it is clear already that, as might have been expected in a society where everything was being submitted to question and remodelled by reason, the doubt was expressed whether this training of girls was sufficient or even right at all—whether the type of woman it bred was all that could be made of the material—whether a wife had best be secluded, dull and uncompanionable (" Is there anybody," asks Socrates, " to whom you entrust more serious matters than to your wife—or to whom you talk less ? " [3])—whether the wife might not be as well educated and as companionable as the *hetaira*. And then it would seem that more fundamental questions still were asked, for all those so far mentioned imply that woman is a sort of adjunct to man, a complementary nature. Is woman really a mere complement to man ? What is her φύσις, seeing that to-day in Athens everybody talks about Nature—what *is* woman's nature ? The parodies of Aristophanes of this feminist movement, the sympathetic interest in it shown by Plato, the very care and seriousness with which

[1] *Oecon.* 7, 14, σωφρονεῖν—it has the two suggestions of chaste and sensible. Ischomachus in reply takes up the latter.

[2] Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*, 641, B. B. Rogers. " Yellow " because she wore a saffron robe, crowded out by exigencies of English verse. What even domestic rites might be is shown in *Acharnians*, 241 ff.

[3] *Oecon.* 3, 12.

Aristotle refutes the doctrine that man's nature and woman's are the same,[1] show alike how much in earnest the people were who raised the questions. " Well," says Socrates, as he watches the dancing-girl twirling and catching hoops as she dances,[2] " the girl shows that woman's nature is no worse than man's. So any one of you who has a wife may boldly teach her to be what he wishes of her." " And what," asks Antisthenes in his *ad hominem* way, " what of Xanthippe, of women past, present, and future, most crabbed and curst ? " Socrates has a ready answer ; but then the girl starts somersaults into and out of a hoop set with swords, and Socrates returns to his point that courage can be *taught*—if a woman can learn it like this. And Antisthenes suggests that the Syracusan, her owner, might exhibit the girl to the whole city (for a fee) and teach all the Athenians the art of facing the spears of the enemy at close quarters. So in earnest and in jest the question is debated ; and even Aristophanes, who makes game of the movement, contrives absent-mindedly to put on his stage—he does it twice—a woman capable of broad outlook and wide interests, equal to forming large plans, to starting and controlling a great organization, able to speak well and sensibly of woman's contribution to the state [3]—but of course it is all fun and nonsense, and he ends off his plays in frolic and obscene absurdities—which proves how ridiculous the whole thing is. But Plato and Antisthenes did not think it ridiculous, and they were, each in his own way, ready to remodel human life from top to bottom on the basis of the equality of the sexes.

Plato in the Fifth Book of his *Republic* is quite explicit as to what an ideal society requires in this matter of woman's education, and he does not shrink from what follows. He does not recognize any fundamental difference between men and women except sex. Dogs, male and female, are used alike in hunting—the males are stronger, it is true, but huntsmen do not regard the rearing of puppies as labour enough for the females (451D). Is there any pursuit or art of civic life in regard to which the nature of a woman differs from a man's nature ? (455A). " Need I waste time in speaking of the art of weaving, and the management of pancakes and preserves,

[1] See Ivo Bruns, *Frauenemanzipation*, in *Vorträge u. Aufsätze.*

[2] Xen. *Symp.* 2, 8–13. [3] In the *Lysistrata* and the *Ecclesiazusae.*

in which womankind does really appear to be great, and in which for her to be beaten by a man is of all things the most absurd ? " (455D).[1] So much for woman's sphere ; a woman as well as a man may be a physician, a musician, a philosopher, or have a turn for gymnastic and military exercises. If the difference consists only in the woman bearing and the man begetting, this does not amount to a proof that the education for both should not be the same (454E). And Plato would give them the same education—music, gymnastic, and the art of war (452A), though he expects that shallow wits will find something ridiculous in the sight of women naked in the palaestra, wrestling with men—especially if they are old and wrinkled (452B) ; still it is only a matter of custom. When he has once established this equality of sexes, he proceeds to his famous community of wives and the abolition of the family. Women will still be allowed to suckle the babies, it would seem, but care will be taken that none of them knows which is her own.

What the women thought of the established order—or what they would have thought of Plato's plan—was not inquired. Plato was not less indifferent to the likes and dislikes of individuals than the most conservative traditionalist of his day. Euripides, however, in his *Medea*[2] puts in unmistakeable language the feelings of some of the women. Of all things, says Medea, that have life and understanding woman is the most miserable. It is money that makes marriage—and the man is lord of her body, whoever he is ; good or bad, she cannot refuse him. She knows nothing whatever of what he will be, when she leaves her home. If she manages herself well, and he lives with her content, her lot is happy ; if not, she had better die. The man can find satisfaction outside, if he is unhappy at home ; not she. But she has a quiet life at home, free from peril, and he must face the ranks of spearmen ! Fools ! I had rather thrice face battle, shield on arm, than once bear a child. Euripides was counted among the ancients a hater of woman,[3] and certainly his characters say a good deal against the sex.[4] But it is one thing to recognize

[1] Jowett's translation.

[2] Eur. *Medea*, 230–251.

[3] Aristophanes, *Thesm.* 383–458.

[4] See Decharme, *Euripide et l'esprit de son théatre*, pp. 133 ff., for a discussion of this—a rather trivial treatment of it, though there is

that woman's lot is hard or even unjust—another thing to enjoy the emancipated type,[1] ill-trained to begin with, and not better balanced now for a sudden swing to another extreme, the victim of theories and fancies, nationalist, individualist, anarchist.

But let us turn from this babel to the quiet house at Scillus or the house of Ischomachus, whichever it is. "Greek love-poetry," it has been said by a modern scholar, the author of a brilliant book on Greek genius, "is not the love-poetry of the Brownings,"[2] and it is difficult to imagine what Ischomachus or his chronicler would have made of a passage that began :

> O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
> And all a wonder and a wild desire.

Their wives rather probably could not read or write. None of them, one can believe, would have seen much in the *Vita Nuova* ; and perhaps they would have preferred something simpler to the *Phaedrus*. Ischomachus did not consciously marry in order "to realize himself" like a modern philosopher, nor like the plain man of to-day because he "liked the girl." It was rather a well-thought-out selection of a partner, for reasons financial, social, and what we might call eugenic. He tells her quite frankly that they are partners, and very quickly gets down to business. But he does it with tenderness and grace—she was only fourteen, he tells Socrates ; and his words imply that he thought of her as a shy little wild bird, for he waited, he said, "till she was tamed and would come to his hand."[3] He and her parents, he told her, had been seeking the same thing—the best possible partner in house and children ; and so he had chosen her, and her parents had chosen him.

Ischomachus now explains to his wife how they can help each other. He does not quote Plato to her and formally disavow his ideas, but modern readers and perhaps ancient readers have thought that Xenophon had Plato in mind. For

something in his remark (on p. 154) that Greek woman by training and social conditions was in fact beneath Greek man.

[1] Cf. *Hippolytus*, 640.

[2] R. W. Livingstone, *Greek Genius*, pp. 81, 82.

[3] *Oecon.* 7, 10, ἐπεὶ ἤδη μοι χειρώθης ἦν καὶ ἐτετιθάσευτο ὥστε διαλέγεσθαι. If my rendering is too sentimental, Liddell and Scott's Lexicon does not fail in that way.

it is explained to the little wife [1] that the gods had thought out their device very carefully when they made the pair called male and female—with intent that both should have the utmost good and comfort out of their fellowship. There are children to produce—to keep the race from dying out, and to look after their parents in old age. Man again is not like the animal—the instinct that developed the house has altered everything. God made the man's body to bear heat and cold and hardship, the outdoor things, and to the woman he gave the duties of home, the care of the babies he put into her very nature, and "gave her a larger gift of loving babies than he did to the man" (7, 24). God gave them both memory and carefulness, for the common good of both—it would be hard to say which has most of these. And just because their natures are not every way alike, they need each other more. What God has ordained, custom has established; and, what is more, God's laws implanted in nature maintain themselves and avenge themselves. So he tells his wife she is to be the queen bee in their hive; for the queen bee keeps all the others busy, knows all they do, safeguards and manages all that is stored up, sees to the "weaving" of the cells and the nurture of the young, and when the time comes sends forth the swarm. "Shall I have to do all this?" she asks. Yes, he tells her, and adds like a man, that there is another duty too, one she may not like—if any of the slaves fall sick, she will have to nurse them and tend them till they are well. "By Zeus," says the little wife, "I shall like that best of all—if they will be grateful for it and be friendlier than before." "I was delighted at her answer," Ischomachus tells Socrates.[2]

A French critic asks, with some humour, if Ischomachus in all this talk with Socrates has not the air of revealing to us a new discovery—that woman can be intelligent, that the gods have given her memory and other faculties.[3] There have been witty women who have held that this has always been to men a startling discovery, that it still is. The main point of interest, however, is the attitude of Xenophon to the marriage question. He holds, as Dr. Adam says,[4] "the orthodox Greek

[1] *Oecon.* 7, 18 ff., πολὺ διεσκεμμένως.
[2] *Oecon.* 7, 37, 38.
[3] Masqueray, *Euripide et ses idées*, p. 301.
[4] Note on Plato, *Rep.* v. 453.

view" on the subject. The critic's words suggest some limitation of outlook in Xenophon, as if the view were outgrown. It was the view to which Aristotle recurred; affection, he said, would be "watery" in that Republic of Plato's—there would be no reason for any so-called father there caring for his so-called son, for "what is common to the greatest number has the least care bestowed upon it"; it would be better to be somebody's real cousin than a son after this fashion; "and there is another point that we must not ignore, that long time and the experience of years deserves attention." [1] On this last reflection a famous German scholar cries out as being "somewhat rhetorical," as being "the standing and staple argument of all conservative minds against subversive innovations — an argument which appeals to us, with our greatly extended ethnographic and historical perspective, far less forcibly than to past generations." [2] Yes, but here the ethnographic and historical perspective more and more confirms Xenophon and Aristotle as the marriage customs and experience of races and ages are made known to us. How much better indeed to be even a cousin of somebody than live in that loveless machine-made hell of a Republic! How much better, Aristotle suggests in his *Ethics*, to be the real husband or wife of somebody! "Friendship (*φιλία*) between man and woman seems established in nature; for man by nature is more apt to form such a union of two than a state, for a household comes before a state and is more fundamental; while procreation is a faculty shared with the animals. With all other beings this is the limit of their association. Human beings live together not only for the production of children, but for all the purposes of life. As soon as man and woman unite, a distribution of functions (or tasks *ἔργα*) takes place; some are proper to the man, some to the woman; hence they help each other, each contributing their own gifts. Thus it is that use and pleasure are both found in this friend-

[1] These sentences come from the *Politics*, ii., between pp. 1261 *b* and 1264 *a*; in order from c. 4, 7; c. 3, 4; c. 3, 7; c. 5, 16.

[2] Gomperz, *Greek Thinkers*, iii. 120. It is curious how to some minds *τὴν Στρυμοδώρου Θρᾷτταν καταγιγαρτίσαι* suggests progress and emancipation.

ship . . . and children are an additional bond of union between them." [1]

All this is very useful and philosophical, it may be said, but to-day we look for more enthusiasm, more passion, in these things—some element of romance; we find it in Euripides; Ischomachus seems too well balanced for a modern lover. Perhaps modern lovers could do with more balance. But this element of romance appears with surprising power in another work of Xenophon's, which was read a great deal more between the Renaissance and the French Revolution than it is to-day. The heroines of the *Cyropaedeia* are married women—presumably married with as little personal choice as the wife of Ischomachus. Cyrus warns his young Median friend Araspas that fire and passion are not things to play with; [2] Araspas believes love to be voluntary; a matter of choice, of the will—and he finds somehow that he has no choice; Pantheia is so beautiful and so gracious.[3] But Pantheia's love and passion are all for Abradatas, her husband, absent or present, living or dead. And we seem to be in the presence of one of Homer's women, beautiful, loyal, and womanly—till she slays herself over Abradatas' body, and we realize that we are in the age of Euripides. Till one knows the love story of Abradatas and Pantheia, it is premature to say that Xenophon does not understand passion. One of the surprising things about him is the number of fields of literature where he is a pioneer, and perhaps no one would have guessed that the author of the *Anabasis* would give Greece perhaps its first, and perhaps also its best, romance. Nor is Pantheia the only lady of romance in his pages. "So when they got home," we read, "they talked of Cyrus—one of his wisdom, another of his endurance, of his gentleness another, and there was one who spoke of his beauty and his height. And then Tigranes asked his wife: What do you say, Armenia, did you think him beautiful? No, by Zeus, she said, I wasn't looking at him. Not at Cyrus? he said; at whom then? At him, she said, who offered his own life to save me from slavery;" and that was Tigranes.[4] In the *Symposium*,[5] too, we read of passionate attachment between the Homeric enthusiast, Niceratos, and his wife—per-

[1] *Ethics*, viii. 12, 7, p. 1161 *a*.
[2] *Cyrop.* vii. 1, 4–17.
[3] *Cyrop.* vii. 1, 18.
[4] *Cyrop.* iii. 1, 41.
[5] *Symp.* 8, 3.

haps that Homeric education, of which we heard, did make a *kalos kâgathos* of a man on this side of life, too. Cyrus himself, in the story—a deviation of some significance perhaps from Persian practice—has only one wife, his cousin—" she whom you often carried in your arms, when you were a boy in our house ; and whenever anyone asked her whom she would marry, it was always Cyrus " [1]—and she herself crowns him, a scene almost mediaeval in tone.[2]

The Greeks were quite frank in stating that the object of marriage [3]—though, Aristotle says, not the only one—is the production of children. Xenophon himself is our authority for the remarkable usages of Sparta in this matter—the relaxation of monogamy between friends in order to the procreation of big and healthy children ; but what he thought of it seems indicated in his conclusion. " About the production of children such was the legislation of Lycurgus, the very antithesis of all other peoples, and whether it has produced for Sparta men of greater height and greater strength, let him who will inquire for himself." Much as he admired Spartan discipline, it looks as if he was critical at this point. His own feeling is shown in the words he attributes to Socrates, when the old man is explaining to his son how much a home owes to the mother—on the care a man takes of his pregnant wife who is carrying his children, and the forethought he exercises for the unborn, and on the mother's weariness and risk of life, on her care of the baby when it comes, not because of any good it has done her, not as if it knew who its friend was or could say what it wanted ; she has to guess herself what will help it and please it, and so the labour of years begins and goes on without any knowledge that there will be any return for it. " And how much annoyance do you think you have given her from babyhood up, in voice and actions, and peevishness ? and how much pain, too, when you have been sick ? " [4] The man who writes in this way knows—and it is only experience that gives the knowledge—the value of family life. Even if he is didactic, it is clear that he has learnt from his wife,

[1] *Cyrop.* viii. 5, 19. [2] Cf. Hémardinquer, *La Cyropédie*, p. 126.

[3] Aristotle, *Pol.* vii. 16, 5–10, p. 1335 *a*, on the ages within which men and women are best adapted to this end.

[4] *Mem.* ii. 2, 5–7.

and found that she has lessons to teach him that outweigh some of Plato's. The house at Scillus shows a side of Greek life and character not much emphasized in the books ancient or modern, yet full of significance. Homes were homes, even if Pericles and Aristophanes emphasized other things than mere affection of married people and their commonplace interest in the new baby. Plutarch in a later day shows us Greek life at Chaeroneia, and Dio Chrysostom among the squatters on Euboea, very much from the same angle as Xenophon.

The wife of Ischomachus only appears, we have to remember, in the fragments of her conversation which her husband quotes to Socrates, but it is possible to see some character in her. If she was very carefully screened from the world in her mother's home, it would seem she learnt no evil there—she is pure and gentle and kind-hearted. She answers her husband now and again with spirit—and it delights him. She makes him think well of women. She told him he was wrong if he supposed he was laying a task on her in giving her charge of the household—not to have such a charge would trouble her more. "I suppose," he says to Socrates, "it comes naturally to a good woman to prefer to take care of her children rather than neglect them, and in the same way to take care of possessions too, whose charm lies in their being one's own." [1] When, as a young Greek girl might, she got herself up with powder and rouge and high heels, a few words from him led her to see there was a kind of falsity in it; and, seeing in a flash what it was she liked in him, she was done with such vanities for ever.[2] After this it is amazing to find the great Cyrus tolerant of drugs to make the eye bright and other little devices to improve the complexion.[3] That Napoleon III used rouge at Sedan with a purpose is another thing. The little wife, however, ventured to ask Ischomachus if he could suggest anything to improve her looks,[4] and he suggested activity in all her duties; it would mean appetite, and thence would come health and good complexion. A life of sitting still in dignity was fatal to good looks.[5]

[1] *Oecon.* 9, 18–19.
[2] *Oecon.* 10, 2–8.
[3] *Cyrop.* viii. 1, 41.
[4] *Oecon.* 10, 9.
[5] Croiset, *Xénophon*, p. 176, says the passage reminds the reader of

The chapter on tidiness, one feels, takes the reader right into the household at Scillus. Ischomachus, we read, came home and asked for something or other, and his wife blushed all over and was evidently troubled. She did not know where it was. So a discourse follows, which, we may be sure, was often heard at Scillus on the advantages of order. Think of a chorus and what order means there—or an army, and Ischomachus is quite carried away, till if dates allowed we could believe he had travelled with the Ten Thousand himself —hoplites all in rank, cavalry, light-armed, bowmen, slingers— tens of thousands of them all in rank, advancing in silence —or a ship of war, and this sets Ischomachus off on another series of reminiscences of the great Phoenician merchant ship in the most incredible good order, with everything conceivable that a ship would want stowed with consummate neatness in the smallest possible compass, and the steersman's mate knew where every single thing was, could lay his hand on it in an instant, as easily as you could spell Socrates, and would refresh his memory by inspection to see that all was handy— " for, when God sends a tempest, you can't go looking for things. God threatens and chastens stupid people." Yes, he told his wife all about the ship and enforced the lesson— " how beautiful it looks "—let us pause to recall what we know of the great word *kalos* and all it carries of beauty and moral worth and grandeur—" how beautiful it looks when the boots and shoes are all set out in order, whatever size and shape they are." And with this inimitable and characteristic sentence we may perhaps leave the training of the wife of Ischomachus, for it was, as we know, successful. Perhaps it is easier to train a paper wife than a real one. At least, it has been said that the beauty of people in books is that you can shut the book, and people in books can be very charming and obliging.

If we smile now and then as we listen to Ischomachus, we must not lose sight of the value of the book. Life might be very hard for a little Athenian wife, and Xenophon urged that by kindness and courtesy and good-humour a husband could do a great deal to win that love and confidence which

those statues of Pheidias in whose remains even yet " life and strength shine with sovereign beauty."

make a marriage happy. No doubt tidiness helps in this, but then it is only one aspect of that consideration for others, which Xenophon says Socrates always taught, and which he preaches himself on many a pleasant page.

Of Xenophon's own wife we only know what Diogenes Laertius quotes from Demetrius of Magnesia, and it is a curious sentence. When Xenophon went to Scillus "there followed him—or went with him—a wife too, called Philesia." [1] The verb is peculiar—it may imply that she came from Asia; and the noun is odd—*γύναιον*. The word is used in Attic affectionately and contemptuously—in Aristophanes it might be both—"wifie." If she was a foreigner, Xenophon could not have contracted a legal Athenian marriage with her, which might perhaps help to explain why he settled in Corinth after 471. It suggests a question, too, of wide bearing: By what law or laws were those increasingly numerous Greeks married whom we find in every city of the Mediterranean and of the kingdoms of Alexander's successors? Marriage laws must have differed endlessly in the old Greek cities; what form did the general "law of Nature" take in the new foundations?

When we come to Xenophon's sons we seem to be on firmer ground.[2] They were two, and apparently twins, for they were called the Dioscuri.[3] One of them lived to serve and fall in the Athenian ranks at Mantineia in 362. This was Gryllos, and his gallant death and his father's name called attention to him, and Aristotle is quoted as the authority for the fact that very many men wrote encomiums and epitaphs on him—"partly for his father's sake," a clause which it is pleasant to read. The other son, Diodorus, was less distinguished; in later days he had a son called Xenophon whose sole distinction, a slight one, seems to have been that he was prosecuted on some charge or other by somebody.

No one can doubt that Xenophon must have rejoiced in having sons. At all events, no Greek writer, who has reached us, took such trouble or showed such sympathy in drawing

[1] Diogenes Laertius, ii. 6, 8, § 52.

[2] On this, Diogenes Laertius, ii. 6, 8–10, §§ 52–55.

[3] The name Diodorus makes this almost certain—at least for those who know the evidence on twin cults and practices relative to twins, collected by Dr. Rendel Harris.

the character of a natural boy. There is nothing in Greek literature that approaches the boy Cyrus in the first book of the *Cyropaedeia*; the only thing like it is the actual letter of a boy, Theon, found of late years among papyri.[1] Cyrus is drawn as a manly, natural little fellow—full of spirit and observation and friendliness, quite at home with people and modest too—" perhaps he was a bit of a chatterbox," adds Xenophon, and explains that as partly due to his education—for he had to be ready to give a reason for whatever he did—and he was keen on understanding things, and used to ask questions. He was a shrewd little lad, and always ready with an answer. " But all his chattering left the impression not of forwardness, but of simplicity and warm-heartedness, so that one would sooner listen to him than sit and have him silent." The man who wrote that passage evidently loved boys, and as evidently meant to bring Socratic principles into the education of his own.

We are told that Agesilaos suggested he should send his boys to Sparta to be trained,[2] and he clearly liked many features in the Spartan training. The boys grew up manly and modest, they knew how to behave in the streets, their whole deportment spoke of discipline—and it showed that the male sex is as capable as the female, more capable in fact, of sobriety and quietness, for here were boys whom you found more bashful than girls [3]—and yet physically hard and fit—quite unlike the impudent young Athenians whom Isocrates describes.[4] Probably Xenophon had reasons for keeping his boys near him which he did not tell Agesilaos. An exile was always and everywhere an exile; nothing had the stamp of permanence on it in Greece at that time; and as the seaman said to Ischomachus, " You can't go looking for things in a storm." The storm broke in 371, and Xenophon hurried his sons, with a few slaves, off to Lepreon southward, escaping

[1] G. Milligan, *Selections from the Greek Papyri*, No. 42, from Grenfell and Hunt, *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, i. p. 185 f.; and Deissmann, *Light from the Ancient East*.

[2] Plut. *Agesilaus*, 20.

[3] *Lac. Resp.* 3, 4–5.

[4] Isocrates, *Areop.* 48–49. On the other hand, Isocrates notices that the Spartans are so wanting in education and culture (*φιλοσοφίας*) that they do not even learn their letters (*Panath.* 209). The author of *Hippias Major*, 285 C, says not many of them can count, *ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν*.

himself northward to Elis, and joining them at Lepreon as soon as he could; and then, as we saw, they all got off to Corinth.

Discipline, order, and the Socratic method were the foundations of the upbringing his boys had, of that we may be sure—and hunting. Xenophon believed that training is the secret of sound mind and sound body—*ἀσκεῖν* is his word.[1] All that is honourable or good in a man depends on practice—*ἀσκητὰ*—self-control (*σωφροσύνη*) most of all. He believed with Theognis, a rather old-fashioned and aristocratic poet:[2]

> Good from the good thou'lt learn; but comrades base
> What sense thou hast, are certain to efface.

Could courage be taught? Here he falls back on Socrates. Socrates, he says, recognized great differences of natural endowment in regard to courage, but held that here also training tells. The Macedonians a generation later bore down the Greeks—a nation of hunters triumphant over a race of athletes. Xenophon's passion for hunting was no doubt helped by his recognition of the training that hunting in the wild carried with it—observation, patience, cunning, the gift of knowing your quarry and its ways and nature, unflagging energy, and interest always alert. As we have seen, his boys hunted—and "men who wished hunted with them"[3]; one man, for certain, we can guess. "Even when I was a little boy," says Pheraulas, a Persian of the people,[4] "I would snatch up a hunting-knife whenever I saw one; and it was nobody, but just nature, I maintain, that taught me how to hold it. I wasn't taught to do it; they used to try to prevent me; but it was like some other things that nature set me doing, in spite of my father and mother. By Zeus, I used to hack with that knife—everything I could get a chance at. It wasn't merely natural, like walking and running—it was fun, splendid fun I thought it." The parents, of course, were on the side of safety, but one of them had a quiet satisfaction of his own when he caught Gryllos with the hunting-knife; he must put it down, of course; but—he'll make a hunter. And he did. And if, like Pheraulas, the boy had a natural handiness with his fists—they need not always

[1] *Mem.* i. 2, 19, and 23.
[2] Theognis, 35, 36.
[3] *Anab.* v. 3, 10.
[4] *Cyrop.* ii. 3, 7–10.

be used on Diodorus. This seems to be brought out by a chapter in the *Memorabilia*, where two brothers (with twin-like names) disagree, and Socrates talks to one of them about friendship between brothers—you two are like a pair of hands made by God to help each other ; and two brothers are a much more useful pair than a pair of hands or a pair of eyes.[1] Brothers must be special friends. Probably the family knew this story well, and the other story about Socrates teaching his son to be gentle with his mother[2]—" even if her tongue did make you wish yourself dead." Manners, too, were watched—Socrates had spoken of table manners from time to time, of the consideration that is due to others in this matter, of tolerance for bad manners in others, of the art of putting up with things—" just think that you are perhaps harder to please than the slaves." Xenophon, like Alexander after him, was impressed with the manners and breeding of the Persian gentleman, and recommended them with an explicitness that moves a smile.[3] With all this we have to remember that the grave, stately, and strict father, with all his stories of Socrates, could tell other stories — nobody like him — thrilling stories of battle and adventure, such as made Plutarch centuries later say that he all but shows you the actual thing, till you feel you are in the thick of it, your heart beating, sharing the danger, so vivid it all is.[4] And sometimes the tales gleamed with fun, when he told of King Seuthes and his Thracian suppers, or of Cyrus and the butler.

" No," says Ischomachus to Socrates, " I did not begin to teach my wife before I sacrificed and prayed that for me teaching and her taught all might turn out for the best." " And did your wife join with you in these sacrifices and prayers ? " " Why, yes ; she did, with many a prayer to the gods that she might become what she ought to be." [5] These simple sentences show how that piety, shown by Xenophon in every emergency on the march through Asia, finds a place in the more ordinary and everyday affairs of Scillus. The *Memo-*

[1] *Mem.* ii. 3, 1–19. Cf. also *Cyrop.* viii. 7, 14–16.

[2] *Mem.* ii. 2, 1–14.

[3] *Cyrop.* v. 2, 17 ; and viii. 1, 42, on spitting, blowing the nose, staring.

[4] Plut. *Artax.* 8, on Cunaxa.

[5] *Oecon.* 7, 7–8.

rabilia are full of the same thought of the goodness and kindness of the gods and man's duty to wait on them. In Xenophon's story of the greater Cyrus, it has been pointed out, there is no jealous Nemesis waiting to crush greatness because it is great.[1] Cyrus is loyal to heaven, and heaven is loyal to him—that is all. It is a simple faith, and one which has made men great. Xenophon will go to the gods in the great perplexities of the march, and in the little affairs of crops and cattle.[2] He would not have been so hard upon "the noble Hesiod" as some of his fellow-students were, according to Plato in the *Republic*;[3] it would have seemed quite natural to him that bees and sheep and other blessings should be multiplied to the righteous, and he believed he had Socrates with him in this conviction. Shallow natures hold this faith, but they sometimes lose it when Eleians recapture Scillus; deeper ones have held it, too, and not lost it. And when it comes to the last and greatest difficulty of all, "for my part, my sons, I have never yet been persuaded that the soul, so long as it is in a mortal body, lives, and when it leaves it, dies; for I see that it is the presence of the soul within them that makes these mortal bodies live. Nor could anyone ever persuade me that the soul loses sense when it leaves the senseless body; no, but when it is let loose, unmingled and pure, I think it must be then that it reaches its highest wisdom. . . . Even if it is not so, if the soul lingers and dies with the body, yet fear the gods who abide for ever, who see all, whose is all power, who uphold this universe undiminished, ageless, unerring, unspeakable for its beauty and grandeur—fear them and do nothing impious or unholy, no, nor think it. And after the gods, respect mankind, the whole race of men new every generation. . . . I have been a lover of men all my life." So says the dying Cyrus, and the thoughts are Xenophon's.

The Greek household, beside parents and children, contained slaves, and they might be many. We are told that a Spartan friend sent Xenophon a lot of captives from Dardanus, when he was settled at Scillus. Ischomachus accordingly has a good deal to say about them. They shirked, stole, drank, and struck up irregular unions. One of the wife's duties was to see "that the slaves do not breed without our leave," though

[1] Hémardinquer, *La Cyropédie*, 286. [2] *Oecon.* 5, 20. [3] *Rep.* ii. 363A.

Ischomachus (like Aristotle later on) saw that to have children of their own made good slaves more loyal at once.[1] That is his line throughout—treat the slave like a human being, teach him—if you can teach dogs to fetch and carry and turn somersaults, you can teach men and women—trust him and be good to him, and let him see that you are just, and he will be your friend and play fair by you.[2] The same discovery was made by some masters of negroes in the Southern States in days before the war, who said they never had trouble with their negroes, and that they did not run away.[3] Slavery, as Homer and Euripides saw, kills personality, but Ischomachus saw that it paid to keep it alive, even if kindliness were not a motive with him. This gives a strange look to the defence of the eunuch system put into the mouth of the great Cyrus,[4] who in this case for once treats men simply as tools. It is not quite in character, but the passage may be an apology for an Oriental practice, which the Greeks did not like, and which they might think a blot on the hero's nature. The defence fails and rather emphasizes the blot. Ischomachus is a great deal shrewder and more humane.

A large part of the *Oeconomicus* is taken up with farming—clearly a theme in which Xenophon was interested deeply, but here we need not perhaps follow him. It will be more interesting to ask what library he had at Scillus, for it is plain that he read a great deal in his years there and at Corinth—and not merely old books, but new ones. For it has been brought out that he read Plato's dialogues as they appeared; he knew more or less what Antisthenes was doing in books; and he read and studied Isocrates. Isocrates and he had belonged to the same deme, they were about the same age, and they may have known each other as boys. Their tastes were widely different—one can hardly imagine Isocrates hunting or riding over a farm—still less among the Kurds and the snow. But Xenophon, it has been noticed, is curiously susceptible to style, and when Isocrates in 373 struck out a new path in literature with his *Evagoras*, Xenophon realized its significance,

[1] *Oecon.* 9, 5. Cf. Aristotle, *Oecon.* i. 5.
[2] *Oecon.* chapters 12 to 14 generally.
[3] Booker Washington, *Story of the Negro.*
[4] *Cyrop.* vii. 5, 60–65.

and traces of its influence have been noticed in others of his books and not in the *Agesilaos* alone. Of the many books he wrote, constant use has been made in this and the preceding chapters. The fashion in education has taken us elsewhere to-day, not always to our advantage. If what has been written here will send any reader back to Xenophon's own pages, he will find what we have lost by neglecting one of the strongest, sanest, most wholesome, and delightful writers of ancient Greece.

CHAPTER XII

UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?

THERE are points in history where Imagination loves to rest—great battles that alter the face of the world or turn for ever the current of mankind's thinking—great discoveries like those of Columbus and his contemporaries which change every factor in human affairs by bringing in new ones of vaster scope—great men who sum up a nation's life or the spirit of a people and an epoch in themselves, or, by the questions they raise, or the forces of personality which they liberate or evoke, give humanity new outlook and new insight. In the story of the Greek race three moments stand out—one a battle of a few hours fought and won at Salamis, the second the fifteen years of the rule of Pericles, the third the short reign of Alexander—and all of them fall within the brief period of a hundred and sixty years. Pericles and Alexander are names that stand for ideas utterly divergent, and two generations span the interval between the men.

Every age is an age of transition, but somehow in few does the transition seem so swift and so complete as here. We pass to a new world, with wider horizons than men ever dreamed could be. Every value we have learnt in politics, in philosophy, in religion, in everything, is revised, and often, it would seem, inverted. Democracy loses its empire and is relegated, like a disgraced pasha in modern Turkey, to the control of a parish. Monarchy and chivalry are in the ascendant, and never more brilliant. New cities rise, which, without knowing it, negate everything it was supposed a city should be. The great philosophers are still busy with their ideal states, which are now further from realization than the Bird City of Aristophanes; and mankind turns for practical guidance to other teachers who care little for the state and a great deal for the universe and the individual. In religion, disguised mono-

theisms begin to capture the minds of serious men with a new appeal; and the old cults of the city-gods survive for old acquaintance' sake, and interest not the pious but the antiquaries. All this in a century! Sparta launched war upon the Greek world to win the freedom of every Greek town and city; she crushed Athens and carried off a victory she little deserved; and in half a century all Greece is controlled by kings, and all the freedom the cities in general keep is to plan their streets and mismanage their finances. Where the city is built round a fortress, it is a different story, chequered with uneven dashes of freedom and slavery. To this end had *autopolitanism*, if such a word may be developed,—the passionate demand for local independence to the utmost,—brought its votaries.

The war-cry with which a nation embarks upon a war may have little relation to the facts of the world; it may be a mere chimera, a madness—like that "passion" that sent Athens to Sicily—or a fancy fetched from a dead-and-gone past—or a catchword without real meaning but with an appeal, ready and compulsive, for those who do not think. Did Sparta ever mean to make all Greeks "citizens of themselves," every Greek city a law to itself? The smaller cities thought so, hoped so, and fought to win this freedom. But Salamis long before had marked the close of the era in which their fancies lived. Fifty years and more of the rule of Athens, years of progress all over the world, had made impossible such a return to the days before Salamis. New ideals, new necessities, new nations, a new balance of powers had come in, and there could be no going back. The Peloponnesian War altered much and it left problems, the first glance at which would show any thinking man that the war-cry of the victors was a cry for the impossible and the undesirable.

Three things stand out in the situation of the Greek peoples at the end of the Peloponnesian War. First of all, there is the fact perpetually emphasized by the commercial advisers of Athens, that Athens is in the middle of the world. This was true, for the known world, and the civilized world, now extended almost as far to the West, as hitherto to the East and to the South. Eighty years of Athenian trade Westward, forty or fifty years of internal peace in Asia Minor, the unity of the old empires of Mesopotamia and Egypt under the peace-

ful control of Persia, must have added in a degree incalculable to us to the population and the wealth of the whole world, both East and West, but especially Westward. The historians have chronicled the wars for us,—short wars and local wars, though there were too many of them,—but have they emphasized enough the significance to mankind of the cessation of Assyrian raiding, the opening and settlement of the western shores of the Mediterranean, and the steady movements of commerce over a very great sea freer than ever before from pirates and vastly more familiar to mariner and pilot ? The rise of great cities like Syracuse and Carthage, Capua and Massilia, the trading energies of the Carthaginian, the Etruscan, and the Greek on every western shore with a hinterland—everything points to a new Western world that must react on the Aegaean, yes, and on the Euxine, and on the Levant generally. The West grows richer and richer in men and cities, industries, arts, and gold and silver. If there had been no changes whatever in the cities and islands of old Greece and Ionia, the reaction of this great new West must have been felt ; but there were great changes in the ancient homes of the race.

In the next place, it is safe to say that the war left every Greek state (with the exception, perhaps, of Thebes) weaker in many ways. Twenty-seven years taken from industry and given to destruction did not increase the national wealth. The losses of life were enormous, and the loss of energy and hope and spirit in the peoples is hardly to be computed. Sparta, it might be urged, came out of the war stronger—she gained empire and she had amassed stores of gold [1] so great as to make conservative Spartans uneasy. The power of a single Spartan had never been greater.[2] But Sparta had lost men, and there was no way of replacing them—she could not and she would not adopt citizens as other states did, not even from among her subject neighbours the Perioeci. There was no Apollodorus class in Lacedaemon. Nor did the captured gold in the long run add to her strength—it was unremunerative ; it developed no industry, no commerce. From this

[1] Cf. [Plato] *Alcib.* I. 122 E ; *Hippias Major*, 283 D ; Xen. *Lac. Rep.* 14, 3, Spartans once forbidden to own gold, now swaggering over it ; Poseidonios, *Frag.* 41, *ap.* Athenaeus, vi. 233 F ; Plut. *Lysander*, 18.

[2] Cf. Isocrates, *Archid.* 52, and *Paneg.* 111 ; and Xen. *Anab.* vi. 6, 12.

time we may date the rise of the heiress, a new figure in Spartan life, who, as later observers noticed,[1] weakened the state ; for properties became massed in feminine hands, and Spartan men lost their national status through want of even the little needed to maintain their " contributions."

Poverty, as we are now learning to see, was always a near neighbour in a Greek state—poverty that very quickly reached the verge of endurance and then took on the most horrible guise. We know in various ways how it reached Sparta, and Isocrates reiterates with emphasis its pressure on Greek life generally.[2] It was poverty, he insists, that drove men abroad in shoals to find a living in military service with the foreigner, even with the barbarian. Lysias and Aristophanes are witnesses, as we have seen, to the penury of Athens, of the treasury, and the individual. Two men stand out as advocates of the plan that was to solve many of the difficulties of poverty, but it was not till half-Hellenized kings replaced oligarchies and democracies that the colonial proposals of Xenophon and Isocrates were put into action, and with success. But, in the meantime, no state would attempt such a plan—perhaps even the means to initiate it were wanting. Xenophon's Ten Thousand would rather kill him than settle at the back of beyond, Heaven knows where, at the far end of the Euxine. Alexander planted his men on the Jaxartes and at the foot of Hindu Kush, and there they had to stay.

Thirdly, the war had not made relations between Greek states any easier. Even the allies of Sparta soon felt they had helped to win her too complete a victory. Yet co-operation was more than ever needed, for each state and every state was relatively smaller and weaker in a world of larger populations and greater wealth. The most serious call to some kind of united action was the awakening of Persia, which after forty years of inaction, content with an agreement with Athens, had once more intruded into Greek politics with a policy that seemed, like many things Persian, shifting and uncertain, but was in fact successful in bringing all the Greeks together " to

[1] Aristotle (*Pol.* ii. 9, 14–15, 1270 *a*) says nearly two-fifths of the country are held by women.

[2] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 168, 174 ; *Archid.* 64–68 ; *Letter to Archidamos*, 8.

the gates of the King."[1] So we find a weakened Greece struggling with poverty at home and face to face abroad, East and West, with Oriental powers conscious of new opportunities for the subjection of the Hellenic world.

These are the great factors always present in the period from 404 to 359—the growth of the nations in population and wealth, the decline of Greece in both, and the heightened impossibility of concerted Greek action. The promised goal of autonomy for every town was by now an absurdity ; it was still talked of, it was put into practice, but never for any other purpose than to weaken a rival power. The real guiding principles of the age are to be looked for elsewhere. Three types of government with more than a small local outlook are to be recognized. There is, of course, the Empire or Hegemony of a Greek city-state. Sparta took it over from Athens at the end of the war, and managed it very badly—with an amount of oppression and exasperation for everybody that soon made enemies of all her allies. Athens tried to revive the glories of her old Confederacy with some accommodation to the newer ideas of the period. And then Thebes broke for ever the power of Sparta, and introduced fresh elements of confusion everywhere. One aspect of the work of Thebes comes pleasantly to the modern student. Whatever her motive—and it was frankly the crippling of Sparta—she gave freedom to two oppressed nationalities of the Peloponnese, the Arcadians, and the Messenians. These liberated races give us two striking examples of another type of government, which was now beginning to be tried in a quiet way in a good many corners of Greece, and which had a great future—Federalism. But so far the federal governments of Greece were weak, and the system had a rival in a new variety of monarchy. All round the Greek world we find kingdoms springing up, with a good deal of actual power and the promise of more. The coming of the Prince is heralded throughout the whole period ; and with Philip he came—to rule till 1776. It is surprising to a reader who knows the fifth-century literature to find how monarchical the fourth century, apart from the popular orators, has become. Away from the *bema* no one seems to have had much enthusiasm for Democracy, and

[1] Polybius, vi. 49.

perhaps even in an Athenian assembly the Funeral Speech of Pericles would by now have been impossible.

The problem was one of leadership. The city-state failed to retain the hegemony of the Greek world; the federal league hardly attempted it; and before Philip princely government had not so wide an outlook. But whatever the power was to be that should unite the world, certain qualifications, it was growingly clear, were necessary. First of all, the dominant power must have a strong hold upon the tools of war. War was growing to be every year more of a specialist's business. The fifth century hardly saw a successful siege of a town of any dimensions; Sparta notoriously never attempted it. But in the fourth century the siege is a great feature of war,[1] and siege engines come in. National levies in the older Greece are disliked, and war is carried on by mercenaries. In the fifth century even Archidamos, king of Sparta, is represented by Thucydides as saying that war is not so much an affair of arms as of finance[2]—a saying borne out by the course of the Peloponnesian War, in which victory was to fall to the power that could longest keep up the rebuilding of lost fleets, and, till Persia stepped in, that power was Athens, and afterwards it was Sparta.[3] In the fourth century war cost still more money[4]—especially as the range widened over which it might be carried on. It was in Sicily that the new features of war first showed themselves, and Sicily saw the first successful Greek prince emerge from the new conditions. But the great money power of the world was still Persia. As early as 380 Isocrates laments that the King uses Greek troops against Evagoras.[5] A few years later his friend, the Athenian general, Timotheos, entered the King's service, but this was hardly unfitting for the son of Conon.

[1] The reader of Arrian's *Anabasis of Alexander* will want no references for this statement.

[2] Thuc. i. 83, 2.

[3] There is a good remark in Plutarch's *Alcib.* 35, on the difficulties of a general contending against people with the Great King as χορηγός. This is just, even if the King was as slack as the author of *Hellenica Oxyrhynchia* says (14, 2).

[4] Isocrates (*Evag.* 60) says Artaxerxes spent 15,000 talents on his war against Evagoras. His satraps may have had some of it.

[5] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 135.

No one could compete in wealth with the King of Persia, and whatever was to be bought, he could buy—ships, soldiers, politicians.

But as important as wealth for the hegemony of the Greek world was some clear, strong, and wide outlook in the ruler, whether demos, or council, or prince. Whoever was to rule must have enough political intelligence and insight to realize the unity of the world and the other new elements in the situation before him. Most men are limited in outlook and intelligence ; the Greeks were becoming very limited—a Nemesis not unfamiliar among the sons of great or successful parents. The time comes when political contrivances, that have been necessary and inevitable in their day, are outworn and grow dangerous. State sovereignty made the United States of America possible ; to-day few foreigners who watch its operations would say that it could not be greatly reduced with advantage.[1] The Greek's local attachments stood in the way of his sympathies and his power of grasping a world-situation.

In the third place, the future ruler must be able to secure that mankind should not recede in culture and civilization. He must have an intelligent feeling for the great achievements of Greek genius. Pericles was right ; Athens had been, and was, an education of mankind, and he who was to rule and guide mankind must be trustee for this splendid heritage. Such a task meant some depth of nature, a capacity not quickly found in Spartan, Theban, or Roman.

The fourth qualification for the new ruler—perhaps the hardest to find—was some power of enlisting the ruled, of winning at least their consent if not their co-operation. The Greek race, said Aristotle, lying between Europe and Asia, and sharing the spiritual gifts of both, " if it could be formed into one state, would be able to rule the world." [2] The first thing on which Isocrates insists, if Athens in 380, or if Philip

[1] Immigration from Europe into the Eastern States, and the settlement by colonists from them of the Western States, together with the relegation of slavery to the past, have dimmed the old traditions and associations that made State right a passion.

[2] Aristotle, *Pol.* vii. 7, 3, 1327 *b*. Thucydides had made a similar remark about the Scythians (ii. 97).

in 346, can be induced to lead a crusade against Persia, is the reconciliation of the Greek world within itself—and "by now," he says in 346, "I know they are levelled down together by misfortunes, and will choose the advantages of concord," and Philip can manage it, he alone.[1]

The difficulties to be overcome were obvious. Greece was doubly disintegrated—"We quarrel about the Cyclades, and abandon all those Greek cities of Asia, all those resources, to the King."[2] No Greek city-state could long trust its neighbour—no, nor by now its citizens. Faction and fury had always marked Greek politics, but they had at least implied a certain patriotism; now, the citizens simply went away and settled where business took them, or enlisted by the thousand under the Persian—satrap, prince, or King. In a sense, it was an armed particularism, too; for the land was studded with rock-fortresses, here an Acropolis, there an Acrocorinthus, a Cadmeia, which gave the cities a military significance, useless in offensive warfare, fatally effective in defensive; and where mercenary soldiers were everywhere available, even a small town could be amazingly strong just for the short time that might be critical.[3] Pharnabazos rebuilt the Long Walls of Athens, because he saw that a fortress in Attica linked with the sea would be irreducible by the Spartans for ever, unless he gave them a fleet, which he did not mean to do, and thus their hegemony would be so shaken as to be ineffective except for Persian purposes. He was right.[4] "There is nothing easier for the Persian," says Isocrates, "than to find means to keep us from ever leaving off to fight against one another. . . . It is perfectly plain and easy; it is impossible ever to have a secure peace unless we join in a common war against the barbarians, impossible for the Greeks to be of one mind till we draw our advantages from the same sources and take our risks against the same people."[5] The last sentence is not obscure to anyone who

[1] Isocrates, *Philip*, 40, 41. [2] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 136.

[3] Cf. the advice given by Conon to Pharnabazos about the island and sea-board cities in 393 (Xen. *Hellenica*, iv. 8, 2).

[4] Xen. *Hellenica*, iv. 8, 9.

[5] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 134, 173. Cf. *Panath.* 160, with its picture of separate Greek embassies at Susa intriguing against each other.

remembers the thirty thousand archers that drove Agesilaos out of Asia.[1] If this pleasantry about the coinage served to salve Spartan pride, it reveals at once the strength of the Persian King and the weakness of Sparta. No Greek power controlled so many "archers," and no Greek state could resist them.

But if these were the obstacles to Greek union, other things, as we have seen, worked for it. Culture, it was more and more felt, had no provincialisms. The Greek name was less a sign of blood than of mind; it belonged to those who thought and felt in the Greek way—a universal term for the highest humanity.[2] Commerce, too, even if the cultured despised it, was another bond of union, fusing races in every port of the Mediterranean already, as it was to do on a larger scale in Alexandria and Antioch. There was clearly, too, a sense widely prevalent that the old city-state ideals had failed—a feeling that they were hardly worth contending for; the career of Demosthenes is a witness to this, for his whole life was a protest against it. And there was a nobler sense, too, that Greeks were Greeks. War between Greeks, Plato taught,[3] was unnatural—it was madness and folly, said Isocrates;[4] and Aristophanes had said so before either of them.[5]

It was for freedom that the Greek world had fought; and it was believed at the moment that the day, which saw the returned exiles level the Long Walls of Athens to the music of flute-girls, was to be the First Day of Greek Freedom. The first question now was, whether freedom and Spartan hegemony were compatible.

Our chief authorities for this period are Xenophon and Isocrates. It is freely made a matter of reproach against Xenophon that he was a friend of Sparta—Freeman hurls "renegade" at him whenever it comes into his head; renegade he was not, but up to a certain point he did admire Sparta and her institutions and some of her men. This admiration makes his story more significant; and his long residence in the Peloponnese, not far from a sanctuary of truce, his intimacy

[1] Plut. *Artax.* 20. Cf. p. 223.
[2] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 50.
[3] Plato, *Rep.* v. 470.
[4] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 133 f.
[5] Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*, 1128 f.

with Spartan leaders, and his exclusion in large measure from Athenian sources of information, all contribute to bring into his pages a fullness and freshness of detail about Peloponnesian matters that we find nowhere else. Much that he tells of Elis, let us say, or Phleious or Sicyon, is perhaps in itself of little significance in the world's history; these were small and unimportant places, but they stood in close relations with a great power, and everything that illuminates Sparta's methods at this period is of value to the historian who wishes to understand the world's course. The fact also holds good here too, that whenever Xenophon has a real story to tell, it is always interesting; and here, as in other parts of his writings, he takes us on to ground untrodden by the Athenians and their friends.

Sparta, it is generally recognized, had become under the Lycurgean system essentially an armed camp. Her constant peril was, as we have seen, the Helot population, and most of her institutions were designed to safeguard her in this quarter.[1] Apart from Tarentum, the story of whose founding is very obscure, Sparta had no colonies. All her expansion had been at the cost of her neighbours, adding field to field,[2] everything as it were within a ring fence, and that very carefully guarded. Foreign influences, ideas of freedom, should not reach the Helots; there was no Messenian nation. Outside her actual domain Sparta was faced with difficulties in the Peloponnese itself. She could not keep out liberal ideas, democracy, and the love of freedom; and several communities of the Peloponnese were conspicuously democratic in sentiment and government—Argos, Mantineia, and Elis, while even in more loyal and friendly states the poison worked, as the story of Sicyon shows.[3] Quite apart from the danger this meant among the Helots, it bore upon Sparta's hegemony of the world. For, when she led her troops out, it was usually by one road—over the mountains northward into Arcadia, past Tegea, Mantineia, and Orchomenos, and then round eastward past Phleious to the Isthmus of Corinth. The early relations of Sparta

[1] Thuc. iv. 80.

[2] On the large holdings of land by Spartiates, see Isocrates, *Panath.* 179, beyond what any other Greeks hold.

[3] Sicyon, Xen. *Hellenica*, vii. 1, 44–46.

with Tegea are described by Herodotus,[1] in some very interesting chapters. The great Democratic alliance engineered by Alcibiades after the Peace of Nicias is set forth by Thucydides. It was a failure, and collapsed as a result of one of the many battles of Mantineia ; but Sparta remembered it, for she had a long memory and never let anything slip, even if she had to wait.

In the forty years now under survey Sparta was twice in a position of triumph and power which left her her hands free to improve her arrangements at home. The victory of 404 was followed by the resolve to " discipline " Elis. The land was ravaged more than once, till the drunken democrat leader Thrasydaios sobered down and accepted Sparta's terms. The fortifications of Phea and Cyllene were dismantled, and autonomy was given to all the communes and townships ; the temple of Olympian Zeus was left to the men of Elis, and peace and an alliance established.[2] Autonomy once more is the watchword, but once more it is the watchword with the qualification familiar to us in Thucydides—" conveniently for the Spartans." [3] Involved in the story is a sub-plot ; Xenias, who was said to measure his father's money by the bushel, conceived the hope of an agreement with Sparta, and with his friends set about a massacre of the democrat party, and killed a man very like Thrasydaios. But that hero was elsewhere drunk, asleep, and safe. His partisans found him, swarmed about him " like bees round a queen," and the tide turned, and the oligarchic faction had to fly to the Spartans. It is likely enough that, after Thrasydaios had negotiated his peace, they came back and drove him out. It is interesting to note in passing the frequent imputation at this period of drunkenness to democrat leaders ; Cleophon addressed the Ecclesia drunk, we are told,[4] and Isocrates suggests that in Athens a drunkard always seems a more loyal democrat than a man who does not get tipsy.[5] It looks very like mere oligarchic slander—the only way in which some people could account for democratic principles by now. They make no such allegations as to the leaders in old days.

[1] Herodotus, i. 65–68.
[2] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 2, 21–31.
[3] Thuc. i. 144, τοῖς Λακεδαιμονίοις ἐπιτηδείως αὐτονομεῖσθαι.
[4] Ἀθηναίων Πολιτεία, 34, 3.
[5] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 13.

Again, in 386 the Peace of Antalkidas gave Sparta a fresh triumph over foes abroad and freedom to look nearer home. They sent orders to the Mantineians to take down their walls—otherwise they would look on them as enemies, for they had noticed a good deal that was suspicious, viz. grain exports to Argos, a refusal of military service on the pretext of some sacred truce or other, and, in short, a general envy of Sparta, and pleasure in her misfortunes.[1] Not unnaturally the demand was refused, and a siege followed, one of the few in which Spartans were successful. They dammed up the river which flowed through the city, just where it left the walls ; the town was flooded, and its foundations began to give way. The terms of surrender were stiffened by the new demand that the city should be broken up into villages. The old exiled Spartan king, Pausanias, who lived there, interceded with his son and successor for the friends of Argos, who were allowed to go with their lives. But " the walls were destroyed and Mantineia distributed into four villages as of old. At first they were annoyed at having to leave their houses and build other ones ; but when the people of substance found themselves living nearer their farms among the villages and in enjoyment of aristocratic government, and rid of the wearisome demagogues, they began to be pleased." [2] The Spartans sent to each of these villages a *xenagos*, a military officer to levy contingents, which were raised far more readily, Xenophon says, under the new system than under the democracy. This was " autonomy convenient to the Spartans." Isocrates, writing shortly after the event, puts it differently—" When the peace was made, they destroyed the city of the Mantineians " ; [3] and looking back at it in after years (355) he sums up the story and points to the results—" they abused the Peloponnese and filled it with revolutions and wars. What city was there which they did not attack ? "—Elis, Corinth, Mantineia, he runs over, Phleious and Argos—" they never left

[1] Xen. *Hellenica*, v. 2, 1–2.

[2] Xen. *Hellenica*, v. 2, 7. How ready they were to be done with the village system and to rebuild their walls in 371, in spite of the friendly suggestions of Agesilaos to delay, he tells in a more convincing section (vi. 5, 3–5).

[3] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 126.

off ill-treating the rest and preparing for themselves the defeat at Leuctra. Some say that defeat was the cause of Sparta's trouble ; they are wrong. It was not because of Leuctra that their allies hated them, it was the outrages of the years before it that brought Leuctra upon them." [1]

How men felt about the Spartans in the Peloponnese is brought out by Xenophon's story of the plot of Kinadon, a disfranchised Spartiate (about 398–397).[2] " He took me," said the informer, " to the edge of the market-place and told me to count how many Spartiates were in the market. I counted—king, ephors, gerusia, and others, about forty. Why did you tell me to count them, Kinadon ? said I. And he answered : These reckon as your enemies, and the rest—all the rest, four thousand and more—your allies ; " and the same on country roads and on the farms—one Spartiate, one enemy, and everybody else an ally—helots, neodamodes, inferiors, and perioeci ; [3] " for wherever among these there was talk at all about Spartiates, not a man of them could conceal that he would like to eat them raw "—the old proverbial Greek phrase with which Zeus twitted Hera about the Trojans. So much for Spartan rule at home and in the Peloponnese.

With these principles and no more faculty than this for winning the consent of the ruled, Sparta undertook to rule the Greek world at large. Empire of the sea, says Isocrates, playing on the word ἀρχή, was to them the beginning of misfortunes ; they found power a very *hetaira*, charming and ruinous.[4] The war, as said above, had left Sparta weakened, and her government, as Polybius pointed out, had never been designed for empire abroad. " As long," he says,[5] " as their ambition was confined to governing their immediate neighbours, or even the Peloponnesians only, they could manage with the resources and supplies of Laconia itself, having all the material of war ready to hand, and being able without much expenditure of time to return home or convey provisions with them. But directly they took in hand to dispatch naval ex-

[1] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 99, 100. [2] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 3, 4–11.

[3] Perioecic towns, says Isocrates (*Panath.* 179), are called *poleis*, but in reality have less power than Athenian *demes*.

[4] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 101, 103. So too Polybius, vi. 50.

[5] Polybius, vi. 49 (Shuckburgh's translation, slightly altered).

peditions, or to go on campaigns on land outside the Peloponnese, it was evident that neither their iron currency, nor their use of crops for payment in kind, would be able to supply them with what they lacked if they abode by the legislation of Lycurgus; for such undertakings required as well a currency universally accepted and goods from abroad. So they were compelled to go to the gates of the Persians, to lay tribute on the islanders, and exact silver from all the Greeks." Between 404 and 393 Sparta saw her navy decline—it had been built with Persian gold, for Persia's purposes; Persia wanted it no more, and a Persian fleet under Conon destroyed it.

Another fatal weakness of the system of Lycurgus was that it bred nothing but soldiers. The Spartan harmost, of whom Lysander himself said that he did not understand how to rule freemen, was a typical product of Spartan education —simply unintelligent of everything, as incapable as a Turk of comprehending how the minds of men move or that they do move at all. A city, Aristotle said,[1] must have quality and quantity—" by quality I mean freedom, wealth, education, good birth; by quantity, superiority of numbers." Sparta failed in both directions—she had not the training, the quickness and variety of mind that free institutions alone can give, any more than she had wealth or numbers. Every Greek dreaded the Spartan; none liked him. What Kinadon had pointed out to the conspirator in the Spartan market, held all over the world. Only those stuck to her who could by her means alone enjoy the tyrannical rule of a clique over their fellow-citizens; and these " decarchies " of Lysander notoriously shattered what goodwill Sparta had won by ending the Athenian Empire.[2]

Yet another source of weakness for Sparta was a want of clear policy regarding her Empire. Athens with a negligible minority had had a consistent plan in dealing with her allies and dependants—as consistent as the changing face of human things will allow—a plan that developed, but in a way that could be foreseen. Sparta was the prey of parties. Lysander played for his own hand; King Pausanias countered him when he could—generally for the good of Greece; boards of

[1] Aristotle, *Pol.* iv. 12, 1, 1296 *b*.

[2] On the decarchies, see Isocrates, *Paneg.* 110–114.

ephors seem to have come and gone, watching, supporting, or checking king and general as they chose; and meanwhile there were plots and counterplots—"it is said," reports Aristotle, "that at Sparta Lysander attempted to overthrow the monarchy, and King Pausanias the ephoralty."[1] Lysander saw Sparta renounce his scheme of decarchies, and Pausanias was finally exiled—nominally for failing to rescue Lysander's dead body without a truce.[2] Sparta at last got a real head in Agesilaos, but not a good one.

Ten years of Spartan supremacy saw Corinth and Thebes united with Athens against her. Representatives of these cities had wished in 404 to destroy Athens altogether—a few years showed them how needful she was. The movement which drew the cities together against Sparta reached its height, when the quarrel between Sparta and Persia became open and obvious. The Persian King had genuine grievances. Persian subsidies had carried Sparta through the latter half of the Peloponnesian War to her victory; and then, in the civil war between the princes, Sparta had countenanced and supported the one who fell, the usurper. In a series of bargains made at Miletus in the years 412–411, Sparta had with some haggling virtually abandoned the Greeks of Asia Minor to Persia.[3] So long as Cyrus was in control of Persian policy in the West and in friendly relations with Sparta through Lysander, no question had arisen; Lysander had organized his decarchies in the cities, and Cyrus tolerated it. But when Cyrus had fallen, the Asiatic Greeks were assigned to Tissaphernes, who had negotiated the third treaty of Miletus. It has been suggested[4] that the cities were still held by oligarchies friendly to Sparta; which meant some understanding between the democratic parties and Persia—the victory of democrat or of Persian would be a triumph for both, and equally a blow to Sparta. That Sparta realized this and began to trim, seems to follow from Xenophon's statement that the ephors abolished

[1] Aristotle, *Pol.* v. 1, 10, 1301 *b*.

[2] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 5, 25. For Pausanias' literary occupations in exile, see a damaged passage in Strabo, c. 366. See also Pausanias, iii. 5, 1–6.

[3] The three treaties are in Thuc. viii. 18, 37, 58.

[4] By Eduard Meyer, *Theopomps Hellenika*, p. 113.

the decarchies. But now Tissaphernes moved, and the oligarchs of her own creation appealed to Sparta for protection against the Persians to whom Sparta had ceded them by a treaty which was the basis of her present position of power. It was an awkward situation. Sparta tried to meet it by an embassy "forbidding" Tissaphernes to take active steps against the cities. But the satrap could read the situation too, and he replied by besieging Cyme. Sparta could do nothing now but make war—not on the King, but on Tissaphernes. The loose texture of the Persian Empire saved such a distinction from absurdity.

The Spartan war on Persia achieved the restoration of Athens. Pharnabazos, a more active spirit than Tissaphernes, went up to Susa and got the easy-going King interested in the project of a fleet. It may be that the Spartan government had some wind of this, before the Syracusan Herodas brought Greece news of the three hundred Persian ships preparing.[1] At all events, they told Thibron, their commander, to attempt Caria, the possession of which would have controlled any Persian attack in Aegaean waters.[2] But neither Thibron nor his successors were in a position to do anything effective. The country was enormous, and they lacked cavalry; and the enemy avoided general actions. The two satraps were rivals, and neither of them was very sorry to see the other occupied with the Greek marauders. But the manœuvre, by which Tissaphernes headed Derkylidas into the satrapy of Pharnabazos, converted the "war against Tissaphernes" into open war with Persia.[3] Derkylidas maintained himself, moved about, and had some successes. He, too, was told to attempt Caria, but the two satraps met him and began negotiations, which had to receive the sanction of the King and of Sparta. In reality, these negotiations could not have been meant to achieve anything, but Pharnabazos needed time to get his fleet in order.[4]

Then came the definite news in 396 that Persia was really preparing a fleet, and it waked anxiety in Sparta. Lysander, however, remembered the successful return of the Ten Thou-

[1] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 4, 1. [2] Meyer, *Theopomps Hellenika*, p. 9.
[3] Judeich, *Kleinas. Stud.* p. 45.
[4] Xen. *Hellenica*, ii. 2, 18–20, and Judeich, *op. cit.* p. 52. See also Isocrates, *Paneg.* 142.

sand, and reckoned that the Greeks had fleet enough to face the Persian navy. The result was the invasion of Asia by Agesilaos.[1]

It seems quite clear that Agesilaos crossed the Aegaean with the very largest intentions—" he had great hopes that he would take the King." [2] An earlier king of Sparta, who was reckoned mad, had declined such a venture ; [3] but there were still in Asia the Greek mercenaries who had gone to the King's very gates and had all but taken the King ; why should they not go up again and do it ? [4] Agesilaos revealed to Tissaphernes another object—the autonomy (much-used word) of the Greek cities in Asia, and they made another truce, to see what the King would say.[5] But the solemn sacrifice, which Agesilaos had wanted to perform in the style of Agamemnon at Aulis, surely suggested a larger purpose [6]— Agamemnon had not been content to make truces to see if Priam would allow a few towns to govern themselves. No, the Greek world took the great venture seriously. Jason, according to Polydamas in Xenophon, said he thought the Great King would be easier to conquer than Greece, and added that he remembered that the Great King had been reduced to dreadful straits (*εἰς πᾶν ἀφίκετο*) by Agesilaos.[7] Isocrates believed the thing could be done—and for years urged it upon his countrymen, and then on Philip ; the only reason he saw for the failure of Agesilaos was that the Spartan had *two* aims, the reduction of the King and the restoration of friends of his own to cities which had exiled them,[8] and the latter purpose involved so much trouble and confusion that there was no chance of doing anything against the barbarian.[9] In other words, Sparta had lost the goodwill of Greece. Agesilaos himself explained his retreat, as we have seen, by the thirty thousand " archers " sent to Greece.[10]

[1] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 4, 2.
[2] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 5, 1.
[3] Cleomenes, Herodotus, v. 49 ff.
[4] Xen. *Hellenica*, iv. 1, 41.
[5] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 4, 5–6.
[6] Xen. *Hellenica*, iii. 4, 3–4 ; his anger with the Boeotarchs who stopped it.
[7] Xen. *Hellenica*, vi. 1, 12.
[8] A curious but illuminating commentary on the Spartan demand for the autonomy of the cities.
[9] Isocrates, *Philip*, 87.
[10] Plut. *Agesilaos*, 20.

This subsidy has been put in a very odious light by Xenophon as virtually a bribe. The unknown contemporary historian, whose fragments were found at Oxyrhynchos, maintains that the gold was not the cause of the war, though some say so, not knowing that all the men concerned had been at enmity for a long while with the Spartans, and were on the look-out for some means of bringing on war.[1] War, as we have seen, was more and more a matter of finance, and this subsidy sent by Tithraustes made it possible for the Spartans to be embroiled in Europe, while the Persian fleet under Conon really got to work after its many hindrances. And so it fell out. Agesilaos was recalled. Conon won the battle of Cnidos, and the Athenian Long Walls rose again. The old idea of Tissaphernes had prevailed in the hands of his rival—to keep the Greek powers level and balanced.[2]

Let us sum up what this war between Sparta and Persia has brought out. Persia has won the victory by successful use of the Spartan engine—the appeal to particularism. Greece is divided by Persia, and Persia triumphs, just as Sparta divides and triumphs over the Peloponnese; and another instance is added to the list of those who urge Greece to union by showing her what she suffers from division. For the moment it is the triumph of Persia and of particularism. But some prophetic hints of the future appear. The plan of a bold, strong blow at the heart of Persia was formed and was tried. It failed, but it was remembered and quoted, and it would be tried again. And through the failure and the confusion we get a gleam of a prince and a hero. Agesilaos was not a very great man; he was a hard, narrow, cunning, capable Spartan with no great gifts, no real statesmanship, no moral depth, only the near outlook of an old-time Spartan king—not a great soldier even—a politician of energy and ambition on old lines and a low plane; yet he captured the interest of Xenophon, for there was something of a man about him, something soldierly, something of a prince, and his career seemed to show that some day a prince might achieve a final victory over Persia.

[1] *Hellenica Oxyrhynchia*, 2, 1, 2; col. i., ii. He declines into the suggestion that the politicians had an interest in a state of war existing.

[2] Thuc. viii. 57, *ἐβούλετο ἐπανισοῦν*. See Chapter VII. p. 226.

In spite of some victorious battles, the next few years were a time of difficulty for Sparta, till in 387 her envoy, Antalkidas, came down from Susa with a new and final instrument for the humiliation of the Greeks—that " King's Peace " which was made in the spring of 386. The words of this document deserve quotation. " King Artaxerxes thinks it just that the cities in Asia shall be his, and of the islands Clazomenai and Cyprus. All the other Greek cities, little and great, he allows to be autonomous, except Lemnos and Imbros and Scyros, and these as of old shall belong to the Athenians. And whichever party does not accept this peace, on them I will make war with those who agree to it, both on land and on sea, with ships and with money." [1]

The peace is a landmark in Greek history. That it proclaimed from the house-tops the bankruptcy of the city-state, while by a peculiar irony of fate it made the autonomy of all Greek cities the fundamental article of the settlement, is the striking verdict of a Canadian scholar.[2] And for years the Spartans lorded it over Greece as the champions and representatives of the King's Peace. What the Greeks thought of it we can read in the *Panegyric* of Isocrates written at or about the time—in Polybius—in Plutarch. Once, says Isocrates,[3] Athens was leader of Greece, and drove the Persian off the sea and off the Aegaean coast ; " but *now* it is *he* who manages Greek affairs, gives his orders as to what is to be done, and all but appoints quarter-masters in the cities. . . . Is he not arbiter of war ? manager of peace ? . . . do we not go sailing away to him, as to a master, to tell tales of one another ? and call him Great King as if we were his captives ? " " In that peace of Antalkidas," wrote Polybius,[4] the Spartans " sold and betrayed the Greek cities to get money to procure themselves lordship over the Greeks." " A peace, if we can call that peace," says Plutarch,[5] " which was an outrage, a betrayal of Greece ; no war ever brought an end laden with more dishonour to the vanquished." Antalkidas, he says, using a favourite phrase from Herodotus, " danced away Leonidas and Callicratidas up there among the Persians " ; " the glory

[1] Xen. *Hellenica*, v. 1, 31.
[2] W. S. Ferguson, *Hellenistic Athens*, p. 6.
[3] *Paneg.* 120, 121. [4] Polybius, vi. 49. [5] Plut. *Artax.* 21, 22.

of Sparta perished before Leuctra." It was Athens, says Beloch, who had brought in the barbarian, meaning in 393; it would be more just to say Sparta in 408. If it is urged in reply to this charge of the betrayal of Greece that the fifty years between the return of Antalkidas from Susa and the succession of Alexander to the throne of Macedon saw a wide diffusion of Greek influence in Asia Minor,[1] this was, no doubt, a great gain to mankind in the long run; but we may remember that, when Callias negotiated his far more honourable agreement at Susa, in the days of Pericles and of the Athenian Empire, the Greek cities of the coast were reunited to their hinterland, and the penetration of Asia by Greek ideas began again, and no shame went with it. The "King's Peace" humiliated Greece.

Meanwhile the Peace promised Sparta the aid of Persia in applying her Peloponnesian methods on a wider scale. Every one who wished to disorganize and divide Greece turned naturally to her. Acanthus invoked her against the rising confederacy of Olynthos, and with the aid of Amyntas of Macedon she effected its disruption and the ruin of the cities —destroying Greek life and opening the door to Amyntas' successor, in her jealousy of anything like union among Greeks. Polydamas of Pharsalos invited her to destroy the power which Jason was consolidating, but in this instance Sparta declined to intervene—in view of all she was doing,[2] but she encouraged Polydamas to do his best. Elsewhere there was even a new violence in Spartan procedure — the successful seizure of the Cadmeia, the attempt to seize the Peiraieus, had little excuse even in the lax morality of Greek politics. But the comment of Agesilaos makes all other needless. There was some indignation in Sparta against Phoebidas for seizing the Cadmeia; but, said Agesilaos, "if he had done what was harmful to Sparta, he deserved to be punished; but if what was to her advantage—well, there was an ancient custom that permitted such experiments." [3]

[1] Chapter VII. p. 220.

[2] It is also possible that Jason's power, being more consolidated than that of a group of federated cities, would have been more difficult to deal with—none of the fissures in it that every Greek union displayed.

[3] Xen. *Hellenica*, v. 2, 32, *τὰ τοιαῦτα αὐτοσχεδιάζειν*.

The attitude of Sparta to every other Greek state hopelessly wrecked any chance she might have had of an effective headship of Greece. The victory of Cnidos in 394 was popular, and seemed to mark an epoch ; Theopompus, the historian, made it the term of his work which concluded the history of Thucydides.[1] It was the end of Spartan rule of the sea, and Conon and Pharnabazos " went sailing round among the islands and the towns on the seaboard, driving out the Laconian harmosts, and encouraging the cities with the promise that they would not fortify their citadels, but would leave them autonomous "[2] — and, as the case of Rhodes suggests, democracies.[3] Some of the cities, Diodorus says, kept their freedom and some joined Conon.[4] " He was the first," says Demosthenes, " to give the city something to say about hegemony to the Spartans,"[5] and he quotes the phrase from the inscription set upon Conon's honour to the effect that " he set free the allies of the Athenians." It is a fine phrase—strikingly like that coined in 404 when the Athenian walls were demolished on the First Day of Freedom. Once more the delusive words—Freedom and Autonomy.

From now onward Athens began to hold her own and to re-gather allies—Mitylene, Byzantium, Chios. An Athenian inscription,[6] pieced together out of fragments, commemorates the treaty with Chios—making " the Chians allies for (ἐπ')[7] freedom and autonomy " ; " if any attack the Athenians, the Chians shall lend aid to the utmost of their power ; and if any attack the Chians, the Athenians shall lend aid to the utmost of their power " ; and " the alliance shall be for all time." The treaty lays down significantly that they " shall keep the peace and the friendship and the oaths and the existing agreement, which the King swore and the Athenians and the Spartans and the rest of the Greeks."

In the winter of 379–378 the Thebans managed to get the Spartans out of their Cadmeia.[8] Some little time later,

[1] Diodorus, xiv. 84.
[2] Xen. *Hellenica*, iv. 8, 1.
[3] *Hellenica Oxyrhynchia*, c. 10; E. Meyer, *Theopomps Hellenika*, p. 75.
[4] Diodorus, xiv. 84.
[5] Demosthenes, *Lept.* 68.
[6] Hicks and Hill, No. 98.
[7] Or " on the basis of."
[8] Xen. *Hellenica*, v. 4, 2–12 ; and Plut. *Pelopidas*.

Sphodrias, a Spartan commander, raided the Peiraieus. He was tried for this at Sparta—and acquitted through the intervention of Agesilaos; he was guilty of wrongdoing, the king admitted, but his career had been that of a loyal Spartan, and it was hard to kill such a man—Sparta needed soldiers of his stamp.[1] The two events threw Athens and Thebes together, and next year a great forward step was taken—a reconstitution of the Confederacy of Delos. For two or three years a "speech" of Isocrates had been before the world, the pamphlet *Panegyricos*, his masterpiece which "cheapened every other teacher of philosophy."[2] The orator was the close friend of Timotheos, the son of Conon, and it has been supposed that the programme set forward was not conceived without some understanding with the leading spirits of Athens.[3] Briefly its proposals are the union of Greece, a crusade against Persia, and all by the willing co-operation of all Greeks under the headship of Athens. It is difficult to measure at such a distance of time the effect of the work of a professor upon national history; but the last century showed, in the crucial cases of Fichte and Treitschke, and perhaps Seeley, the power of the chair in national thought. It could not yet be seriously proposed in Athens or elsewhere that any city should declare a Panhellenic crusade against Persia. The very terms on which Athens admitted allies to her new league recognized the King's Peace and excluded the King's subjects. But the close conjunction of the brilliant programme and the actual reconstitution of the Confederacy is significant; Greece began to seek union, and under the leadership of Athens.[4]

It is not our task here to follow the fortunes of this second Confederacy, but its constitution and ideals and its fate all bear upon the matter in hand—the change that is coming over the Greek world. Eduard Meyer holds that it was bound to fail—

[1] Xen. *Hellenica*, v. 4, 32.

[2] So he told Philip thirty-four years after (*Philip*, 84). More in the same vein (*Antid.* 57, 61, 87). Who would not be a patriot that read the *Panegyric*? asks Dionysius of Halicarnassus (*Isocrates*, c. 5, § 544).

[3] Cf. Plut. *Vit.* 837 c.

[4] Wilamowitz, *Ar. und Athen.* ii. 381, and E. Meyer, *Gr. Gesch.* v. § 923, speak with emphasis of the part played by the speech—without this preparation of public opinion the Confederacy would have been unthinkable.

it looked backward to the past; it was a restoration, and like all restorations it aimed at a theoretical ideal, ignoring the actual; right and might were unevenly divided in it—all had rights, one alone had any considerable might; it must fail. This is not altogether just. There is no denying that the inspiration came from the past. Every Athenian, who thought of the project in 377, remembered the Confederacy that began to fall to pieces in 413, whether he was old enough to have witnessed that evil day or not. It was very like the old Confederacy again—with Persia honourably recognized; that was involved in what Cleon once called "the conditions under which we live." But it has another aspect—it was something of a step toward Federalism. And it touched the actual very closely in the statement of its aims—" that the Spartans may allow the Greeks to continue in peace, free and autonomous, and in secure enjoyment of their own lands." [1] The lines were carefully drawn to exclude those features of the former league that had lent themselves to oppression and had meant inequality. There were to be no " cleruchies "—the resolution proposed in the Ecclesia by Aristoteles, and carried, forbade any Athenian to buy, acquire, or take in mortgage any house or land in any territory of the allies on any excuse or in any way.[2] It would even appear from a sentence in a speech of Isocrates of the year 373 that Athenians actually renounced any such possessions which they held at the time.[3] So one of the great grievances of the allies in the old days was done away with, and " tribute " (*φόρος*) went with it in the same resolution. No magistrate and no garrison should be placed in any allied town; every community should have complete Home Rule, " free and autonomous, with whatever constitution it shall choose." Such was to be the freedom of the allies of Athens.

For the general purposes of the Confederacy and the safeguarding of its freedom, its government was to be vested in what to-day we should call two houses—the Athenian Ecclesia and a *Synedrion*, or council, of allies sitting in Athens. The *Synedroi* of the Allies are already mentioned in the resolution of Aristoteles. Each state, whatever its size, was to have one vote, just as each of the United States of America sends two

[1] Hicks and Hill, No. 101, l. 9. [2] Hicks and Hill, No. 101, l. 36.
[3] Isocrates, *Plataicos*, 44.

senators to Washington.[1] This Federal Council gave its opinion on questions of foreign policy, war, peace, alliances—the placing of a garrison in an allied town, the use of the funds of the League—and it might try any Athenian who broke the law by acquiring property in an allied state. The institution of such a Council shows one of the tendencies of the age. Long ago Thales had urged some sort of federal combination upon the attention of the Ionians ;[2] and in the later years of the Peloponnesian War, Aristophanes had advocated closer relations with the allies—something, again, in the federal way ; but the war had gone too far, and the allies were thinking of freedom, nor did Athens entertain the idea. But now, as we shall see, Federalism was in the air, and the second Confederacy is essentially a compromise between the old Empire, somewhat disguised perhaps, and the new Federation.

The Confederacy never reached the brilliance or the power of the former one. Compromise was in its charter—it was not the old Empire with a clearly recognized headship ; it was not a new League on the lines of strict equality ; it had at once too much head and not enough. Points no doubt were clear to the allies which time has dimmed for us, but many points in such an undertaking are obscured of set purpose at first or only come to light afterwards ; the exact relations of the parties in a confederacy are always difficult to determine. Athens and America have had to fight to determine one point—can a member of a confederacy withdraw when it pleases, whether the rest consent or not ? And what, a Greek would ask, is autonomy or freedom, if it cannot ? Consent is one of the first difficulties in the story of this league as of every other that Greeks made.

Behind the problem of consent was another—finance. Tribute had been abolished—the word was odious ; but funds were needed, and the Athenian statesman Callistratos invented the happy term Contribution (*σύνταξις*), which avoided some associations. But whoever arranged the con-

[1] Diodorus, xv. 28.

[2] Herodotus, i. 170, Thales *ἐκέλευε ἓν βουλευτήριον Ἴωνας ἐκτῆσθαι, τὸ δὲ εἶναι ἐν Τέῳ· Τέων γὰρ μέσον εἶναι Ἰωνίης. τὰς δὲ ἄλλας πόλιας οἰκεομένας μηδὲν ἧσσον νομίζεσθαι κατάπερ εἰ δῆμοι εἶεν.* A sort of unity was imposed on Ionia by Artaphrenes (Herodotus, vi. 42).

tributions, whatever share each state represented in the Federal Council may have had in fixing or assessing them, they were after all taxes, and no one wanted to pay them. Cities would pay them to Phocion, his biographer tells us, for they trusted him ; and Isocrates says that Timotheos alone among the Athenian generals managed to get through without complaints against Athens—" while he was general you cannot find that there were revolts, nor changes of constitutions, nor massacres, nor exiles, nor any other of the irremediable evils." The praise of Timotheos is a revelation of troubles—the orator writes in 353 with the Social War in his memory. The contributions failed—they produced wars and ruinous expenditure. Athenian armies were composed of mercenaries—men without cities, runaway slaves, the clotted rascality of everywhere, always ready to desert for higher pay ; and these soldiers plundered wherever they went, and " we have to do despite to our own allies and wring tribute out of them, to provide the pay for these common enemies of mankind " ; so says Isocrates, pleading for the Peace of 355 ; they get the loot, and the state gets the ill will.[1] Their generals, as Demosthenes says, go off on private wars of their own where they and their soldiers have better chances of plunder.[2] The Confederacy had, it appears, no federal executive ; Athens supplied what was needed in that way, with the advantage of control and the disadvantage of unpopularity, and in the long run the latter outweighed the former.

The new League gave Athens once more a predominant position in the Aegaean, but it was costly. Meanwhile Sparta was losing ground in her war with Thebes, for Thebes was rising in power. As she rose, inter-state relations readjusted themselves, and Athens and Sparta drew together. So at last the proposal was made to have peace—once more on the basis of the King's rescript. And then came an enormous change. For Sparta forbade the Theban envoys to sign for Boeotia, and they would sign on no other terms. The battle of Leuctra followed (371), and Spartan ascendancy was gone for ever. Epameinondas invaded the Peloponnese again and again, and new nations sprang up around Sparta—the old

[1] Isocrates, *de Pace*, 28, 46, 125. [2] Demosthenes, 2, *Olynth.* 28.

communities of Arcadians and Eleians whom she had crushed, the forgotten Messenians whom she had turned into Helots. New cities rose, and a new nationalism inspired their builders —it was the King's Peace with a vengeance, every community autonomous, but not now "conveniently for the Spartans," and never again.

The hegemony of Thebes need not long delay us. In spite of the interest that the final collapse of Sparta, the great military gifts of Epameinondas, and the revival of the nations in the Peloponnese awake, there are no new ideas in Theban ascendancy. The main object is to secure what Sparta had lost and by the same means—by the division of city from city, the real cause for the liberation and reconstitution of Arcadia and Messenia—by garrisons, by political propaganda, by reliance on Persia.[1] There is nothing new here—simply "the reoccupation of lines proved twice already to be untenable," with Thebes as "the Prussia of Boeotia."[2] Thebes contributed little or nothing to the settlement of the real problems that vexed the Greek world, and when her last great victory was won at Mantineia in 362 at the cost of the life of her greatest citizen, there is nothing to add to the words with which Xenophon ends his *Hellenica*—"disorder and confusion became yet greater after the battle than before in Greece. So far, then, let my story go; what follows may perhaps be another's care." It has been suggested that the battle of Aegospotami was the real end of the Greek city-state; the King's Peace, with its insistence on autonomy for everybody, is another date for marking that event; but perhaps Xenophon's is as good as any. The last experiment had been made; Greece had failed to unite herself, and there was no hope of it from within. Inside of three years a prince ascended a foreign throne, who did it.

The rule of the city-state had failed, leaving behind it a record, for ever amazing, of glory and incompetence, brilliance, power, and oppression. It remains to us to look briefly at the new movements which are beginning to be observed.

[1] Cf. Isocrates, *Philip*, 53–55, on the meddling and muddling of Thebes; and *Archid.* 66, on the misery and disorder of the Peloponnese.

[2] W. S. Ferguson, *Greek Imperialism*, p. 26. Beloch, *Gr. Gesch.* i. 290, on Epameinondas.

They will not hold us long, for detail is wanting, and even if it were abundant, it is the idea, so far, rather than the execution of it that is interesting.

The passion of every Greek city — the greater perhaps, the smaller the city—was what we have called *autopolitanism*; they would be "citizens of themselves" αὐτοπολῖται, make their own laws, choose their own magistrates, and perhaps even stamp their own currency. But new conditions assert themselves and bear down old traditions. The little community might not be safe in these new times—it was too much at the mercy of neighbours near at hand or across the sea, or even of chance fleets and the commanders of passing armies. Some kind of union might be safer. So in several ways cautious attempts were made to find that ideal union which should combine the safety of the whole and the maximum of independence for the parts.

The first plan was what the Greeks called *synoecism*, the joining of houses, or, in English, the combination of a number of small towns, hamlets, or cantons into one city. Theseus, according to Athenian belief, was the first author of this plan, and Athens was the city he made of many small items and units. Another form of *synoecism* is that adopted by the birds in the play of Aristophanes—they had never had city or town at all, and they begin with an immense one. Something of this kind would seem to have been tried by the Messenians, when the battle of Leuctra suddenly set them free from the Spartans after centuries of helotage with no traditions and no local jealousies. The great city-foundations of Alexander and his successors are still more like that of the birds—a great founder, a huge wall, and citizens from everywhere. But such foundations are obviously different from the attempts at union made by existing communities.

Rhodes is the great example of successful work on these lines. Toward the end of the Peloponnesian War (408) the three cities of the island were combined and a new city built, which took the island's name and made it more famous. Hippodamos of Miletos, who planned the Peiraieus when it was laid out, is said to have designed the new Rhodes, but this is not certain.[1] What matters more is, that, with ups and downs

[1] See F. Haverfield, *Ancient Town-Planning*, pp. 31, 32.

of fortune, among Spartans, Athenians, Carians, and Persians, all watchful and eager to rule city and island, Rhodes throve and had a significant history—commerce, wealth, and even empire. She won herself a great position among the contending kingdoms of the Successors, and developed a maritime law, some part of which the Romans adopted. Nor was she without glory in art and literature.

The story of Megalopolis, founded by the Arcadians when Sparta was crushed at Leuctra, is not so glorious, for here complications came in. Arcadia was not an island, and allies had always been at hand to foment the quarrels of Mantineia and Tegea, and the factions of the parties in each of them and in every other Arcadian commune ; and, as we have seen, the country was very much at the disposal of Sparta. Lycomedes, the Arcadian statesman, dreamed of a new age—a free and independent and united Arcadia. He planned a real Federal Government with a wider scope than had yet been sought—a free and equal union of the whole of Arcadia, the cities to be constituent free commonwealths, neither subjects nor parishes, with a *κοινόν* or Federal Assembly—" and whatever should be carried in the *Koinon* should be valid for all the cities "—Federal magistrates and a Federal army.[1] How he managed to inspire the Arcadians with a new sense of nationality is told by Xenophon. Xenophon had fought his way through Asia with an army largely Arcadian and apt to be conscious that it was Arcadian, and his account of Lycomedes has a tone of irony.[2] Lycomedes, then, was a Mantineian, of no great origin, but well-to-do and ambitious ; and he " filled the Arcadians with pride, telling them that they were the only people really native to the Peloponnese, the only real children of the land, the largest tribe of Greece and the strongest in physique—yes, and the most valiant, too, for whenever any wished mercenary soldiers, they preferred Arcadians to all.[3] The Spartans had never yet invaded Athens without them, and nowadays the Theban never went without Arcadians to Sparta. . . . The Arcadians on hearing all this were quite puffed up—they had the highest enthusiasm for Lycomedes ; he was their one man (*μόνον ἄνδρα*). So they appointed as magistrates the persons of

[1] Freeman, *Federal Government*, pp. 155 ff. ; Pausanias, viii. 27.

[2] Xen. *Hellenica*, vii. 1, 23–25 ; cf. *Anab.* vi. 2, 9 ff. ; 3, 1–9. [3] Cf. p. 239.

his selection, and as a result of what followed the Arcadians grew great. . . . Wherever they resolved to go, neither night, nor storm, nor distance, nor mountain barrier stopped them." Xenophon does not record the founding of Megalopolis, but he mentions meetings and resolutions of the " Ten Thousand," as people called the *Koinon*, and he alludes to " magistrates of the Arcadians," to " Aeneas of Stymphalos, general of the Arcadians," the tribal name replacing the old city-names. The fortunes of the Arcadians do not concern us here, but their experiment was a striking one—the symbol of a new age.

Other experiments were not quite so successful. What the Olynthians designed we only learn from their worst enemies. Acanthian envoys came to Sparta and denounced them for their endeavour to absorb their neighbours into an amalgamation where all would use the same laws, and have mutual rights of holding property in each other's lands and cities as well as of intermarriage, and all should be citizens together (*συμπολιτεύειν*). The Acanthians and others preferred to be " citizens of themselves," and Sparta, as we have seen, joined them in breaking up the Olynthian confederacy. It is not altogether clear whether the Olynthians purposed a real federal union or some such absorption of neighbours as Rome achieved in Latium and Athens long before in Attica. The sad touch about King Amyntas of Macedon " all but expelled from the whole of Macedonia " strikes the reader oddly, who is familiar with the events of later reigns in those regions.[1]

The strangest union of all was that of Argos and Corinth, which it is hard to understand from what is told us. Xenophon represents the views of the opposition—Corinth was really being blotted off the map (*ἀφανιζομένην*), the boundary marks were gone, Corinth was Argos, the Corinthians Argives, little better than resident aliens or metics in their own city.[2] It is a curious illustration of the decline of Corinth in forty years. The Corinthians had driven the Spartans to take the sword in 432 ; and they had perished with the sword—

ὃς ἀπόλοιτο καὶ ἄλλος ὅτις τοιαῦτά γε ῥέζοι.

The incorporation of Corinth would have made a very strong power—for mainland Greek purposes—of Argos ; but such a

[1] Xen. *Hellenica*, v. 2, 11–19, the speech of the Acanthians.

[2] Xen. *Hellenica*, iv. 4. The union was in the year 393 or 392.

new era as Rhodes saw was more easily attained on an island and by cities with smaller pretensions.

A fragmentary inscription reveals another sort of union between cities. Phocaea and Mitylene established a monetary union of some sort, each covenanting to coin alternately. The fragment we possess of their agreement deals with penalties upon the moneyer if his alloy contains too little gold or, in the metaphor of that day, is " too watery." Such a convention falls very far short of a political or federal union, but it indicates a factor making for unity. The coins of Byzantium and Chalcedon show that these two cities must have had a somewhat similar agreement.[1]

The most real examples of Federalism, however, seem to occur among the Greek peoples reckoned backward and behind their neighbours—peoples who had little urban life, but continued on old lines in communes and cantons. Little is known of their systems and arrangements, but federal government of greater or less extent, of one kind and another, would appear to have existed at this time in Acarnania, Epirus, Phocis, and Thessaly. In the period that follows that under consideration, Phocis and Thessaly played great parts in shaping the eventual destiny of Greece, but it was hardly as federal unions that they did so. The great Leagues of Greece, the Achaean, and the Aetolian, belong to a later age, and they too were developments among peoples whose cities were relatively unimportant.

Summing up broadly such facts as these, we can clearly recognize the emergence of a new tendency toward some kind of Federalism. Once more it means that men were beginning to feel that the city-state, as they had known it, whether small, compact, and autonomous, or large and imperial, was growing out of date. It had served its time, but by now, bitterly as men resented anything else, it was obsolescent. To emphasize it meant to retard the progress of the world toward a goal, not yet seen, but divined, when the influence of Greece among the nations should be greater and wider, but different. To reach that goal Greece needed the union, which the federalists were quietly seeking in one corner and another ; but she needed another sort of headship, more effective and

[1] Hicks and Hill, No. 94. Hill, *Handbook of Greek and Roman Coins*, pp. 103 ff.

more enlightened. And this brings us once more to the Prince.

Toward the end of the Peloponnesian War the attention of the Greeks was called in a new way to Macedonia. The king had died in 413, and his legitimate heirs had been swept aside—killed, it was said, in the most commonplace and vulgar style—by an illegitimate member of the family.[1] There was nothing new in this among the outskirt peoples, but Archelaos was a forerunner of greater men. He was a man of action, and with Athenian aid recovered the national port of Pydna, and set about developing his kingdom. He trained an army of hoplites and cavalry, he built fortresses all over his realm and laid out straight roads, and acquired a military strength beyond the eight kings who preceded him.[2] And then he set about another task—the introduction of Macedon into the circle of Greek culture. He built a palace and got Zeuxis to come and paint in it for him. He invited the great poets of Greece to live with him, and they came—Agathon of Athens, Timotheos of Miletus, and, most amazing fact of all, Euripides, who, it would appear, wrote the *Bacchae* at his court. Hippocrates of Cos, the great physician, also came and settled. The king instituted a national festival at Dion with gymnastic and musical contests in the Greek style. He began to expand at the cost of his neighbours, but this the Spartans, who were not heralds of Greek culture, stopped; and then the king was murdered in the Macedonian way in 399, and his kingdom was to be fought for and held as might be by whoever of the family could get it, and it was forty years before Macedon saw his like.

In Sicily something similar but perhaps even more striking had taken place. Before the Peloponnesian War was over, Egesta, the city which had called in the Athenians and launched them on their disastrous expedition against Syracuse, was left in the direst need, and this time called in a more dangerous national enemy.[3] How far the Carthaginian invasion of Sicily

[1] Plato, *Gorg.* 471A, a vigorous passage by Polus, ironically urging on Socrates that Archelaos must be miserable, but every Athenian envies him.

[2] Thuc. ii. 100.

[3] Xen. *Hellenica*, i. 1, 37; 5, 21. Meltzner, *Gesch. der Karthager*, i. p. 256.

was worked in concert with the Persian plans of intervention in the Aegaean, it might be idle to guess. Carthage and Phoenicia can never have been without communications, and even if there were no understanding between the powers, any government as able as that of Carthage would have recognized an opportunity so promising. Sicily was involved in a series of Punic wars and sieges, and out of the chaos rose the tyrant Dionysius. In the course of a long reign he had four wars with Carthage, generally crowned with victory. He built up an empire of the sea and ruled Sicily and Southern Italy and the Adriatic, with the regions about Ancona and Venice ; and he made Syracuse the foremost military and naval power of the Greek world.[1] His wars with his siege engines and his armies of mercenaries marked a development in warfare. Whatever might be said of his character and his treatment of other Greeks, it remained that he stood for the Hellenic name, and in an age when the older Greece was falling conspicuously under the control of the great King, he drove back the Oriental in the West. Both Athens and Sparta courted him and sought his friendship. He stood for culture too. The adventures of Plato at his court are another story ; they do not quite show us the philosopher king. Dionysius was a poet, rather —a tragic poet, who won prizes at Athens with his tragedies, a victory for art tempered by diplomacy it may be, but grateful to a monarch whose poems had been howled down at Olympia. What followed his death in Sicily showed what he had been —a protagonist of the Greek—bloodstained and unsatisfactory, but a champion of civilization, and effective for culture and Hellenism as no democracy or oligarchy of the Greek world could ever hope to be again.[2]

In the eastern Mediterranean a much more attractive figure meets us.[3] At Salamis in Cyprus in the fifth century there still reigned the house of Teucer, but a Phoenician exile, trusted by the Teucrid king, " cast forth his benefactor and

[1] Isocrates, *Philip*, 65 ; *Archid.* 44–45.

[2] The reader may remark the contrast with what Thucydides had written of tyrants of an earlier age (i. 17), though he already makes something of an exception of Sicilian tyrants.

[3] For what follows about Evagoras, see Judeich, *Kleinasiatische Studien*, though his dates are confused and wrong, as Meyer shows.

seized the kingdom himself . . . and, wishing to secure himself, he barbarized the city and enslaved the whole island to the Great King." But in process of time a boy was born to the Teucrid house and named Evagoras. Disaster befell the Phoenician rulers from one of their own family who tried to make all sure by killing the young Teucrid. But he escaped, and then with fifty followers (as those say who set the number at the highest) he came back, and, by one of those chances familiar in the stories of the Successors of Alexander and of the Presidents and Dictators in South America, he got into Salamis one night by a postern in the wall and marched directly upon the palace. In the confusion that followed the citizens looked on while the foreigner's servants fought the returning exile, but he beat them and " won back for his race the honours of their house and made himself tyrant of the city. . . . And all men will own that of blessings god or man can give the greatest is a tyranny, the most august, and above all others the prize of ambition." Such is the romantic story told by Isocrates,[1] and such his reflection upon it, and both seem to take us far from the Athens of Pericles.

The return of Evagoras may have been in 411; and the government of Persia, always rather slipshod in its way, was preoccupied with the Peloponnesian War, and then with a change of rulers and the rebellion of Cyrus and one thing and another, so that the king of Salamis had perhaps twenty years to set his kingdom in order. He was already a friend of the Athenians, and when the great disaster befell them at Aegospotami, Conon sailed away at once to Salamis, and other refugees followed him. " Many Greeks of good family (*καλοὶ κἀγαθοὶ*) came and settled in Cyprus considering the monarchic rule of Evagoras lighter and more law-abiding than the constitutions they left behind them " [2]—Lysander's decarchies are possibly meant. Evagoras pursued a strong Hellenizing policy. " He found the city thoroughly barbarized. Phoenician rule had excluded the Greeks; the arts were unknown; there was no *emporion*, no harbour; " [3] but Evagoras made a

[1] *Evag.* 19–40. This glorification of a "tyrant" contrasts strangely with the judgment of Thucydides (i. 17); but the two writers are looking at different circumstances as well as from different outlooks.

[2] Isocrates, *Evag.* 51.

[3] Isocrates, *Evag.* 47.

Greek city of it, fortified it, built a fleet, and so increased it that it fell short of none among those of the Greeks. Greek became the fashion, everybody was Philhellen—it was a matter of rivalry. Men took Greek wives, and cultivated music and the higher studies of Athens. And when at last Spartan tyranny and insolence provoked the Persian to action, Conon had a friend and supporter in Evagoras in carrying through the great scheme of freedom to the battle of Cnidos, and achieving Greek freedom and the restoration to Athens of her old glory, or some part of it.[1]

After this came the wars between Evagoras and Artaxerxes, which, following the example of Isocrates, we may lightly pass over, for the king of Salamis was reduced at one time to terrible straits. Artaxerxes, we are told, was more in earnest about this war than any other, and counted Evagoras a more serious antagonist than Cyrus.[2] The Persian operations were on an enormous scale ; we read of forces of 300,000 men, and we are told that the war cost the Great King 15,000 talents and more. But " in the end Evagoras so sated them with war, that though the tradition had always been that the King was never reconciled to any that revolted till he had him a prisoner, they were glad to make peace, and waived this law of theirs, and did not disturb the rule of Evagoras." [3] In three years the Persian King took away the Empire of Sparta, but after ten years he left Evagoras master of what he had before they went to war.[4] So history is written for the sons of kings. In plain fact, so far as we can put it together, the Persian, in Thucydides' phrase, once more " tripped over himself," and owed his disasters to the curious independence with which his generals arranged their relations with the enemy and with one another. None the less Evagoras died king of Salamis.

Now glance at the history of Greece. In the middle of this war or series of wars in Cyprus the King's Peace was sent down by Antalkidas, and in it the King claimed Cyprus ; and Sparta readily enough and Athens reluctantly had to abandon the Cypriot Greeks. Think of the folly of abandoning such a man to the barbarian ! is the cry of Isocrates at the time, especially when " of the forces of Tiribazos the most serviceable of the

[1] Isocrates, *Evag.* 52–56.
[2] Isocrates, *Evag.* 58.
[3] Isocrates, *Evag.* 63.
[4] Isocrates, *Evag.* 64.

infantry have been gathered from these regions and the most of his fleet has sailed from Ionia." [1] Greek as ever against Greek, and the mercenaries hired by the enemy of the nation —when, if Greece would but unite, the King of the Persians would be so easy to overthrow, once he had no more Greek soldiers. But it was not to be, for the last Darius put thousands of them into the field against Alexander.

What was the moral of it ? Why could an Archelaos lift a state out of barbarism, almost into Hellenism ? a Dionysius rescue the western Greek world from Semitic Orientals ? an Evagoras alone and at bay wring peace out of an Artaxerxes and maintain the Hellenism he had created ? and a Jason, a Hecatomnos, a Maussollos—nay, a Mania and the princes of Panticapaeum—why is it everywhere the same, while the fellow-citizens of Leonidas and Themistocles can manage nothing but to thwart one another and worry and betray the rest of the Greeks ?

Centuries later Tacitus tells us how the Romans, summing up the work of Augustus, recognized that " no resource had been left for a distracted country but the rule of one man." [2] They were right, and it was as true of Greece in the period under our review. We need not rehearse the story again. The superiority of monarchy in plan and action is discussed by Isocrates in his *Nicocles*—it is evident, he says, at once if you will look at monarchy and democracy in operation.[3] The whole piece is a pamphlet in defence of monarchy, but what it means in reality is brought out with the utmost clearness in the " speech " known as the *Philip*. It is an address to Philip of Macedon, written in 346, and it is sent to him because of signal advantages he alone possesses for the service of Greece. Other men, famous men, are " under cities and laws," with nothing possible for them but to do as they are told ; " you alone have great authority given you by Destiny (τύχη)—to send ambassadors to whom you will, to receive them from whom you think fit, to say what you think advantageous ; you are in possession of wealth moreover and of power, such as no Greek ever had—the only things there are that can both

[1] Isocrates, *Paneg.* 134, 135. Cf. *Philip*, 125, 126.
[2] Tacitus, *Annals*, i. 9.
[3] Isocrates, *Nicocles*, 17.

persuade and compel."[1] Philip certainly had a freedom of action and a power that no other had. Demosthenes saw this as clearly as anybody, but Isocrates and he felt differently. All that Demosthenes stood for, all that he believed in, all that he was—to Isocrates it is all chatter, madness, tedium, and the betrayal of Greece. He is sick of the city-state and its leaders and its empire, and all the confusion they make, the blood they shed, the wasting of the life of man, the abandonment of the real work and glory of Hellas. He is done with them. His pamphlet is a counterblast of hostility and renunciation to Demosthenes and his friends and his ideals.[2] He addresses himself to that prince whom Demosthenes has been attacking for the last five years as the enemy of Greece. Philip *can* do what he sees to be good. What should he do?

First of all, Philip must unite Greece, he must reconcile Argos, Sparta, Thebes, and Athens, and all the rest will be at one—everything conspires to help him, the disasters they all have suffered, the advantage each will draw from harmony. And then he must lead the united peoples on the long-delayed crusade against the Persian. Jason won great glory by talking of this; Philip must *do* it—take the whole of the Persian Empire if he can; if not, then Asia Minor, from Cilicia to Sinope, and found new cities there for the wandering and broken men, whom poverty will never allow to rest, who plunder all they come upon, who grow in numbers that threaten to make them as great a danger to Greeks as to barbarians. A man of high spirit, who loves Greece, who sees further than other men—a man like Philip—will use these roaming men against the Persian, will win them land and plant them cities, rid them of poverty and make them a bulwark for all Greece.[3] In any case, he could set free the Greek cities of Asia. Other men, as well as Philip, are descendants of Herakles, but they were born to live under laws and constitutions—they must love each man that city where he dwells;[4] "you as one

[1] Isocrates, *Philip*, 14, 15.

[2] This comes out still more clearly in the short letter to Philip written in 337, where he ends by thanking old age for this alone, that what he thought and wrote when young, he now sees done in part and in part doing by Philip's prowess.

[3] Isocrates, *Philip*, 120–123.

[4] Isocrates, *Philip*, 127.

born free must, like your ancestor, count all Greece your country."

Isocrates, a pedant, a self-conscious stylist, a man of poor nature, has somehow hit the world's future as Demosthenes did not. Demosthenes loved the city where he dwelt, and lived for her. It is hard to imagine anyone who (in Longinus' phrase) would choose to be Isocrates rather than Demosthenes ; but the course of events fulfilled the dreams of the smaller man, so far as the outward look of things went. Alexander and Alexandria embody his scheme of things for Greece, but how different they were from what he dreamed ! What a new world they made ! " All Greece " becomes a world-wide " country," and from the Nile westward to the Pacific all best minds of the ancient world and the modern draw from her inspiration. But the inspiration comes from the men of the city-states—the poets and the exiles, the dreamers of dreams—the people men laughed at, whom they hated and drove out—who cherished impossible ideals of freedom and of human character.

Great treasure halls hath Zeus in heaven,
From whence to men strange dooms be given,
Past hope or fear ;
And the end men looked for cometh not,
And a path is there where no man thought ;
So hath it fallen here.

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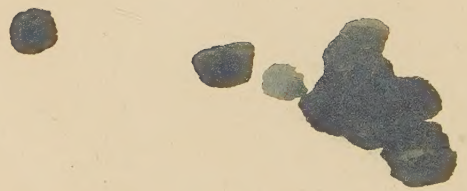

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